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Poetry.

PHANTOMS.

BY W. H. LONGFELLOW.

All houses wherein men have lived and died,
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no noise upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at the table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The form I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and every where
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

The perturbations, the perpetual jar
Of earthly wants, and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of that unseen star,
That undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon, from some dark gate of cloud,
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd,
Into the realms of mystery and night.

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

For the Christian Recorder

IDLENESS.

We are not accustomed to look upon idleness with the contempt which it deserves. The constant presence of a vice often causes us to cease our denunciations of it, and gradually we begin to regard it as part of our being—and in many cases, fall a victim to it ourselves. In walking along the street—it matters not at what time—we meet with idlers of all ages and colors. The little child, scarcely weaned, is seen playing in the streets, in the dirt and filth, in constant danger of being run over by passing vehicles, and either killed or maimed for life. Then, again, there is the little boy, who has but lately donned his first pair of pantaloons, he too is an idler, and alas! too often we hear him use the name of his Maker in vain, throwing stones, &c., to the annoyance of passers by, and in all imaginable wickedness. Then we find the youth, who, instead of working to support himself and earn a living—finds it more congenial to hang around an engine house, or on the corners—smoking segars, or perhaps, at the tavern door, or in the bar room, squandering the hard-earned money of his parents. These are sad instances of human nature. Idleness is one of the most detestable vices that one can possess. Unless one is employed at something—Satan is sure to seize upon the opportunity thus presented for tempting this idle one to perform some wrong act.

It is not improbable that the misery and distress which is upon the human family, was caused by idleness. Had Eve been employed at some useful occupation the devil would not have tempted her. But her idleness was the cause of *Satan's* temptation, and the consequence was that Eve, unable to resist the temptation, ate of the forbidden fruit, and brought the whole human race into a "state of sin and misery." Christ was never idle. "He went about doing good"—healing the sick, giving life to the dead, sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf—curing the lame and those afflicted with loathsome diseases, preaching—giving advice to this one and that one, performing miracles that astonished the people, and many other wonderful acts. And if Christians, who pretend to follow Christ would only think of the desolated homes, and the suffering and distress that idleness occasions, we are sure that they would take more pains in regard to their children.

It grieves me, Mr. Editor, to see so many colored children idling their time now, when there is so much need for help for our suffering brethren of the South, who are in want of the necessaries of life. I heard a gentleman say the other day that "the only objection he had to liberating the slaves was, that it would make the industrious slaves nothing but idlers, after having been associated with our lazy Northern negroes." It grieved me deeply, Mr. Editor, and yet I could not help feeling that there was more truth than poetry in it. Brethren—are you aware that one of the principal objections to us as a race is, our *Idleness?* Oh! awake, do not let us become despised for our *Idleness.* For shame. Awake! Determine that you will be idle no more—that you will contribute your portion of strength, to awake the colored race in America, *distinguished for industry.* We are to take our place shortly as citizens of the United States—let us not injure the fair fame of America. Let us try to spread her name still further as the greatest industrial nation of the world. Yours truly,

Philada., Dec. 21st, 1862. A. B. F.

For the Christian Recorder

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE

MR. EDITOR:—We are again in the midst of the Christmas holidays. Everybody is moving hither and thither in search of that kind of enjoyment, which their peculiar natures and distinctive characteristics value and appreciate. Congress has adjourned for two days. The general of the army of the Potomac has furloughed a large number of the gallant sons of war, while the remaining portion are resting in front of the enemy, in hopes of a glorious resurrection from a serious defeat by a triumphant victory in the next engagement. Wounded soldiers are still pouring in from the dreadful conflict, which recently proved so disastrous to the Union army. Others in hospitals are enjoying the luxuries of Christmas dinners, which have been provided by their friends and a benevolent public, our people are eating, drinking, marrying, and holding fairs, festivals, &c.

The colored convention which meets weekly, met for adjournment at the First Baptist Church, Tuesday evening, but owing to some disagreeableness from the effects of fresh paint, they adjourned to meet at John Wesley Church, Island, on Tuesday evening next. Nothing worth noting was done, as they immediately adjourned after organizing.

The contraband relief association are holding a week's festival at the Union Bethel Church, for the benefit of our suffering friends.

They were very largely patronized until some disturbance took place, which has terminated very seriously. It appears that Mr. Thomas Cross, one of the trustees of said Church, had an occasion to try to quiet some interruptions which were being made by some rude young men, when they became enraged to such desperation that they turned furiously upon Mr. Cross, and beat him unmercifully, who after recovering himself, made to the window as a means of escape, when a shower of dishes were raised upon him from the hands of the frenzied party. But, finally jumping out of the window, he fell against something which still injured him worse. He is hardly expected to recover. Mrs. President Lincoln, who I am informed set a very high estimate upon Mr. Cross, has put out several detectives to arrest the parties. The affair needs no comment from me, but I should hate to be in the boy's boots. I am informed by persons from Alexandria that the small pox is raging terribly there. Professor Solomon G. Brown, of the Smithsonian Institute, lectured before the Israel Lyceum on Monday evening last. Subject, geology. And I do not believe that I cross the bounds of truth when I say that I never heard or read an abler lecture on that subject in my life, though I have devoted more time to the study of that science, than any other in the range of my knowledge, and I am confident that I have read the ablest works on geology, that have ever come from the pen of man.

Commencing at the Azoic age, he reviewed in the most magnificent style the development of the vegetable kingdom, passing through the various stratas belonging to that period, he rates to the Palæozoic age, the age of mollusks, or Silurian period. Here he commented upon the fishes, shells, both of marine and fresh water, and the carboniferous deposits of the ancient date. But we might follow him through the mesozoic, cenozoic, and human epochs and then fail to give a synopsis of his lecture. He showed a section of the earth's crust, scanning sixteen strata, embracing all of the yet discovered from the territory, to the volcanic fountain. Thus he went on treating most scientifically, the philosophy of Artesian wells, coal beds, coal oil, mineral ores, salts, &c. He described the ratio of heat, in the descent into the heart of the earth, stating that though on the surface of the earth, the thermometer might stand at zero, in a depth of eighteen hundred feet, it would rise to 80 degrees Fahrenheit. And that since the days of Adam, the incessant fall of the atomic particles of matter had increased the present forming geological strata to the thickness of eight feet.

Yet the lecture was nothing more than an introduction to a course which he is to deliver before the said Lyceum. I regard Professor S. G. Brown as a geologist, and Rev. George T. Watkins as an ethnologist, two of our most scientific men.

Governor Joseph E. Williams, ex citizen and lecturer of the Haytien republic, and author of the infamous Central American project of colonization, for the freed Americans of African descent, has been recently appointed by the Secretary of the Interior, messenger for the architect's office of the United States capitol extension.

The colored people here are completing a grand demonstration, as a tender of appreciation to President Lincoln, after they shall have seen his proclamation for emancipation. The demonstration, I expect will take place in front of the mansion.

Washington, Dec. 28th, 1862. H. M. T.

SERIAL SERMONS AT THE CAPITOL.

According to announcement the Chaplain of the House of Representatives, Rev. T. H. Stockton, D. D., opened his series of sermons on the Mediation of Christ, and the Inspiration of the Scriptures," in the Hall of the House, on Sabbath morning. The discourse was introductory, leaving the peculiar topics in contemplation for continuous exhibition after the holidays. The texts conjoined are these: "For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men—the man Christ Jesus."—1 TIM. ii. 5. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."—MATT. xxiv. 35. The following was the exordium:

The solemnity of this crisis in our national affairs is unspeakable. We have already suffered more than we expected; and the forecastings of the future fill us with increasing awe. It is no wonder that the eyes of the world are upon us—especially that its "thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers" are assembled along the horizon and watchful of the centre. Heaven itself is neither unobservant nor unaffected. God beholds us and cares for us. And herein is our hope. Our enemies may be united and our friends divided. Our rulers may be perplexed, our heroes baffled, and our people disheartened. Foreign nations may contract their circle, crowd within the limits of interference with the strife, and participate in its results. Nay, more to be deprecated than almost anything else, we, ourselves, may mistake, as to the merits of our cause, or the means for its advancement—pursuing the wrong for the right and the impracticable for the expedient. But, above all circumstances, the Divine serenity remains as calm and clear as ever, and the predestinated triumph of the true and good is absolutely, universally, and eternally sure.

Meantime, the great cause of duty presses upon us; and, as the forms of duty are so numerous and various, and none of us can attend to all, it becomes each of us to pray, "Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?" Where is my assigned position—at home or abroad? In Church or State? Is it that of a civilian or soldier? a Christian teacher or practical philanthropist? Let me know my place, and prove faithful and useful in it!

Somewhat in this spirit, I now enter, my respected hearers, upon the work before me. I find myself, providentially, at the Capitol; a preacher of the gospel of Christ, and a leader of the prayers of the nation. Here, the daily sessions of Congress are opened by the presentation at the mercy seat, of the Representatives of the people, and many of the people themselves, from the whole range of our Confederacy. It is the National Noon-day Union Prayer meeting, and ought to be a means of great private and public blessing. Here, on the holy Sabbath, we meet again, perhaps in larger and more varied multitudes, to hallow the height of legislation with the complete and beautiful order of worship, endeavoring to "sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also," to "pray with the spirit, and with the understanding also;" to read the Scriptures with the spirit, and with the understanding also,' and to preach the gospel "with the spirit, and with the understanding also;" desiring to do all "according to the oracles of God,' and "of the ability which God giveth, that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ, to whom be praise and dominion, forever and ever. Amen." Here, as already intimated, is more than a national representation; occasionally, it may be, a representation of nearly all parts of the world. And there is nothing to prevent the services from being suitable to such a presence. No imposed restraint is here. Here is, or need be, nothing narrow or dark, nothing sectarian; nothing less than Christian. Every thing partakes of the breadth and brightness of the common air and sunshine. "The word of God is not bound," and its apostle is not bound. All is pure, free, simple, and sublime—the religion of the world for the salvation of the world.

Here, then, is my calling; and one for the privileges of which I am exceedingly grateful. It involves all, or nearly all, that I am able to do. I cannot visit the camps, nor even traverse the hospitals. Others can and do. Let me improve my own position. Men cannot always travel or trade, search or fight, work or play, or even sleep. There must be time and place for rest and contemplation, for thought and forethought. Here is the metropolis. Here is the Capitoline Hill. Here is the Sabbath. Here is public worship. And here are the concentrated, curious, and attentive people. Let me try to lift them up, by the help of the Highest, above the world and all its troubles. Let me assure and reassure them, that there is nothing under heaven of any worth, in comparison with the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Some of them may be infidels; others Jews; others heretical Christians, and others, nominally orthodox, but really and confessedly embarrassed by unexpected developments of skepticism, and anxiously waiting for further confirmations of their faith. If good be done here, it may be borne from this centre to the circumference of the world, and multiply its fruits as long as the world shall endure. Happy is he who assists in such a consummation! May God, for Christ's sake, by the Holy Spirit, grant us His special blessing!

The saying of our Saviour was then cited—"Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." Applying this to the preacher's use of the Bible, various human authorities were referred to, as—Daniel Webster, Elder Robinson, Bishop Butler, &c.—in encouragement of the hope of new scriptural discoveries.

CHRIST!—the Christ, the Messiah, the Mediator, the only Mediator—the one, great and all-comprehensive Word: including divinity and humanity, creation, providence, and redemption; history and prophecy; religion and government; philosophy, eloquence, and poetry, science and art; all matter and spirit, all life and motion, all time and space, all immensity and eternity. Were it not for that one word, and its infinite significance, well might we wish that we had never been born, and that the universe had no existence. The maxim of maxims, embodying the soul of all wisdom, is this: *All that God is to man, He is—in Christ; and all that man is to God, he is in—Christ.* Without Christ, God and man have no relations. The knowledge of Christ is the knowledge of all things.

But, whence do we obtain our knowledge of Christ? From nature? Not at all! Neither land, sea, nor sky; neither sun, moon, star, nor comet, ever whispers His name. In this connection, the whole circle of nature is dumb as death and still as the grave. What then? Believed or unbelieved, there is but one answer, Christ has a Book, and, understood or not understood, our knowledge of Christ is determined by the Book of Christ. But is our knowledge of the Book of Christ, and so of Christ himself, perfect? Far from it. Not one man in a thousand has any just impression how imperfect his knowledge is, in both respects. We may know enough to excite everlasting gratitude and thanksgiving; but, as to knowing all, that is impossible. Christ himself is fully known only to the Father; and His Book passes from nation to nation, and from age to age, unexhausted and inexhaustible. Still, we are exhorted to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" and it becomes us to comply with the injunction by the most diligent improvement of all the means of knowledge.

I am here, in the name of Christ, to attempt by the Spirit of Christ, to magnify Christ and the Book of Christ; to demonstrate and illustrate the mediation of Christ, and the inspiration of the Book of Christ, and to do this by what is regarded as a new scriptural analysis and discovery.

The matter addresses itself to infidels and skeptics of all classes; to men of the world; to Jews; to Unitarians, and all who sympathize with them; to Roman Catholics, and to the great mass of Evangelical Protestants. The design is to treat it, not scholastically or ecclesiastically, but scripturally and popularly, collecting the auditory, in open-minded, open hearted confidence and affection, about the Holy Bible, for the observation and appreciation of simple facts—indisputable and decisive facts—the most of them, it is believed, hitherto unrecognized, and yet, as intimated, of vast importance. It requires, patient, intelligent, and candid consideration, but promises rich and saving results.

Next were assumed three realities: God, the World, and the Bible. The views of different classes in relation to these; the analogy between the World and the Bible, particularly in regard to *surface* blessings and *under-surface* stores for discovery; the "*undesigned* coincidences" of Paley's "Horæ Paulinæ," and the *designed* coincidences intended to be presented in the course of this series, were then alluded to.

The preacher concluded by dwelling more at length on the three following points: 1. That there is a *superhuman consistency* of the life of "the man Christ Jesus," as recorded in the Gospels, with the peculiar and peerless position proclaimed in His behalf, as the "one Mediator between God and men."

2. That this superhuman consistency necessarily involves the *pre-existence* of Christ, His *Divine attributes*, and His *personal agency* in all the works of Creation, Providence and Redemption; and,

3. That there is a *superhuman correspondency* of the Gospels themselves, both with the actual history of Jesus, and with each other, as the reporters of the aforesaid consistency—necessarily involving, *so far as it extends*, the theory of verbal inspiration.

GRANDEUR OF THE BIBLE.

INTERESTING TESTIMONY.

If you have ever tried it, you must have been struck with the few solid thoughts, the few suggestive ideas which survive the perusal of the most brilliant of human books. Few of them can stand three readings; and of the memorabilia which you had marked in your first reading, on reverting to them, you find that many of them were not so striking, or weighty, or original, as you thought. But the word of God is solid; it will stand a thousand readings; and the man who has gone over it the most frequently and carefully, is the surest of finding new wonders.—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

When I commenced my duties as professor of theology, I feared that the frequency with which I should have to pass over the same portions of Scripture would abate the interest in my own mind in reading them, but after more than fifty years of study, it is my experience that with every [illegible] my interest increases.—*Professor Leonard Woods.*

I have always found in my scientific studies, that when I could get the Bible to say anything upon the subject, it afforded me a firm platform to stand upon, and another round in the ladder, by which I could safely ascend.—*Lieut. Maury.*

I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning immediately after rising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history, or to morality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue.—*John Quincy Adams.*

I can easily conceive why the Bible was one of the two or three volumes which always lay on Haydn's table, and it would be easy to fill a lecture with the testimonies, written or unwritten, which painters, sculptors, orators and poets have rendered to the most thoughtful and suggestive book in the world.—*Hamilton.*

Lord Bacon, in order to illustrate the right method of using Scripture, appealed to the treatment of the grape, which when tenderly pressed, gives out fine wine, but which when crushed, is ruined. In nothing is this so important as in the treatment of a text. If it be forced out of its place to sustain a true doctrine, the doctrine is often rejected as false, simply because the text does not support it.

A WORD ABOUT DOCTRINE.

It was not without reason that Paul directly charged all ministers, and indirectly all men, to take heed to their doctrine; and although this is a charge which the many, at the present day, who think it is no matter what a man believes or what doctrine he holds, will scarcely regard at all, yet there are at least three reasons why we should give very serious attention to this matter.

1. It is certain, that in consequence of our desire to be at ease, although in a state of sin, we feel a repugnance towards such doctrines as tend to disturb our cherished security, and therefore need to take heed, lest to our great injury we should avoid them.

2. We have the greater need of this, because there are so many false views of religion, and views far more grateful to the human heart than the Gospel revelations, urged upon us, and often with great skill and eloquence, by the apostles of error.

3. However flippantly we may reason to the contrary, our holding or rejecting certain doctrines determines the whole character of our religion. To make this plain, take the doctrine or view which we entertain of man's state by nature—according as this is, so will also be the views, feelings and experience which mark the whole character of our religion.

GIVING GOD INFORMATION.

It is not an unfrequent thing among the attendants upon prayer-meetings, for one, through the medium of prayer, to attempt to give information to others. For example. The other day, a man who was leading in prayer undertook to inform the meeting that we had one hundred and thirty thousand sick and wounded soldiers in the various hospital establishments in the United States, and connected with our army and navy. The man, in seeming prayer, proceeded to inform the Lord how astounded he was when he heard this announced in a public meeting the day before, on very good authority—viz., the statement of some of the public speakers at the meeting, who must be supposed to know the truth whereof they affirmed.

Reproof and rebuke are sometimes attempted to be administered through the medium of prayer. All this goes to show that we are poor, erring creatures, even in our very devotions, and that much that men call prayer, is solemn mockery. The most astounding confessions are often made of sins and crimes—all, perhaps, true enough; but it is very doubtful if some strange manifestations of ill temper would not be displayed if these persons, making these confessions, found that one-half of their acknowledgments were believed of them by their fellow men. The language which men use in prayer is not to be judged of harshly, but we should be careful to have that which we call prayer, *prayer.*—*Christian Intelligencer.*

EXCUSES FOR INATTENTION.

A farmer sends his boys into the field to spend the day in work. He tells them what to do for an hour, and says that after that time he shall send a man to explain to them how they are to proceed through the day. The boys go on with their work, until at length the expected messenger appears. He begins to tell them how the land is to be ploughed, or in what way the father wishes the seed to be put into the ground. The boys listen to him a minute or two, until one, perceiving some oddity in the man's manner, bursts into a laugh; another sits down upon a green bank under a tree, and gradually falls into a state of drowsy insensibility; a third looks away with a vacant countenance upon the hills and mountains around, utterly regardless of the message. The boys, consequently, do not learn what their father wishes them to do; and do not do it; and when night comes, and they are called to account for the labors of the day, they try to justify themselves with this preposterous excuse:—"Why," they say to their father, "the man you sent us was not an interesting man, and so we did not pay any attention to his message. He had no talent at making his mode of explanation novel or striking, and so we did not listen to it." "I could not possibly fix my attention," says one. "He was a very sleepy talker," says another, "I could not keep awake." "He was dressed so," says a third, "and he had such a tone, that I could not help laughing at him."

Such are the excuses which many persons give for not giving heed to religious instruction on the Sabbath. They try to throw off all responsibility upon the minister; and if he does not awaken by the power of his genius, an interest in their minds, they consider themselves excused from feeling any. They say, in substance, to themselves, "We know that we have disobeyed God, and he is sending us messengers to communicate to us the offers of forgiveness for the past and direction for the future; but unless he sends us agreeable, and ingenious, and eloquent men, we will pay no attention to any of them.—*Abbott.*

HOW TO BE REVIVED.

Many Christians are wishing and praying to be revived in religion and yet do not obtain the blessing. Sometimes they give up the effort in a kind of despair, as though the mercy was not for them. But where lies the difficulty? With the Lord or with them? Is not the grace of God sufficient, or is not the blessing such as can be consistently given in every case of this life?

If such persons will sincerely and perseveringly offer two short prayers, they will not long continue unblessed with the revival state. One prayer is for the Holy Spirit, founded on the Saviour's declaration in Luke xi. 13. The other prayer is that of Paul, offered at his conversion and through all his Christian life: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Acts ix. 6, or "What shall I do, Lord?" xxii. 10. The sincere prayer to know what God will have us to do implies the heart to do it. It is not only to do with our hands or our head, but as well with our heart in *believing* what the Lord says. This prayer will save one from an improper waste of time, and want of faith in Christ, and from deceiving himself. The prayer for the Spirit will save him from trusting to his own doings. When one is thus revived, he feels that he has a Saviour. The peace of God rules in his heart. He has the consciousness and the witness of the Spirit that he pleases his Master. Let him go on thus, and the work of sanctification will go rapidly forward, and he will be enabled to *abide* in Christ.

WOMAN.

Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and sometimes folly—annoyed by a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rosebud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then: how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird—anything she loves or pities, to protect—and see her in a relative instance, raising her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimsons her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless.

Transplant her in the dark places of earth, awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch, the walking pestilence, when men, the strong and brave, shrink away pale and affrighted. Misfortune haunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forth with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle—a mystery, the centre from which radiates the great charm of existence.

THE PLAGUE OF ALMANACS.

The world is afflicted with almanacs society and the printers are mad about almanacs. Almanacs infest one's house like paper ghosts. Everybody publishes an almanac now a-days, and everybody expects you to take what he publishes. My stationer round the corner is sure to send me in his unreadable little almanac with the first shilling packet of fancy cream laid that I have been rash enough to order; my patent medicine vender wraps up my box of pills in his special version of the yearly seasons; my perfumer generously gives me his, scented with my bottle of British eau de Cologne; my illustrated newspaper has its illustrated almanac, which I am bound to buy; my comic periodical its comic almanac which I am also bound to buy; my insurance-office has a broad sheet which I am forced to put up in my study; four rival prophets preach woe and desolation to my ears, and I am tempted by patriotic zeal to learn what is to be the fate of my beloved country, at a cost varying from a penny to half-a-crown, while my graceless young son brings me in a handful of French trash, of which I, as a British father, can make neither head nor tail, nor can I discern any point or humor in the whole batch. Humor? Sir, the French have no humor. That poor pitiful stuff of theirs called wit is nothing but thin, sour, blue-colored claret—a very different thing to the full, rich, port wine flavored growth dear to Englishmen. Here is a pile of them. I will draw them at hazard.—*All the Year Round.*

ENGLISH PHLEGM.

A French author, visiting London lately, sends to a journal in Paris a vivid description of it, as it appears to his French eyes. One feature is this:—"Nobody talks, nobody howls, nobody laughs. Even the dogs do not bark, and when I say this, I beg you believe that I am not joking. In the first place one meets a few dogs; then those one does meet have a way of jogging along the street which sufficiently indicates that they have the right to be there; they look like dogs who own city property. They do not look about which way to go; they do not stop to talk with their canine acquaintances: they go straight ahead in a quiet trot; one is half inclined to think they are dogs going to do their business or on their way home after doing all they had to do on 'Change or at the Docks. The horses have a very different gait. Something of the English axiom, 'Time is money,' has made its way into their minds or legs. They do not lose a minute; on they speed in a good round trot, conscious of the value of the capital they represent. Ah! how little they are like French horses—always fond of idling about, alas! like their masters! Nobody has ever calculated the amount of economy represented by the silence of an Englishman."

THE NEW YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the Old—ring in the New,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going—let him go—
Ring out the false—ring in the true!

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor—
Ring in redress to all mankind!

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws!

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in!

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good!

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace!

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be!

WHAT IS GOD'S WILL IN REGARD TO TERMS AND MEANS OF PEACE?

Whenever we can ascertain what God would have us do, we should perform it. We are his servants. Through us he executes many of his purposes. We pray daily, "Thy will be done." This implies not only acquiescence in dispensations, but an acknowledged duty to execute his behests.

God has four millions of human beings in our land, who are held in bondage by their brethren, oppressed, deprived of some of the dearest rights of man, enslaved, their children enslaved, they are groaning in their bondage, they are crying for deliverance. What would God do for those people? We learn his will by his Word, his Spirit, and his Providences. He makes us willing by instruction and chastisements. He controls us by thwarting our plans which may be contrary to his, and by closing up all ways against us, but the one in which he would have us go. And when any are perseveringly obstinate, whether individuals or nations, he gives them over to ruin. Those who will not have Him reign over them, he destroys.

God has a controversy with this nation. He is chastising us severely, by civil war. We have tried to humble ourselves; have fasted and prayed; we pray always in our closets, our families, our churches, but his wrath is poured out still. Why does not his anger subside? Why does he not give us peace? Peace is one of his favorite instruments. The herald Angels proclaimed, "Peace on earth." Why does not this praying land have peace? Our President says it is because of the negro, held in slavery. This is the sentiment of millions; the utterance of the national conscience.

Now, what is to be done? We spoke, last week, of Universal Emancipation as a means of peace. We then endeavored to show that, though the letter of National compact, the bonds and articles which made the nation, gave the General Government no right to interfere with slavery in the States, yet circumstances might make the act to be a moral and military necessity, and that it would be humane and in accordance with religion, and that hence, the loyal masters being fairly compensated, it would be as constitutional and righteous to take the slaves and make freemen of them, that is, to destroy slavery, as it is to destroy a house, to stop a fire, or remove a factory, to stay a plague, or to take any private property for a public benefit. From all this, God's will may be inferred. He would approve of emancipation, having in his providence made it a national necessity.

But we must pursue the subject further. God sometimes so leads men and so hedges up their way, as to make his will most plain—so plain that their refusal to do it he regards as unpardonable obstinacy, which he beats with many stripes, if he does not avenge it with unquenchable anger.

Let us now take a retrospect of God's providences relative to our national calamity. We shall look back only to the Autumn and Winter of 1860-61, when secession was in its cradle. At that time GEN. SCOTT, then commander of our army, wished to man all the southern forts. PRESIDENT BUCHANAN forbade it. If it had been done, the rebellion would have been strangled, and slavery been still dominant. In that same Winter the CRITTENDEN compromise, though ably advocated, failed. And the Peace Convention, held by our wisest men, failed. And the proposed amendment to the Constitution, which was adopted by Congress as a peace measure, was spurned by the secessionists, and was hence an abortion. Any of these measures would have secured slavery, but God made them perish. The parties would listen to no terms of compromise. God's counsel was in it. He intended that the wrath of man should praise him.

Then the attack on Sumter having begun the war and awakened the nation, and the repulse at Bull Run having determined its energies, plans wise, deep, and extended were laid. Large armies were being collected, drilled and equipped in the most effective manner. Artillery such as was a tremendous admonition. A hundred days were granted to consider, to lay down arms and save slavery. And doubtless this would have been effective if sustained by a united North and a rigorous use of the military and naval power. But, lo, political dissensions arise. The opposition carry many of the States at the elections. The iron-clad vessels are not ready. The army, through want of supplies, delays its movement. When it does move, there is a change of commanders, and a derangement of plans, and still longer delay; and stern Winter approaches. The rebels, thus encouraged, decline the proffered peace; the President's proclamation has not produced submission, and slavery is still on trial. God's hand is in all this. He makes our great power impotent; our wise counsels, foolish; our bright hopes, disappointments. *He is unwilling to give us union, peace, and slavery combined.* He makes them incongruous, incompatible. Is it not so? Does he not say to us, These my children, made of the same blood with yourselves, are no longer to be your slaves. They have served you many generations. They have now attained their majority—to a state of manhood. I demand their freedom.

We are aware that there are those who say that slavery is not the cause of the war; and that God does not mean its extermination. It is true, alas, that we have many other sins, and most provoking; but still, our history for the last forty years and the main circumstances of the rebellion point directly to slavery as the cause of the war, and as the reason of its continuance, that, as we said, the national conscience fixes upon it as the guilty thing. And why will not God give us unity, peace, and slavery together? He loves union, certainly. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." And he loves peace. How he enjoins and commends peace! How his word of precept, and promise, and blessing, dwells upon love, concord, fellowship! No; it is not union and peace which God would deny. It is slavery that he declines to rivet upon the land. It is slavery which he would compel us to extirpate. He hates oppression. It is true, as some politicians tell us, that we might free the slaves and make their condition worse; but it is also true that we can free them and greatly improve their lot. And this accords with God's Word and character. This he demands of us. Is it so that we are striving against God? The President, the Cabinet, Congress, our statesmen mostly, the army and navy, the loyal people of the whole nation, have been striving for the preservation of the country, and for peace, on the principle of conserving slavery; yea, and the Church has been adding her prayers, with confessions, tears and fastings; not for slavery, but for peace on such terms as would preserve slavery; but, thus far, God has turned a deaf ear, has withheld a blessing. He still smites. War rages. God means something. We should try to discover it. We are to note the *signs of the times*, his Providential dispensations, and through these, enlightened by his Word and taught by his Spirit, we are to learn his will.

Presb. Banner.

THE LORD'S PRAYER ILLUSTRATED

Our Father—
By right of creation,
By bountiful provision,
By gracious adoption;
Who art in heaven—
The throne of thy glory,
The portion of thy children,
The temple of thy angels,
Hallowed be thy name—
By the thoughts of our hearts,
By the words of our lips,
By the works of our hands;
Thy kingdom come—
Of Providence to defend us,
Of grace to refine us,
Of glory to crown us,
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven—
Toward us without resistance,
By us without compulsion,
Universally without exception,
Eternally without declension;
Give us this day our daily bread—
Of necessity for our bodies,
Of eternal life for our souls;
And forgive us our trespasses—
Against the commands of the law,
Against the grace of thy gospel;
As we forgive them that trespass against us—
By defaming our characters,
By embezzling our property,
By abusing our persons;
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil—
Of overwhelming afflictions,
Of worldly enticements,
Of Satan's devices,
Of sinful affections;
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory forever—
Thy kingdom governs all,
Thy power subdues all,
Thy glory is above all;
Amen—
As it is in thy purposes,
So it is in thy promises,
So be it in our prayers,
So it shall be to thy praise.

Pierre Bernard.

SINGING SANDS AND SOUNDING MOUNTAINS

Thousands of years ago, the pillars of Memnon were famed for giving musical sounds. Sounds like those of bells have been heard at different localities, coming from the depths of the ocean, and now we hear of musical mountains, and singing sands.

Two such localities are already on record. The first is that of Nakous, or Bell Mountain, upon the peninsula of Sinai, on the shores of the Red Sea north-westward of the city of Tor. The celebrated traveller, Seetzen, of Oldenburg, was the first European savant who ascended it. He found it consisting of a brittle white sand stone, covered on two sides with loose sand. This sand, when brought into motion, produces the sound. The traveller, when ascending, passed over this region of loose sand, and he soon discovered that the noise it made in gliding down the slope became by degrees louder and louder. When he reached the summit, such a terrible sound was heard that it shook the whole mountain, and he himself became excited in the highest degree.

Some time afterwards this same mountain was visited by Mr. Gray, of Oxford, and more recently by Mr. Ward, both Englishmen. They give very nearly the same account of this phenomenon. All ascribe the cause to the fact that the sand glides down the bare mountain sides. Ward heard at first only a feeble tone, like that of the flute; suddenly it became strong, like that of an organ, and the whole hill began to vibrate. The sound became louder in proportion to the quantity of sand set in motion by the steps of the traveller.

Alexander Burns visited, in 1837, a similar hill. This was the Rey Rawan—this moving mountain—which is also about four thousand feet high. Its ascent is an incline of about forty degrees, covered with a layer of sand, surrounded by a still deeper border of lime and sandstone. Gliding down on this sand, it emits a loud, hollow tone, similar to that of a great drum. This was already known in the fifteenth century. A third mountain of this kind is the "El Bramador," the yelling, barking mountain in Chili, in regard to which Charles Darwin made similar observations.

Charles Meyer, in his book "Toward Sacramento," mentions another to exist in California, and recently a fifth locality of this kind has been discovered by Hugh Miller, upon the small Island Eigg, on the western coast of Scotland. According to Miller, a geologist of great renown, [illegible] of odite exists on this Island. This substance, when reduced to sand, is once a white, mealy mass. Miller observed, that on every step he took, the sand gave a peculiar musical sound. It is, however, not proven that this sand alone produces sounds. The above-mentioned Mr. Ward says that the friction of the sharp edged grains of silicious sand, exposed to the rays of a tropical sun, caused the resonant quality of the sand. We must leave the investigation of this matter to scientific men, being confident that they will explain the mystery. To the musician, we hope it may be an interesting musical curiosity.

MINISTERS' DEBTS

FURNISHED BY THE ALPHA—DELTA CLUB.

Of all the living creatures which have an existence in the Universe, the most to be shunned is that one who is said to go up and down in the world seeking whom he may devour. But there is one thing which is not a living creature and is possessed of neither hoofs nor horns, and yet, if possible, is more difficult to escape than his ubiquitous, sooty majesty—and that is debt. For if you resist the devil he will flee from you but if you resist an honest debt it will come at you worse than before. And of all debts, Ministers' debts are the worst. In every sense of the expression, they are *bad* debts. In the first place they are bad, because they are hard to collect. No Christian man with delicate feelings likes to dun a minister for money, and if he should screw his courage up to the sticking point, ten chances to one, the poor man has not wherewith to pay. Such debts are bad, because they depress the spirits, tend to blunt the moral sensibilities, and render the herald of the gospel unfit to exercise the functions of his holy calling. They are bad, because they bring the financial standing of the clergy into disrepute, and thereby, detract from the general estimate the world may form of religion itself. It is no wonder that one of our most respectable Synods took this subject into consideration at its last meeting, and resolved that ministers ought to pay their debts, after payment has been demanded *two or three times*; and threatened the members of Synod with summary ecclesiastical vengeance, if they did not soon redeem their fallen credit. Wherever such an evil exists, the axe cannot be laid at the root of the tree too promptly. It is a blot that ought to be removed—a sore that ought to be healed.

There are various causes to which it may be attributable, and the cause determines the percentage and degree of criminality. Indifference to the importance of financial equilibrium [illegible] some ministers to gravitate too strongly to the debit side of their accounts—if they keep any. Their minds are so taken up with other things, they are so literal in their interpretation of the scripture which says, Take no thought what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink &c:—that they forget that man cannot live by bread alone, but that the bread ought to be paid for. Bad management, thriftless economy, is another fruitful source of ministers' debts. I once knew a young man who had just entered the ministry—he had a country charge, and his income amounted to eight hundred dollars per annum. He bought a horse and carriage, when he needed only the horse—he paid one hundred and fifty dollars for his horse, when one hundred would have purchased one amply competent to perform the service required. This horse he exchanged for another because he was not pleased with him, and paid fifty dollars to effect the trade.

The closet in his study was piled full of half worn boots, and he was an inveterate smoker of half dime cigars. When admonished that his income was not likely to defray his expenses, he answered that he was aware of it, but he got nothing but what he *must* have. In the course of three or four years he was in debt to everybody that would trust him, which finally, everybody refused to do, and at last he and the Church were broken down, and the debts are still unpaid. And this is only one case out of many. Limited incomes require good management and strict economy.

Insufficient remuneration is another source of debts with ministers—I will not say with poor ministers, for they are all poor that are *worth anything*. To provide for nine small children and their mother, with two grandmothers, a maiden sister and the visitors, and do it all on four hundred and fifty dollars a year requires a wise head, a willing hand and an affectionate heart. Who could blame such a minister for having debts?

But there is an evil with which the world is cursed that may not have a remedy. The best way to free ourselves from debts is never to make any. I knew a minister who, when he entered upon the duties of his office, resolved that it should be an inviolable rule of practice for himself and family never to buy anything for which he had not the money to pay at the time. And although the elbows of his coat were once in his life the subject of remark, he has never been censured for neglecting to pay his debts, simply because, from the nature of the case he had, and could have none. By a little self denying in the beginning all might adopt this principle. But then it would be necessary for the Churches to pay an adequate support. While it is a fact perhaps, that the ministry are better supported at the present time than they were some years ago, yet even now the pastor's salary rarely equals that of a first class clerk. After having spent eight of the most vigorous years of his life in acquiring an education, he finds himself able to realize for the support of an establishment, necessarily much more expensive than that of a private individual, only what he would have been able to realize if he had lost no time and spent no money in a preparation for a more public position. The Churches ought to think of these things, and ask themselves whether the guilt of much of the ministerial indebtedness does not come home to them. Of course the minister who has his heart in the work does not expect, and does not wish to amass a fortune; but his people, if they consider him worthy of the position he holds in their midst, are bound by all the laws of justice and morality, to say nothing of religion, to award him such a remuneration as will enable him, while he preaches, also to practice the injunction of the apostle, *to owe no man anything.*

DELTA.

A curious fact came out lately before the Court of Exchequer in England. The proprietor of a theatre at Boston quarrelled with Mr. Wilde, lessee of Leotard, the "trapezist," as to a commission due to him, when it was shown in evidence that Mr. Wilde paid Leotard £200 a week for his services at the Alhambra, and £20 a night for his performances anywhere else. In other words, a French acrobat receives a salary greater than the income of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and three times that of the Premier, for jumping from one rope to another at the risk of his neck. It is twice as much as that of the President of the United States, and six times that of any of his Secretaries.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Jan. 3, 1863.

DEDICATION

The Germantown A. M. E. Church was dedicated to the service of the Great Redeemer on the afternoon of Christmas day. The Rev. W. D. W. Schureman, the Elder, had extended an invitation to all who could and would attend. The church is small, but every thing about it is arranged with much taste and neatness.

NOTICE

We have got the first Certist's Address that has ever been published or seen in the A. M. E. Church, now on hand, and for sale. It is very beautiful indeed, and well worth purchasing. All persons wanting the article will please send us their address and twenty-five cents, and we will forward them a copy, free of postage. All brethren who have been engaged in selling papers shall have a reduction made in their favor—they shall have the Address furnished them at the low rate of but ten dollars ($10 00) per one hundred copies.

NOTICE

We are pleased to make the announcement that Professor Brown, of Burlington, New Jersey, a gentleman of great talent and literary distinction, is expected to lecture in Baltimore and Washington shortly.

NOTICE

December the 25th, 1862.

I, the Chairman of the Committee of the Freedmen Association of the A. M. E. Union Church in Philadelphia, received of Mr. Isaac Williams, accompanied by Mr. George Mercer, the sum of ten dollars, from the Young Men's Reading Assembly, No. 1, of Northern Liberties, Philadelphia.

HENRY DAVIS, Chairman.

CHEERING

Mr. Griffice, our book binder, has found where he made a mistake, and found 100 copies of unbound Hymn books, which we told him that we had ordered; hence he would have been the loser had he not found them. They will be ready for sale to-day or Monday, and nothing but cash in hands will buy them.—ED.

NOTICE

Professor P. E. Chase, of this city, will lecture before the Philadelphia Library Company, on Tuesday evening next, 6th inst., in the lecture room of St. Thomas' Church, Fifth Street below Walnut, commencing at 8 o'clock. Admission free.

WILLIAM P. PRICE, Secretary.

NOTICE

All the members of the United Beneficial Sisters of the Rev. Joshua Woodlin Society, are requested to attend their stated meeting on Thursday evening next, January the 8th, 1863.

By order of the President.

ELIZABETH HARRIS, President,
ELIZABETH STOKLY, Secretary.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION

We print in this number the President's Proclamation, emancipating all slaves whose masters are in open rebellion against the Government of the United States. It will be seen that the President only makes provision for the emancipation of a *part* of an injured race, and that the Border States and certain parts of the rebel States are excepted from the relief offered to others by this most important document. We believe, those who are not immediately liberated will be ultimately benefited by this act, and that Congress will do something for those poor souls who will still remain in degradation. But we thank God and President Lincoln for what has been done, "and take courage."

AN ADDRESS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

By divine permission, Rev. Elisha Weaver will deliver an address in the A. M. E. Church of Burlington, N. J., to the Members of all the colored churches in that city, and others who may attend. The young ladies and gentlemen, as well as the fathers, are invited to be present on Tuesday night, January 6th, 1863. The Rev. Joseph Smith, the Elder in charge, and Brother Long, who extended a kind invitation, have the tickets in hand, from whom they can be purchased. We expect to see Burlington church filled to its utmost capacity.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mr. Aaron Bayard, Haddonfield, N. J.,	2 00
To be directed to Camden, N. J., for Jordentown subscribers.	
Mr. Cyrus Polk, Jordentown,	1 25
Mrs. Mary Ann Jefferson	
Brother John Collins.	
Mr Samuel Cooper	
Mr. James Mann, Woodbury, N. J.	
Miss Adeline Muse, Moorestown, N. J.	
Miss Mary E. Muse, Medford.	
Mr Charles Green, Mount Laurel, N. J.	
GERMANTOWN, PA	
Mr E. S. Harrison,	2 25
Mr Henry Johnson,	2 25
Thomas B. Longstreth,	2 00
Miss Ann Harris,	1 00
Miss Sarah Hubert,	2 00
Miss Elizabeth Miller,	2 25
Rev Shepherd Holcomb,	1 00
Mrs. Mary Harris Horntown, Pa.,	1 00
Mr. John H. Beel, Boston, Mass., for last year,	1 00
Mr F. W. G. Moy,	1 00

The money for the above two was mailed on the 6th of Oct., 1862, and did not reach us until about the 20th of October. The reason was, it was dropped into the post-office, without prepaying it, and it went to the dead letter office, and then came to us. As the law requires all letters to be pre-paid, we hope that all who send us money will be particular to pre-pay by putting on a three cent stamp.

Miss Tiney Williams, Washington, D. C., per Mr A. R. Dill,	1 00
Mrs. Mary J. Miner, Muscatine, Iowa, per R. J. C. Jones,	2 00
Mr John Clough, Coxnekin,	1 13
Rev. Henderson Deale, Frankford Circuit, in response to the Book Committee,	2 07

Brother Davis and Brother Gould are the ly two who have not yet reported.

Mrs Duffen, of Philadelphia,	2 00
Samuel Allen, do	2 25
Mr Henry Price, Attleborough, Pa.,	2 25

CHRISTIAN RECORDER, TWO YEARS

The *Christian Recorder*, a mammoth sheet, two full years ago, commenced in its present large size and form to visit fathers, mothers, sons and daughters. It was on the 1st of January, 1861, that this noble sheet was revived, or resuscitated; then it was that many conjectures were made and prophecies formed as to its continuance and future existence, or its ultimate consignment to eternal oblivion—some gave it three months to live, and others but as many weeks. During the time allotted to its existence it received an untimely stab in the fifth rib, which caused it to stagger a little, especially so on seeing the quarter from which the foul and unnatural blow came. It reminded us of the journey of the Israelites, on their way to the Land of Canaan. When they came to the shores of the Red Sea, and beheld its dark and angry waves rolling up defiantly at their feet, they started back aghast and trembling; but said their noble leader, "Stand still, and see the salvation of GOD!" When lo! the waves were parted asunder, all obstacles and resistance vanished, and they, being in the right, walked safely over, and went on their way rejoicing. So it is clearly to be seen that GOD will protect the right. So the *Christian Recorder*, in spite of the opposition and malicious threats it endured, has faithfully travelled around and among our circuits and stations (without cessation) for two entire years. It has spread its intelligence and influence far and wide. It has treated largely and wisely on the progress of religion in our Church—of unity, friendship, and love. It has dwelt much upon the moral obligation of all people to God and to humanity. Frequently and freely it has spoken of the necessity for mental improvement in our people—and referred extensively to the arts and sciences, as well as to literature in all its departments which are good and calculated to benefit mankind. It has commented upon Bishops, Elders, Deacons, and the entire church family. This it has done in a religious, candid and impartial manner. It has given free access to its columns, not only to Methodists, but Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Quakers and the Rabbis. Hence the *Recorder* is acknowledged by all unprejudiced minds whose pleasure it has been to read her columns, to be among our best weeklies, claiming to be religious periodicals, now published.

The past two years, it will be admitted by all who understand the matter, have been the most trying times on those who publish weekly papers, more so than at any time forty years prior to the commencement of this sheet. We pay more than twice as much for paper now than was paid formerly before our connexion with the book department, and yet the paper has survived for two full years; and we now venture to say that, notwithstanding the *Recorder* is twice as large as it ever was before, the circulation is larger than it has ever been since the organization of the A. M. E. Church.

Now, we say to our readers and to the friends in general that if the *Recorder* has lived up till now despite the disadvantages under which it labored, will *you* not, as friends to God, to yourself and to the spread of literature, renew your subscription for 1863, by sending to our address (P. O.—Box 430) the small sum of $2 25; and, at the same time, cease not in your efforts until you have succeeded in getting your neighbors and friends who do not take it, to give in their names and cash as subscribers with the commencement of the new year?

We appeal once more to our ministers, and to all others, to take hold of our paper and exert their best influence more energetically than they have done in promoting its spread and future usefulness. We extend our appeal to our Stewards, Class-leaders, to the Trustees, and to all the membership. Let each one consider himself or herself an agent for this paper; yes, we say to the colored and the white, work for this good cause; let it be known that there is such a paper published in the United States of America—that there is one weekly religious paper published by colored people.

Let your subscriptions begin with "the dawn of liberty"—the year 1863, the year in which the poor down-trodden sons of Africa may cast off their fetters, and springing to their feet, point with pious pride to Heaven and our noble flag as the distant knell of Liberty comes softly wafted to the ear in fancy's thought from the old State House Bell, proclaiming as of yore, but this time *truly*, FREEDOM TO ALL!

We also invite all of our brethren who can write for a paper of such magnitude and character as this, to do so. If they will do so, it will tend much to interest our people whom you address, and it will create in them a strong appetite for reading, and especially your own productions. If your congregation are a reading people, they will be much easier to get along with than an ignorant congregation.

Now, brethren, shall the world see who it is in our wide-spread connexion that are ready workers for God and his Church, and who it is that will not work, and who it is that is afraid to speak to his congregation for anything else than the money due himself?

In entering upon the third year of the *Recorder*, it will be our special object to make it one of the best papers in this country. We shall endeavor to have its columns filled as much as possible with original matter, and, aside from all this, we shall secure the best selections which our numerous exchanges afford, and we can truthfully say that our exchanges stand second to none in this country, or elsewhere. To do this, we ask at the hands of our brethren and friends the money to go on with, and in return they shall be furnished with the best of reading matter.

And now, that the brightest smiles of a kind and bountiful Heaven beam down upon each and every one of you with uncommon graciousness and glory, is the earnest and sincere prayer of the EDITOR.

LECTURE

Prof. Reason, of New York, lectured on last Monday night in the Central Presbyterian Church, for the benefit of the Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of Philadelphia. His subject was *Civilization*. The professor, undoubtedly, is a scholar, and every intelligent mind can see at once that he is well read, and understands the geographical position of the earth. He was logical in his illustration. His manners of address was mild and pleasant, but was less earnest in speaking than some we have heard. Some of the points he made will bear discussion, yet, upon the whole, it was an able effort.

NOTICE

Will the minister or ministers in Jersey City N. J. or on the circuit, have the kindness to make inquiries of my lost brother, who was taken from Baltimore, Md., in 1858, by his brother-in-law, John Travis, and supposed to have left him with his cousin, by the name of John Cantch. He, the boy, was about ten years old, bright complexion, has a large brown mark on the stomach, answers to the name of William Henry Emory.

Signed, SARAH A. TRAVIS.

Please direct said information to my address, No. 1014 Spruce street, Philadelphia.

THE NEW YEAR

We greet our patrons and friends on the New Year. The old year, with its troubles, its sighs, and its groans, has passed away—we shall see it no more. It has been an eventful year in our lives, and has formed an important era in our nation's history. From the banks of the old Rappahannock and the noble Mississippi we have heard the booming of cannon, the roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, the clangor of arms, and the shock of armies, mingled with the cries and moans of the wounded and dying. The waters of the Potomac have been dyed crimson with the blood of those noble men who went forth to battle for our country, against those who seek to overthrow its liberties, and who have offered themselves a sacrifice upon the altar of devotion to their country, while the soil of the "Old Dominion" has been moistened with the best blood of the nation. Our hearts sicken as we think of the terrible scenes of suffering and distress through which we have passed, and it makes us shudder to think that, perhaps, we may have to pass through this fire a second time. The chiming of bells have bid adieu to the old year. The night cometh, and the bells of the New Year have and may still be heard praising the "King of kings," for life and health, and eyes and ears to behold the effulgent rays of that bright luminary, the Sun—king of the day. We hear the sounding of the gavel and the echo of sweet music, and praise.

We say then to our readers, A happy New Year—to one, to all. This happiness we wish you not only for the beginning of the year, but to the end of the same. We wish a happy New Year to the fathers, though many of them may have experienced sad trials, disappointments, and bereavements in the past year. You have reason to thank God that he has delivered you out of them all. Our hope and prayer to God is, that he may continue to deliver; and that each one who took the *Christian Recorder* the past year will continue to take it, by remitting $2,25 for the year; and that all who did not take it, in the last year, will subscribe to it now, for what God has done the last year. May the *Recorder* receive a happy, warm, and cordial welcome in your families.

Young gentlemen, we wish you a happy New Year, in wealth and prosperity. May you, in your hearts, bear love to God, and be at peace with all mankind, and may the grace of Almighty God abide with you forevermore. We hope that you will send us your names as subscribers to the paper, by remitting $2,25 to Box 430, Philadelphia. Put forth an effort to secure a number of subscribers for the Recorder, that she may receive ample support. We hope that you may find the object of your affections to be true and unfaltering, and that you may succeed in being tied in a connubial knot, and the honey moon may last you both until death.

Young ladies, we wish you a happy New Year in health, and that you may always observe the laws of nature; and when sitting around the family circle may you in perusing the columns of the Christian Recorder find a constant source of pleasure. We wish you a happy New Year in subscribing to the Recorder, and hope that you will consider yourselves authorized agents for the same, to get about the work of procuring subscriptions. Finally, we wish you a happy New Year in finding your lover true, and that he may never be a drunkard for you to support in the school-room, over the wash tub, or in any other way.

ED.

THE DESTINY OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH

(CONCLUDED.)

Our readers will remember that we stopped off while treating upon the subject of local preachers and exhorters, in a preceding issue. Now to resume the thread of our discourse. The mention of local preachers and exhorters would naturally bring to the mind leaders of classes, Stewards, Trustees, and all persons in full membership with the Church, for they help to make up the destiny of the A. M. E. Church. The leaders of classes should feel the great responsibility which rests upon them in the Church. Their calling, or rather their labor, is one of vast moment—to lead the lambs of God, to instruct, encourage, and reprove, as circumstances may require. To do this, it is essential that we implore Divine aid. They should keep every rule of the Church sacred—they should obey all the instructions of those who are properly authorized to give them—they should read the word of God regularly, and, in connexion with that, the Discipline of the Church, so as to inform their minds of their duty. They should take pleasure in encouraging everything the General Conference recommends for the time being. They should strive to keep the link running from the Bishops down. They should not only encourage the literature of the Church, but should recommend the same to each member of their class. All of this is necessary to the destiny of the A. M. E. Church.

The Stewards of the Church are the spokesmen of the ministers. They look out for his financial support. They are indeed a kind of guardians of the entire membership, and, as such, they, too, should labor to keep up a union, that all things might be done to the honor and to the glory of God.

Let it be remembered that the line has been kept sacred, from the Bishops to the Elders and Deacons, preachers, exhorters, and class-leaders; hence it is indispensable that the Stewards' duty to keep the link is faithfully done. The Trustees being the guardians of the real estate of the houses of God, should also keep the chain of links—for there is but one God, everlasting, without body or parts, of infinite wisdom and goodness—for love is the fulfilling of the law. The members of the A. M. E. Church, male and female; their calling is one of great moment. The saving of your own soul from that eternal abyss demands that we should all work together in love and harmony—if one should fall let all the others push on, that the work of the Lord may go on and be glorified.

And let us pray that where this link of proper regard and respect has been kept by the Bishops, elders, deacons and preachers, that it will be a pretty hard matter for what is called the lay members to go far from duty. For the link has been so connected, that, like the waves beating upon the rocks, they have little or no effect. So we say to the members of the A. M. E. Church, let us pull sweetly together—let us do our duty, and God Almighty will bless us in our efforts to do good. The destiny of the A. M. E. Church depends upon just such efforts as we have been speaking of.

Yours in Christ,
ELISHA WEAVER.

RUSSIA AND THE BIBLE. The Holy Synod of Russia announces that a translation of the Bible into the Moksha dialect has been lately completed, and distributed among the newly baptized Christians of that race.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE REV. RICHARD ROBERSON

BY ELISHA WEAVER, EDITOR.

About the year of our Lord, 1796, was born of a woman, a son, who afterwards received the name of Richard Roberson. His birth, according to all the facts we can get in relation to him, took place in the State of Maryland. We are not exactly informed of the fact, whether his parents were free or not, but would judge that they were free, as he was put out under a man by the name of Zeludea Fergerson, in north-east Maryland; here he served his time until he was twenty-one. In stature he was a medium height, would weigh, we judge, about 175 pounds, on an average. He was a full and clear blooded African, thin lips, and small, but sharp eyes. After he had served his time with Mr. Fergerson, he left old Maryland and emigrated to Bucks county, in the State of Pennsylvania. Somewhere about the year 1819, it is said, before he made any profession of religion, like many others, he was fond of mirthful enjoyments—the sound of the fiddle and the dancing of the feet. At length the Spirit of the Holy Ghost sought him and found him an alien to God and his cause; he finally yielded to the voice of the Spirit of the Most High, and like Paul of Tarsus, when the power and demonstration of God Almighty struck him like seven peals of thunder, he cried out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Learning the command, he gladly and quickly complied with it. Richard Roberson was made to feel his way when he was brought to see his sins, before God. After he was converted from his sins to grace, he was made a class leader on the Bucks county circuit; he was also, we believe, made a steward in the church at the same place. We should have mentioned before this, that he had married before he had made any profession of religion, at Sandy Run, Bucks county, Pa. He was also made an exhorter in the church, and having served a short time in that position, he was licensed to preach the Gospel of the blessed Jesus by the Rev. Jacob Richardson, who was an itinerant preacher, and at that time on the Bucks county circuit, and is known by all the old ministers of his day.

(To be Continued.)

N. B.—Any person having copies of the Philadelphia and New York Conferences, dating from 1832 to 1848, they will do us a favor by forwarding them to me, as they will be of great use in writing a sketch of Father Roberson's life.

E. WEAVER.

For the Christian Recorder.

Vincennes, Dec., 1862.

REV. AND DEAR BRO. WEAVER:—After my long silence I embrace this opportunity to write a few lines, to let you know that we are still living in the bounds of hope. I am glad to say we have had some very interesting meetings. The Lord has been with us: the old members appear to be built up in holy faith, and appear to be on their march onward and upward to the heavenly Canaan, though I found the church in a cold and backward state. Some members have never been to church since I came to the circuit. I have had tolerably tight times, and as it regards money matters, it is almost impossible to collect any, though I have not forgotten the Recorder. I have labored with our people to get them to continue their subscription, and to get new ones, and have the promise of five dollars from the old subscribers, and as soon as I can collect it I will forward it on. I would advise you to stop all the papers but the names I send you, as it is impossible to collect anything from them. They won't come and get their papers from my house nor read them. I enclose $2 50 in this. You will please to receipt Rev. Nathaniel Newton and George Dunlap one dollar each, and continue their subscription. I also received 25 cents each from Mrs. Mary Posey and Anron Bolts. Both want their papers stopped. You can do as you please about the others, either to send their papers on or to stop them till the money comes. I will give you the names: Daniel Richey, Indiana Florence, Mrs McGilpin, Mrs Beard, want their papers continued. Brother Dunlap wants you to send him the law concerning newspapers if it won't be too much trouble. Pray for us.

Yours in Christ,
H. H. SMITH.

N. B.—Since I have written this letter, I have received one dollar more from another subscriber, Daniel Richey, so you will receipt him also and continue his paper.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—Perhaps it would be of interest to your readers to know what we are doing in Bordentown for suffering humanity. We, the colored citizens of Bordentown, have associated ourselves in a society by the name of the Tillman Relief Association, for the benefit of the contrabands in and around Washington, D. C., and the officers' names are as follows:—Rev. J. Young, President; Mr J. Rnem, Treasurer; Mr. Y. Lum, Secretary. Committee—Mrs. E. Cullens, Mrs. A. Crippen, and Mrs. R. Wood. We have succeeded in filling a box with goods, clothing and groceries containing two hundred and forty pieces, and three dollars and forty cents' worth of groceries, and have sent them to Washington, on the 24th of December, 1862, to the Union Relief Association of Bethel Church, in the care of Rev. H. M. Turner, Washington, D. C., No. 93 South E Street.

DONATION VISIT TO THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

To the humane, thoughtful, and Christian committee, whose sympathy is not in words but in deeds—who have proven themselves to be among that few who will support and stand by the right, though the heavens fall, we would say, Ladies and Gentlemen, language would fail us to express our heartfelt gratitude to you, for the glorious effort made by you, to assist the Recorder and Book Concern. For ourselves, and as the agent of this wide-spread connexion, we sensibly feel the deep obligations which your generosity has imposed upon us. Though you did not realize as much as you could have wished, yet it was an effort in the right direction. We would say to those other donors, all honor to the ladies. In relation to the gentlemen who paid a visit on the occasion, Hons. Hall and Gordon, many thanks for ham and turkey. Rev. Stephen Smith was the only preacher present, and dunned.

In conclusion we say to the committee, had you been in the West and made the effort you did, we venture to say that 20 to 1 would have responded to your noble call. By the West, we mean anywhere west of the Allegheny mountains.

Yours very respectfully,
ELISHA WEAVER.
MARY C. WEAVER.

MASONIC NOTICE.

THE R. W. GRAND LODGE FOR THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The fourth quarterly communication was held at Masonic Hall, South Eleventh street below Pine, Dec. 1st, 1862, at which the following named brethren were elected and re-elected for the ensuing masonic year, and were duly installed in their respective positions on St. John, the Evangelist's Day Dec. 27th, 1862, A. L. 5862.

Brother J. Needham, R. W. G. Master,
" Jonathan Davis, M. D., R. W. Deputy Master.
" Nathl L. Durham, R. W. Sen. G. Warden
" Fred C. Revels, R. W. Jun. G. Warden
" Theo Young, R. W. G. Treasurer.
" Aaron P. Faucett, R. W. G. Secretary.

In connexion with the usual business of the annual communication, His Worship, the Grand Master, was pleased to make the following announcement of the appointments for the year:

GRAND CHAPLAINS, Rev. Brothers Frisby, James Underdue, William G. Cooper.

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND MASTERS, Brothers Francisco R. Belasques, of Philadelphia, for the county of Montgomery.

Brothers Thomas Early, of Harrisburg, for the counties of Dauphin, Lycoming, Lancaster, and Cumberland.

Brothers Charles Cann, of Harrisburg, for the counties of Franklin, Adams, and Perry.

Brothers John Griffiths, of Lewistown, for the counties of Juniata, Mifflin, Centre, Blair, and Huntingdon.

Brothers George B. Vashon, of Pittsburg, for the counties of Allegheny, Westmoreland, Fayette, and Washington.

Grand Lecturer, Bro. Francis R. Belasques.
Senior G. Deacon, Bro. Prish Kelley.
Junior G. Deacon, Bro. Wm. Cooper.
Grand Stewards, Brothers Joseph C. Grevo and William Williams.
Grand Marshall, Bro. Jonathan C. Miller.
Grand Sword Bearer, Bro. William Waters.
Grand Pursuivant, Bro. Nathaniel Morgan.
Grand Tyler, Bro. Lewis P. Bennis.

COMMITTEE ON BY-LAWS, Brothers Jonathan Davis, Nathaniel Durham, F. R. Belasques, L. R. Seymour, J. T. Robinson.

COMMITTEE ON LAND MARKS, R. W. Brothers, W. H. Riley, Wm. E. Gipson, Hans Shad.

COMMITTEE ON CORRESPONDENCE, Brothers, S. Morgan Smith, Redmond Faucett, Richard H. Gleaves, P. N. Judah, and John G. Dutton.

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE, Brothers Wm. E. Gipson, Thomas Chernock, Ralph C. Gilmore, Charles Hettstock, Samuel C. Downing.

COMMITTEE ON CHARITY, Brothers John Coulter, George Woolford, Thos. C. Burton, Saml. L. Collins, Campbell Dickson.

Attest, AARON P. FAUCETT,
R. W. G. Secretary.

MASONIC NOTICE

Saturday, the 27th, being Saint Johns' day, the R. W. Grand Lodge of the State of New Jersey, at their annual communication held in the city of Burlington, State of New Jersey, the following brothers, who had been previously elected, were duly installed to their respective offices:

Brother John F. King, R. W. G. M.
" Albert C. Stevens, R. W. D. G. M.
" James Bingess, G. S. W.
" James Dolphin, G. J. W.
" Ebenezer Mun, G. F.
" Joshua Woodlin, G. Sec.

The R. W. G. M. made the following appointments:

District Deputy G. M. John A. Lobes, for Salem, Henry H. Williams, for Camden and Gloucester, Joseph Jordan, for Cumberland, Charles Faucet, for Burlington and Mercer, Richard T. Levette, for Cape May, Peter D. Hodges for Middlesex and Essex.

Charles Lopeman, S. D.,
Caleb Jackson, J. F.
Henry Carter, S. Steward.
Adam R. Dell, J. S.
Charles Williams, G. M.
Charles Gardner, G. T.
Isaac Wells, G. P.
Alfred H. Tucker, G. L.

COMMITTEE ON LAND MARKS, H. L. Davis, Freeman Gould, J. Woodlin.

COMMITTEE ON BY LAWS, Joshua Woodlin, G. L. Davis, H. Williams.

Attest, JOHN F. KING, R. W. G. M.
J. WOODLIN, G. S.

THE REBELS IN ENGLAND

THE "LONDON CONFEDERATE STATES AID SOCIETY."

Mr. George Thompson, M. P., writes from London to the Boston *Liberator*:—

"I have just become aware of the existence of a society in London, calling itself 'The London Confederate States' Aid Society.' It professes to be originated by Englishmen, and has issued an address 'To the British Public and all Sympathisers in Europe.' The night before last the association held a meeting at its office, No. 3 Devonshire street, Portland place, near the American Embassy. Having a meeting of my own at the same hour, I sent William A. Jackson, who brought me back an account of the proceedings.

"Mr. Confederate Commissioner Mason, of Fugitive Slave law notoriety, was present. On the retirement of that person from the meeting he was confronted at the door by men exhibiting a placard, three feet long by two feet wide, in which was represented a negro in tattered garments, with an iron collar round his neck. Beneath the figure were the words:—

"'Dudley Wells, of Montgomery county, Missouri, as he appeared when, after two months' hiding in the woods, he was rescued by a party of Federal soldiers,' &c., &c.

"And then, the following:—

"'Fellow countrymen! Remember that the 'Southern chivalry,' which asks your sympathy and admiration, is composed of the wretches who perpetrate these atrocities on the weak and defenceless. Will you not, then, with a spirit worthy of the sons of freedom, rather give your support to the men who are shedding their blood (as thirty years ago you gave £20,000,000 of money) to purge this nation from the foul shame and guilt of complicity with slavery.'

"The Fugitive Slave law ex-Senator, and now Rebel Commissioner, on beholding this placard,

"'Grinned horribly, a ghastly smile'

and as soon as he was able got beyond sight of the apparition of Dudley Wells.

THE REBEL ADDRESS.

The Address of the Confederate States' Aid Association is a virtual appeal for pecuniary contributions, to enable the Rebels to 'continue their war against their unscrupulous enemies.' It begins by charging the North with having insulted, imprisoned, flogged, violated and outraged the women of the South in the most inhuman and savage manner. Further, the North, in executing their fiendish and diabolical purposes, are bent on mischief, robbery, murder, arson and crimes of the most revolting nature, glutting their hellish rage by inflicting every kind of torture, spreading wild ruin, devastation, destruction and universal desolation for the purpose of revenge and hatred.

"'In their fury, madness and malice, the atrocities, cruelties, crimes and outrages committed against the South are without a parallel in the history of the world.' After much more of the same sort, Englishmen are invoked, in the name of 'Civilization, justice, peace, liberty (!) humanity and Christianity,' to rouse themselves to arrest the horrors of the blood stained march of tyranny, and to rush to the aid of the South with their peace, shillings and pounds.

"This anti-climax is followed by an appeal to the women of our country. Here are the words:—

"'Fairest and best of Earth!' For the sake of violated innocence and the honor of your sex, come to woman's majesty and omnipotence, and give strength to a cause that has for its object the highest aims—the amelioration and exaltation of humanity.'

"This address is followed by a statement of the case of the North against the South, which is thus put.—The non-execution of the Fugitive Slave law was a virtual dissolution of the Union, and absolved the South from their allegiance to the national compact.

"'The Republican party is a political conspiracy and Mr. Lincoln 'the head of vigilant committeeism, under a higher law than the laws of the land.' The South 'is invaded by hordes of mercenaries, collected from the scum of almost every nation.' 'The South has no rival, either in commerce or in glory.' England's neutrality has starved the South while it has replenished the North. The conduct of the South should extort the admiration of all lovers of law and order, and finally, the South implores England with tears to help her own children.'"

(From the N. W. Advocate and Journal.)

A VISIT TO JAPAN

YEDO, JAPAN, Aug. 13, '62.

MR. EDITOR:—For your own information, and also that of any of your friends to whom you think it would be agreeable, I intend to send a few pages describing my short sojourn in this great city. I am here with Mrs. Bonney by invitation of Hon. R. H. Pruyn, the United States Minister to Japan. We came up to-day from Kanagawa in a covered Japanese boat, in six hours. The distance is eighteen miles.—Kanagawa is one of the ports opened by treaty to foreign trade and intercourse. On the passage up, we passed many small fishing boats, four or five men in each. Large numbers of wild ducks were flying about, or skimming over the surface of the water in search of food. As we approached Yedo we saw, anchored in the roadstead, five miles from shore, several square rigged vessels. One was an English gunboat, the others were Japanese vessels and steamers. About a mile from the city front were built, at convenient distances from each other, four or five good sized forts. The river front of the city has not the crowd of boats and junks which a Western man would expect to find at the wharves. The appearance of Yedo, as one approaches it from the Bay, has a mingling of city and country. Many large trees, green clad hills and gardens are interspersed along the continuous line of buildings.

On landing we were met by Robert C. Pruyn, Jr., who conducted us on horseback, with a squad of twelve mounted Japanese soldiers, to his father's residence, a mile distant. This residence is a large Boodhist temple, in which there are at present seventeen priests. Several rooms have been vacated, and assigned to the use of the U. S. Legation. The walls of these rooms, as of all Japanese houses, are merely sliding doors, covered with thin paper, which admits a dim light, if of only one thickness. Between a suit of rooms thicker paper is used, which excludes light, but not the sound of the voice. The floors are covered with straw mats, each mat being 6 by 3 feet, and two or three inches thick. The most remarkable feature of the residence of the U. S. Legation is the maintenance of a guard of 304 soldiers around it and on the premises. This is wholly at the expense of the Japanese Government, who desire to protect the representatives of foreign countries from injury by lawless persons, who would willingly embroil their own country and other nations in trouble and strife.

AUGUST 14th.—The residence of the U. S. Legation at Yedo has some peculiarities which may at first appear strange to us plain Republicans, but they are such as the established customs of the country and the Japanese Government require. Besides the day-guard, there is a night-guard of Japanese soldiers in every part of the grounds, each carrying two swords and a lantern. They are stationed along the halls, as well as at the doors of the buildings; sitting in Turkish fashion—not pacing to and fro in Western military style. There are several ponds for gold fish on the premises. A large one in the rear—forty feet in diameter, and five feet in depth—has upwards of a hundred gold and silver fish of the largest size, from six inches to two feet in length. The grounds around are planted with trees and shrubs both of the tropical and temperate zones. Pine, cedar, fir, oak, chestnut, bamboo, box, plum, and the lotus flourish side by side in profusion. At this time of year the foliage is of the deepest green, most refreshing to the eye. At five o'clock this morning I was waked by the beating of a great drum in a side building of the temple, to call the Boodhist priests to their morning worship. In a few minutes I heard them reciting, in a most rapid and monotonous manner, their invocations to Amida Boodha. Vain repetitions of his name—offering supplications and worship to a non existence, a creature of man's imagination. After ten or fifteen minutes of these rattling sounds, when they seemed to be out of breath, they fell off into a long, drawling tone most offensive to the ear, well denoting the sleepy effect which Boodhism has on its votaries. Its tendency is to stupify men in body and soul.

It is a sad thought that in this great city of one or two millions of immortal souls, there is not one Japanese who is a believing follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. But there is encouraging hope that the Gospel will be made known to them ere long, for there is a small but diligent band of Christ's messengers at Kanagawa, preparing themselves to proclaim the truth in God's Word, as soon as He opens the way for them. Many Christians in the United States also cease not to offer prayer for this object.

This afternoon I took a ride with three friends around the citadel of Yedo, which is the residence of the Tykoon, or temporal Emperor of Japan. It is an extensive enclosure, situated on one of the highest hills in Yedo, surrounded by a heavy wall, twenty feet high, of hewn stone. Outside of this stone wall is a moat, 150 feet wide, half filled with running water. The roads through which we passed in the vicinity of the citadel are sixty feet wide, smooth, gravelled, with stone-built ditches on either side. The gateways are massive structures, bound together with copper bolts and clamps, and hinges of the same material—copper being almost as abundant in this country as iron. We passed ten or more residences of the hereditary nobles, each including acres of ground, ornamented with gardens and shrubbery. Over each gateway was exhibited the coat of arms of the resident prince or noble. The prettiest place we saw was a tea garden, on the top of a high hill, from which we had an extensive view of Yedo in one direction for five miles, thickly set with buildings. I have looked over New York from the top of the Bible House to Astor Place, and over London from the ball above the dome of St. Paul's Church, but the vast expanse of buildings in Yedo exceeds, in my estimation, the view of either place. This tea-garden is not for the growth of the tea-plant, but for travellers and weary persons to refresh themselves with the genuine extract of the leaf, untainted with sugar and milk. The Japanese tea, to my taste, is purer and sweeter than the Chinese leaf. The difference of soil and climate will of necessity give another flavor to the plant.

The immense walls of hewn stone on the sides of the moats around the Tykoon's Palace, the ornamented banks, the beautiful and wide macadamized roads, the immense and firm gateways in front of the Daimios palaces, all show a combination of skill and strength on the part of the Japanese that I did not expect to find. They would do credit to any European or American builder. As we passed on through the streets, there was not seen the busy bustling throng of Western cities, but a quiet people moving about their several occupations in no hurry. Nearly every man had his sword or swords girded at his side. Even boys of ten or twelve years of age were seen wearing two heavy swords. A people thus accustomed from their childhood to bear the sword must have some of the old Roman disposition in their character. A stranger passing through the streets of Yedo for only half a day, will notice an open and manly bearing of many Japanese that is not generally seen among the Chinese.

AUGUST 15TH.—The Japanese Government has shown its desire to cultivate friendly intercourse with foreigners by laying out a large piece of ground, forty acres or more, for the residence of the ambassadors of foreign nations with whom they have treaties—the United States, England, France, and Holland. The site selected is most beautifully located on a high bank south of the city, overlooking Yedo Bay. It is to be surrounded with a moat and palisade fence. The buildings for the English Legation will be ready for occupation in a few weeks. The plans for the buildings of the American Legation have been given to the Japanese builders, the ground has been levelled, but the timbers are not yet laid. The buildings for the French and Dutch Legations will soon be taken in hand. This afternoon I visited this spot of ground, which is three miles from the present residence of the American Legation. The road leading to it is lined with pine, fir, and chestnut trees, while at every short distance you pass neatly trimmed hedges of oak, pine, cedar and box wood, six or eight feet high, enclosing the gardens and parks of the wealthier class. On our return we met a funeral procession, the first I had seen in Yedo. The corpse was enclosed in a box, its dimensions being about two and a half cubic feet, covered with white cloth, and placed on a bier borne by four men. A priest and the mourners, some going before, others following in silence, without wailing or instrumental music, which is different from the Chinese custom.

When the Japanese Ambassadors visited the United States in 1860, there was an attache of the Embassy who went by the name of "Tommy," but whose real name is *Onojero*. He is now connected with the American Legation as an interpreter. To-day he asked me to explain some difficult sentences in President Woolsey's "International Law," which he is reading in course. He also requested that I would assist him in his English studies while I am here, to which I readily assented. He will spend an hour with me in the morning and afternoon, studying Pres. Woolsey's "International Law" and King Solomon's Proverbs. May the time not be far distant when the rulers and nobles of this people shall also have access to, and with "all readiness of mind" become humble students of the Proverbs of Solomon, thereby learning to "do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with God."

AUGUST 16TH.—Sad news was received here to-day from Canton that a terrific typhoon had swept over the city and vicinity on the 26th of July. None equal to it in violence has been known for forty years. More than twenty thousand lives have been cut short by it, and the destruction of boats, buildings and junks immense. One of the Canton missionaries, Rev. Chas. W. Gaillard, of the Southern Baptist Board, was killed by the falling of his house. My own house, with a valuable library, winter clothing, papers, letters, account books and furniture, was destroyed. The river rose so high that the water was five feet deep in the lower story of my house.—Revs. Smith and Piercy, of the English Wesleyan Mission, have lost their dwelling-houses by a large junk being driven into the verandah and parlors, across the front yards. They were my nearest missionary neighbors. No word has yet come whether the lives of our family are safe, but I hope to hear in a few days, further particulars. This news came at breakfast time, impressing us deeply with God's mighty power in using the winds and waters as his servants to destroy man and his works *on the face of the earth*. This evening, at supper time, the house suddenly shook, the beams creaked, the lamp-glasses rattled, the chairs in which we were sitting became unsteady. It was two successive shocks of an earthquake, which made us feel our weakness and littleness before Him who "taketh up the isles as a very little thing," and regardeth the nations as but "a drop of the bucket." For a moment it was not *terra firma* beneath our feet, but *terra infirma*. Who would not stand in awe and fear to displease the great and terrible God, who gives constant proof how frail is his creature man, and how impotent his opposition to the Almighty?

AUGUST 21ST.—The rain has kept me within doors for two days, but having ceased this forenoon, I went this afternoon to visit a noted temple of the goddess Koon Yum, seven miles distant. Our way led through one of the most busy parts of the city. One street was a mile long and sixty feet wide, lined with stores and shops of every description, and many fire-proof buildings—some of the doors and windows being lined with copper. This temple, in the North east part of the city, has spacious grounds, gardens and shows within its precincts. Several buildings were appropriated to archery as an amusement. Bows of two feet and arrows a foot in length were used, the archers *sitting*, and shooting at a target about forty feet distant. This is a favorite pastime with the Japanese, as foot-shuttlecock is with the Chinese.

A crowd collected at the temple to see the foreign visitors, gazing in wonder at them, but not a word was uttered, nor any incivility expressed. On leaving I said to them, *Sy-o-na-ra*, which in Japanese is equivalent to "Good-by." It was responded to by the crowd in a cheerful manner, and we parted on good terms. Our return ride was for two miles along the east bank of the river which runs through Yedo. It is said to be the largest river in Japan, and at the place we crossed is about four hundred yards wide. The five bridges which cross it are of large timbers, strongly bound with iron clamps and spikes. In strength and convenience these bridges equal many European works of the kind. A visitor at Yedo will notice the many wells at the side of the streets. In front of nearly every tenth house or store there is a well of excellent water, cool and clear. The sides of the wells are made by several timber cylinders, resembling hogsheads, being inserted one into another—the lowest being three feet in diameter and six in height. Another thing you will notice will be the great number of crows, and their remarkable tameness. They fly about the houses, alighting in the yards and streets as freely as house-pigeons and sparrows in America.

AUGUST 22D.—It has been a very warm day, yet Mrs. B. and myself have improved the latter part of the afternoon to visit the Western suburbs and fields beyond. Our road lay through groves of pine, fir and cedar—some of forest tree dimensions, others dwarfed and trimmed as hedges for gardens at the side of the highway. We passed fields of wheat, beans, sweet potatoes, egg plant, corn and broom-corn, growing luxuriantly on a rich black loam soil.

AUGUST 26TH.—This day returned from Yedo to Kanagawa. The road runs along the shore of the Bay, and is called the "Eastern Sea Road," it being the national road that runs through the Empire. We had an escort of eight mounted Japanese soldiers, provided by the Government. There is much travelling on this road, on foot, horseback, and by sedans. A stranger, seeing the Japanese pack horses on this road, shod with braided straw shoes, would say that the Japanese are very tender of their horses. One would suppose they muffled their horses' hoofs to prevent the clattering noise on the road. These straw shoes soon wear out, and are thrown away at the roadside, a supply of new ones being carried to replace the old ones. Foreign residents who own horses have introduced iron horse-shoes, which have been adopted by the Yedo Government horsemen.

A volume might be written, descriptive of the wonders and strange sights in Yedo, but you will not expect me to do it, nor will I undertake it. The great multitude of immortal souls in the darkness of heathenism and practice of idolatrous follies, call loudly on every Christian to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth willing and able laborers into his vineyard. Rev. S. R. Brown, Rev. J. H. Ballagh, and Dr. J

C. Hepburn are faithful laborers for their Master here, doing with diligence and perseverance the work of pioneers. The good work has commenced, and shall it cease? We believe not. God will stir up the hearts of his people to grant everything needful, and awaken hearts touched with love to Jesus to volunteer in the service. I must now hasten my return to Canton to look after my scattered household and ruined house. We are thankful that the lives of all in the house have been preserved. May this calamity be laid to heart by each one. God be praised for his mercy, pardon of transgression sought, and Jesus received as Redeemer and Lord.

Yours in Christian bonds,
S. W. BONNEY.

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION
A Proclamation

WHEREAS, On the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom. That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact, that any State, and the people thereof, shall, on that day, be, in good faith, represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections, wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual and armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing the said rebellion, do, on this, the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and, in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaim, for the full period of one hundred days from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terrebonne, Lafourche, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans,) Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth,) and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if the proclamation were not issued.

And, by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within the said designated States, and parts of said States, are, and henceforward shall be, free, and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence, and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages. And I further declare and make known, that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in the said service. And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[L. S.] Done at the city of Washington, this, the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
By the President: W. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

Personal.

Hon. Wm. H. Polk died at Nashville, Dec. 16th. About midnight he went to the room of Major King, of the Fifteenth infantry, and laid down. He appeared to be delirious, but Major King quieted him, and Mr. Polk apparently fell asleep. Shortly after Major King's attention being called to him he found that he had died without a struggle.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Strothers, better known as "Porte Crayon," the author of those interesting sketches of Southern life, which made their appearance in Harper's some time since, is attached to General Banks' staff.

Claiborne F. Jackson, the deposed Governor of Missouri, died at Little Rock, Arkansas, about the 8th instant.

Domestic Items.

General Banks' Expedition.—Several vessels of this secret expedition have been disabled at sea. It is now supposed that the Banks' expedition is going to New Orleans. The New York Herald says that Banks goes there to take the place of General Butler. Mobile is then to be captured, and communication established and kept up between the two places. General Banks will have a force of nearly 70,000 men under him, which can easily do the work. Attacks will also be made in various directions. A main object of the expedition is to counteract the supposed projects of the French in Mexico and the Southern States. Texas is also to be occupied, to prevent the shipment of cotton, and cut off the supplies of provisions for the rebels, besides which he is to co-operate with the Mississippi expedition in keeping that river clear.

The first of January in Virginia the colored people at Hampton, Va., have determined to celebrate the birth-day of freedom to the slaves in the rebel States in an appropriate manner, and accordingly, at a recent meeting, they

Resolved, 1. To set apart the first day of January, 1863, as a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing.

Resolved, 2. That they would be on their knees before God, at the ushering in of the New Year.

Resolved, 3. To assemble for public worship at noon, Jan. 1st, and continue till midnight.

Resolved, 4. That special prayer should be offered for the President of the United States, and all their friends, in view of what has been done for them.

Resolved, 5. That their friends North and South, be invited to unite with them in thanksgiving to God for their deliverance from the house of bondage.

Resolved, 6. That they will on that day contribute for the poor. They also exhort "all who are freed, on that day to give God thanks."

New York Central Railroad.—The receipts of the New York Central Railway for the year to Oct. 1, 1862, were $9,350,827—an increase of two millions from the preceding year, and the greatest sum ever earned by any railway in this country. The receipts from passengers were $2,940,724, about the same as in 1861, and from freight $6,167,341, an increase of fifty per cent. The expenses for the year were $5,617,730, or 59.63 per cent. The net income, after paying interest, dividends, &c., adds $1,143,015 to its surplus funds, which now amount to near two and a half millions, or over 11 per cent. on the capital stock.

Attorney General Bates has drawn up an elaborate opinion on a claim that came before the Treasury Department, that a colored captain of a coaster is not a citizen of the U. S. Mr. Bates says he is, that all free persons, without distinction of race or color, if native born are citizens. And he pronounces the notorious Dred Scott opinion on this point void. This is another unobtrusive but very important position in advance taken by the U. S. Government in favor of freedom. It is done in good faith, as a mere matter of ordinary business. But who supposes that the English will say anything good of it? They are quite likely to call names at it.

Some curious returns have been made at the Patent Office about the milk business. During the year ending June, 1861, over fifty-five millions of quarts of milk came into New York City over the Harlem, Erie, and Long Island railroads, given by 40,000 cows. As much more is wagoned in. Some of it comes 128 miles, but keeps sometimes even 60 hours, quite sweet. Railroad carriage seems to injure it no less than wagoning. On an average, the farmer gets 2 cents a quart, transportation costs 1 cent, and being retailed at 6 cents, the retailers evidently make a handsome

[illegible] out of it, to my writing of "the Cow with the Iron Tail"—as Dickens poetically termed the pump.

The following unique advertisement appears in a late number of the *New Orleans Delta*:

RAN AWAY FROM THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS—*Fifty Cents Reward.*—Ran away from the city, and left him all alone to take care of himself, after I had done worked twenty-one years faithfully for him, my massa, Bill Duncan. Massa Bill is supposed to have gone off with de secesh to fight for his rights, and I speck he done got lost. Any person 'tottin' him to me, so dat he can take care of me—as he always said 'Nigger couldn't take care of himself'—will be much obliged to dis chile.

N. B. Persons huntin' please look in all de 'fast ditches,' as I often heard him talk about 'runnin' into de dirt' business.

Respectfully submitted, JIM.

Execution of Indian Murderers.—ST. PAUL, MINN., Dec. 27.—Thirty-eight condemned Indians were hung at Mankato at ten o'clock A. M. yesterday. The gallows was so constructed that all the condemned fell at once. Several thousand spectators were in attendance. All passed off quietly.

Negroes in Mississippi.—The negroes in great numbers are coming into Gen. Hovey's lines, bringing horses, mules and wagons. They are set at work picking and baling cotton. They receive wages for their labor, and, it is said, do twice the work they performed as slaves. There is every indication that if the slaveholders are well disposed, the transition from the system of involuntary labor to paid labor would be much easier than many have supposed.

The retail liquor dealers of Boston have held a meeting, and agreed to advance the price of "drinks" to the uniform standard of 10 cents, and that of brandies and fancy drinks to 12½ cents. One good result of the hard times.

The Sorghum Crops.—Correspondents of the Department of Agriculture, conversant with the progress of sorghum culture in this country, and qualified to judge accurately of this season's product, estimate the aggregate quantity of cane syrup at 40,000,000 gallons, and the area cultivated at 250,000 acres. In 1859, by the showing of the last census, the product was less than 7,000,000 gallons. If this estimate should prove correct, it is sufficient to supply more than [illegible] of the syrup and molasses demand of the United States.

Census of Chicago.—A carefully taken census of the city of Chicago, just completed, shows that the population during the past two years, has increased 27,708. In 1860 it was 109,263. Now it is 137,[illegible]

Reported Escape of the Rebel Steamer Oviedo from Mobile—Another Pirate Out.—NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—The schooner Rebel arrived at Havana with cotton from Mobile, reports that the Rebel steamer Florida, alias Oreto, had got out with a crew of one hundred men, passing the blockade during the night.

Secretary Seward's Philosophy on the New York Election.—DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Nov. 10th, 1862.—Sir: It is probable that the ground which the enemies of the Union in Europe will next assume, in prosecuting their war against it, will be an alleged defection of popular support of the Government at the elections recently held in the loyal States. The reports of the results of these elections in the forms adopted by the press are calculated, though not designed, to give plausibility to this pretension. I observe that these reports classify the members of Congress chosen as Union and Democratic, or Union and Opposition. Such classifications, though unfortunate, do less harm here, where all the circumstances of the case are known, than abroad, where names are understood to mean what they express.

Last year, when the war began, the Republicans, who were the plurality of electors, gave up their party name, and joining with loyal Democrats, put in nomination candidates of their party under the designation of Union party. The Democratic party made but a spiritless resistance in the canvass. From whatever cause it has happened, political debates during the present year have resumed, in a considerable degree, their normal character, and while loyal Republicans have adhered to the new banner of the Union party, the Democratic party has rallied and made a vigorous canvass with a view to the recovery of its former political ascendency. Loyal Democrats in considerable number retaining the name of Democracy from habit, and not because they opposed the Union, are classified by the other party as "opposition." It is not necessary for the information of our representatives abroad that I should descend into any examination of the relative principles or policies of the two parties. It will suffice to say, that while there may be men of doubtful political wisdom and virtue in each party, and while there may be differences of opinion between the two parties, as to the measures best calculated to preserve the Union and restore its authority, yet it is not to be inferred that either party, or any considerable portion of the people of the loyal States, is disposed to accept disunion under any circumstances, or upon any terms. It is rather to be understood that the people have become so confident of the stability of the Union that partisan combinations are resuming their sway here, as they do in such cases in all free countries. In this country, especially, it is a habit not only entirely consistent with the Constitution, but even essential to its stability, to regard the Administration at any time existing as distinct and separable from the Government itself, and to canvass the proceedings of the one without the thought of disloyalty to the other. We might possibly have had quicker success in suppressing the insurrection if this habit could have rested a little longer in abeyance; but, on the other hand, we are under obligations to save not only the integrity or unity of the country, but also its inestimable and precious Constitution. No one can safely say that the resumption of the previous popular habit does not tend to this last and most important consummation, if at the same time, as we confidently expect, the Union itself can be saved. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, &c., &c., &c.

The Election in Norfolk.—Fortress Monroe, Dec. 23.—The election of a member of Congress from the Third District of Virginia took place yesterday. It was very quietly conducted. The candidates were Dr. W. W. Wing, of Norfolk, and John McCloud, of Portsmouth. The voting in these two cities was very close.

Department of the Gulf.—Gen. Banks Supersedes Gen. Butler.—Cordial Meeting of the two Generals.—Gen. Butler's Farewell Address.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—The steamship Roanoke has arrived from New Orleans, with dates to the 19th instant, and Havana on the 23d. The news is important.

The steamship North Star, with Gen. Banks and staff, arrived at New Orleans on the evening of the 14th. The news transpired on the following day that Gen. Butler had been superseded, and occasioned the utmost surprise among all classes, even those on the register lists as enemies of the United States. All were sorry to part with an officer who, at the least, had brought order and security to the city.

On the 16th Generals Butler and Banks met at headquarters. General Butler welcomed General Banks to the Department of the Gulf, and assured him that he would find here troops who would yield a cheerful obedience to his every order.

General Banks, in responding, said the only pleasure he had in taking command was in obeying an order of the Government of the United States.

The meeting was most cordial, and the interchange of sentiment was that which marks the coming together of friends.

After the introduction of the staff officers to each other, General Banks and staff withdrew.

General Butler then addressed his officers, requesting each member to take pains to enlighten and assist their successors. He spoke in the most generous manner of Gen. Banks and staff.

General Butler's parting address to the troops bears date on the 15th. He alludes in eloquent terms to their successes in the field, and in restoring order and quiet in New Orleans, to the feeding of the starving wives and children of their enemies, and states that the expedition had cost the Government less by four-fifths than any other. Speaking the word "farewell" was the only sorrowful thought he had, and he commended them to their new commander as worthy of his love.

On the 16th, General Banks issued a general order, on assuming command of the Department of the Gulf and State of Texas, and naming his staff officers, whose names are already known at the North.

Another order directs the military and civil officers in the Department to report to him, and still another suspends the sales of property on account of the United States till further orders.

General Butler, accompanied by Dr. Shaffer, Col. Turner, Major Strong, Major Bell, Captain Davis, Captain Kensel, and other members of his staff, was to sail on the 23d for New York. Captain Clark was to remain on duty at New Orleans.

General Banks was pushing things with characteristic energy. Five thousand of the troops that accompanied him had landed at Baton Rouge, and the remainder of the expedition would be sent forward as soon as they arrived.

The weather at New Orleans was fine, and the troops were in good health.

There was an omen of moment. The secessionists, thinking that they had a less vigorous commander in Gen. Banks, appear in the streets in crowds. One of them sent a challenge to Gen. Butler, who put it in his pocket, and sent the angry rebel word that if he desired an encounter to come on, in the street or wherever else it might suit him best.

General Corcoran with his legion had arrived below New Orleans.

The Delta has had occasion to rebuke the lurking [illegible] of the Picayune.

A large number of speculators had arrived, and may give an impulse to trade.

Capture of the California Steamer Ariel by the Alabama.—The Ariel Ransomed.—The Alabama again Escapes the San Jacinto.—SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 27.—By the arrival of the steamship Constitution, from Panama, we have highly important evening news.

The Constitution reports that the steamship Ariel, from New York for Aspinwall, was captured on the 7th inst., by the pirate Alabama. The Alabama detained the Ariel until the 10th inst., when she allowed her to proceed towards Aspinwall, upon her giving bonds in the sum of $228,000 as ransom.

The arms and ammunition on board the Ariel were taken from her, and 120 United States marines paroled.

The passengers on board the Ariel speak in the highest terms of the courtesy shown them by Captain Semmes.

The Ariel was captured near the east end of Cuba. The only plunder, with the exception of the arms and ammunition, which the Alabama secured, was $8000 in greenbacks, belonging to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The Alabama last coaled at Martinique. When she was leaving that port the San Jacinto aimed her guns at her, when simultaneously the guns of the fort were trained on the San Jacinto. This is the statement of the First Lieutenant of Capt. Semmes.

The Alabama claims to have a speed, under twenty-five pounds of steam, of sixteen knots an hour. She overtook the Ariel when running with only seven pounds of steam, and fired two guns at her, when she hove to.

[SECOND DESPATCH.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 27, P. M.—Captain Semmes at first intended to destroy the steamship Ariel by burning her, putting the passengers ashore in the little northeast isle at San Domingo, but Captain Jones, of the Ariel, protested that half of the passengers would die if this was done.

Captain Semmes then proposed to land the passengers at Kingston, but after much parleying an arrangement was effected to release the Ariel on Captain Jones giving bonds in the sum of $228,000, payable in thirty days after the acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy.

Later.

SAFE ARRIVAL OF THE ARIEL AT NEW YORK.

Sandy Hook, Dec. 27, 10½ o'clock, P. M.—The steamship Ariel has just been signalled. She will come up to port between twelve and one o'clock in the morning.

New York, Dec. 28, 1 o'clock, A. M.—The steamship Ariel has arrived in port.

The news of her capture and release by the Alabama, on her outward trip as stated in the despatches from San Francisco, is fully confirmed.

Army of the Potomac.—Washington, Dec. 23.—The following has been received at headquarters:

Headquarters Army of the
Potomac, Dec. 23, 1862.

To Major General Halleck, General-in-Chief.

In my report to you of the 19th inst., the number of our wounded was stated at about nine thousand, and the number receiving hospital treatment as sixteen hundred and thirty. Both of these amounts were wrong.

On the authority of Dr. Letterman, our Medical Director, I learn that the whole number of wounded is between 6,000 and 7,000, and about one half of these are receiving treatment in the hospitals.

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major General, Army of the Potomac.

The President's thanks to the Army of the Potomac.—Washington, Dec. 23.—The President has issued the following:

Executive Mansion, Washington, Dec. 22.

To the Army of the Potomac.—I have just read your commanding general's report of the battle of Fredericksburg.

Although you were not successful, the attempt was not an error, nor the failure other than an accident. The courage with which you, in an open field, maintained the contest against an intrenched foe, and the consummate skill and success with which you crossed and recrossed the river in the face of the enemy, show that you possess all the qualities of a great army, which will yet give victory to the cause of the country and of the popular government.

Condoling with the mourners for the dead, and sympathizing with the severely wounded, I congratulate you that the number of both is comparatively so small.

I tender to you, officers and soldiers, the thanks of the nation.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The True Delta's Welcome to Banks.—The True Delta, which has for several months been silent on the subject of secession and Union, contained the following editorial on the 18th of December:

THE ADVENT OF GEN. BANKS.—Never was a community so startled as that of New Orleans on Sunday last, on learning that Major General Banks with his immense fleet of transports was approaching this city. The secrecy of the destination of the expedition was so well kept by the Administration and all concerned in it, that no one here dreamed of this being the place at which the force would land. Next came the rumor, soon changed into a fact, that General Butler was to be superseded, and still further the anxious queries 'how will the change affect us all?'

The antecedents and past record of General Banks are such as to inspire confidence in all classes of the community. This confidence, we are satisfied, will not be misplaced by the people of Louisiana. He and his administration shall have the fair, frank and manly support of the True Delta, and we are satisfied this is all he asks from any party. As the True Delta is the only journal in New Orleans—and we may add, the only journal of any character or standing in the South—that fought the demon, Secession, from the threshold, and until we had not the breadth of a chalk line to stand on; until person and property were threatened with annihilation, we can, without inconsistency, now speak our sentiments. The press of this city, that has been playing fast and loose since the commencement of secession, may now, for pelf, or through other motives to-morrow, become the sycophantic adulators of "the powers that be." Such is and always has been their course. The True Delta, however, will pursue its usual fearless course. In doing so, we think General Banks, if we know the man, will rather applaud than condemn.

The Proclamation of Jefferson Davis says:

I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and in their name, do pronounce and declare the said Benjamin F. Butler to be a felon, deserving of capital punishment. I do order that he shall no longer be considered or treated simply as a public enemy of the Confederate States of America, but as an outlaw and common enemy of mankind, and that, in event of his capture, the officer in command of the capturing force do cause him to be immediately executed by hanging.

It ends thus:

Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and acting by their authority, appealing to the Divine Judge in attestation that their conduct is not guided by the passion of revenge, but that they reluctantly yield to the solemn duty of redressing, by necessary severity, crimes of which their citizens are the victims, do issue this, my Proclamation, and by virtue of my authority as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Confederate States, do order:

First. That all commissioned officers in command of said Benjamin F. Butler be declared not entitled to be considered as soldiers engaged in honorable warfare, but as robbers and criminals deserving death; and that they, and each of them, be, whenever captured, reserved for execution.

Second. That the private soldiers and non-commissioned officers in the army of said Butler be considered as only the instruments used for the commission of crimes perpetrated by his orders, and not as free agents; that they, therefore, be treated, when captured, as prisoners of war, with kindness and humanity, and be sent home on the usual parole, that they will in no manner aid or serve the United States in any capacity during the continuance of this war, unless duly exchanged.

Third. That all negro slaves captured in arms be at once delivered over to the executive authorities of the respective States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of said States.

Fourth. That the like orders be executed in all cases with respect to all commissioned officers of the United States, when found serving in company with said slaves in insurrection against the authorities of the different States of this Confederacy.

In testimony whereof I have signed these presents and caused the seal of the Confederate States of America to be affixed thereto, at the city of Richmond, on the 23d day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.
By the President,
J. P. BENJAMIN, Secretary of State.

Army Chaplains.—A correspondent objects particularly against an injurious statement that chaplains absented themselves during battle, and were only seen when the battle was over. He shows that the chaplains, like the surgeons, have their station in the rear, not only as non-combatants, but as having their particular duty to attend to the wounded, and that both surgeon and chaplain are directed to accompany those to places where their bodily and spiritual wants can be attended to. This seems to us to be a sufficient defence.

While our correspondent cautions us against complaint [illegible] men who would willingly strip the army of [illegible] he remarks—"So far as my observation extends, I have not met with a chaplain who was not willing and anxious to preach on every Sabbath and who did not lament the frequent interruptions to religious services, [illegible] He [illegible] that there may be men of indifferent character, "but as to the great majority of the [illegible], a more faithful body of men is not to be found in any [illegible] Presbyterian.

Foreign Summary.

Madagascar.—Progress of the Protestant Missions.—The following are extracts from the letters of Mr. Ellis, published in the *London Missionary Society's Magazine*. They were written at the capital of Madagascar on July 21st:

"The young nobles, my pupils, continue their daily attendance, and this morning the Queen sent to say she would send her little adopted boy to learn with the rest, though he has hitherto been taught only in the palace. I attend the King daily, read the Scriptures with him, and converse with him on their contents, as well as on other matters.

"While writing this letter I have had a visit from sixteen or eighteen pastors and officers of the churches, who came to bring me a statement of the communicants, etc. They remained about two hours, in conference on the state of the churches, and some of the difficulties arising from polygamy, etc. I wish the friends of missions could have heard their account of the purity of the Church, and the standard of personal piety kept up amongst them. They would have exclaimed, "It is the Lord's doing," and would have taken fresh courage in their work. but I can only state, though the returns are incomplete, they state the number of communicants to be seven hundred and forty, and the number of Christians in the island to be seven thousand."

Australia.—The Baptists.—The *Christian Chronicle* says:—"The Baptists of Australia have increased since 1857 from 6112 communicants to 100,000. They are about forming a regular Baptist Association."

India.—Government and Missionary Education.—The following figures show at a glance how many children are educated by the state, at a cost of £250,000, and how many by missions, at a cost of £16,500. There are in all thirty millions of children in India who should be at school. Of these, missionaries educate 161,000 and the state only 127,513. These are the details. *For Missionaries.* The Church Missionary Society sustains no less than 781 schools, taught by 12 European and 816 native teachers, and containing about 27,000 children. The London Missionary Society has 319 schools, with 509 native teachers, containing about 15,000 children. The Wesleyan Society sustains 51 schools and 101 teachers, having an attendance of about 3,000. The Free Church of Scotland numbers in its schools 9,152, and the Baptist Mission 2,500, and if to all these are added schools connected with the Propagation Society, the Church of Scotland, the United Presbyterian Mission, and the Irish Presbyterian Mission, we get about 100,000 children under Christian education. *For the State.* In Bengal the number of colleges and schools is [illegible], and the average daily attendance of pupils is [illegible]. In Madras there are 142 colleges and schools, and the average daily attendance is [illegible]. In Bombay, including Sindh, there are 610 colleges and schools, and the average daily attendance is 23,187. In the Punjab, including Delhi, there are [illegible] colleges and schools, and the average daily attendance is [illegible], and in the North-west Provinces 2,914 schools and colleges, with an average daily attendance of [illegible]; making a total of 4,131 schools and colleges, with an average daily attendance of 135,208. Then, including Agra and some others, we have a grand total of 4,159 schools and colleges, and 127,513 scholars. These figures are unanswerable. Let us have free trade in education, let missionary schools have grants from the state in proportion to their numbers and standing.—*Friend of India.*

A Hindoo Missionary Society.—An East India paper says: "We learn from an esteemed correspondent in Benares that some of the wealthy bankers of that city, piqued at the bold career taken and pertinacity of modern missionaries—forcing, as it were, Christianity on them in their very houses and temples—have resolved to originate a rival missionary society for the propagation and defence of Hindooism. At present we believe the scheme is in its embryo state."

Letter from Ireland.—We have received the following brief letter from Rev. William Taylor, dated Sligo, Nov. 20:

"I have now been in Ireland over three months, doing a work for God on behalf of this people. The higher classes of Irish are a very intelligent, noble, generous people. Among the lower classes there is a vast amount of poverty and suffering, but they are very patient and cheerful. I attended a fair in Enniskillen, where there were thousands of Irish men, women, and boys, hogs, horses, goats, and jackasses, with every kind of poultry. It was snowing hard, blowing a gale, all is mud and slush, and shivering with cold. Men, beast, and fowls all suffered terribly; but they all seemed to take it as a matter of course, and though I mixed up with them extensively I did not hear an oath or an angry word. A woman stood under my window, in the mud and storm, with a huge babe in her arms, for four hours, and sang Irish songs and sold ballads to the passers-by.

"Poor Ireland! what a pity that Popery has such a hold on her people. Because of the landlords, the pope, and the devil, they have a hard time of it. But they now have a national system of education, which affords to all an opportunity of learning to read, which will give them a great advantage over their fathers.

"Sligo is a very ancient town, of about fourteen thousand inhabitants, on the west coast of Ireland. We are having a good revival here at this time. Sectarian lines are so clearly drawn here, and there are so few that are not 'churched,' that we can only, as a general rule, gain access to those who live within the 'lines' of Methodism."—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS MARTHA COLLINS.
730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, in whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

MRS S SHORTER HAWKINS'
DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, AND TRIMMING STORE,
No 615 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Mrs. H. calls the attention of her friends and patrons to a new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Delaines, Calicoes, Flannels, Muslins, Drills, Shawls, Balmoral, and Hoop Skirts.

N. B. Regalia and Dress Trimmings still on hand. All will be sold as near the old prices as possible. Call and see.

A few respectable men can be accommodated with board or lodging, on reasonable terms, at 1627 Lombard Street.

N. B.—Also a room to let. 3mo.

ENGLISH, SWISS AND AMERICAN
WATCHES.
FINE GOLD,
CORAL, PEARL, ONYX, JET, & OTHER JEWELRY.

A large assortment of RINGS, BRACELETS, ARMLETS and THIMBLES.

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nov29-5t

TO THE FRIENDS
OF
OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

Repeated applications having been made to the subscriber to establish a branch of his business in the vicinity of the late battle fields, with a view of reducing the cost of bringing home the bodies of the dead, he respectfully announces that he has now established a branch at Hagerstown, Md., and is prepared to attend to the business at greatly reduced rates. Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

The Burial Casket

furnished by me is equal to any other in use with regard to neatness, economy, and entire absence of any of the unpleasant circumstances which generally surround similar articles. Wherever used it has given entire satisfaction, and the subscriber challenges comparison with any Casket now before the public.

Much complaint has been made of the extortions practised by unprincipled men engaged in this business, which the subscriber will honestly avoid.

JOHN GOOD, Undertaker,
No. 681 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

COAL! COAL!! COAL!!!

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FAMILY COAL YARD,
No 1825 Market Street,
SOUTH SIDE
PHILADELPHIA PA.

A fine stock of [illegible] constantly on hand [illegible] at the shortest notice [illegible] terms.

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garant Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No. 5, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, [illegible] T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Begnet; Grand Associate, Sister Butler; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fassett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubbart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Rogers, G. P. P. Sister Anderson,
" " L. Bowers, " " J. T. Hows,
" " M. H. Evans, " " E. A. Evans,
" " S. Newman, " " White,
" " B. Davis, " " E. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

Mrs. SARAH [illegible], President.
Mr L. R. Seaman, Sec'y.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connection with our other books Sabbath school books of various kinds, Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

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GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dressmakers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to owners of sewing machines, [illegible]

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address WM. W. BRADLEY, [illegible], Bucks Co., Pa.

Or apply to Mrs. Mary [illegible] Weaver, (wife of the Editor of this paper,) 619 Pine St., Phila. June18—1y

JAMES DOWNS,
DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
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WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale foundries, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand.

WM STILL.

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute,)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

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The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

TERMS:

Board per week,	$6 00
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Single meals,	50

S. H. WAILES, *Proprietress.*

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IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. E. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn, where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banneker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banneker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable.

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

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formerly occupied as the Anti Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

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Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

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Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or altered, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

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Nov

REV LEWIS S. LEWIS'
FAMILY LINIMENT
IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,
EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs.

Rev. GEORGE A. BUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost.

ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.

RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions.

SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.

Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.

Mrs. EVELINA DEMONU.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved.

Mrs. PHILURA MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 1st, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints.

Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 30, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the salt rheum. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him.

Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

STEVENS FERRY, Sept. 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet &c. It is a perfect remedy when other things have failed.

Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 12, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully.

Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.

Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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NOTICE

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia.

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those on whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to the great cause.

(Signed,) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward,
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

For the Christian Recorder.

BUCKS COUNTY, ss.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson, formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Beck, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket, and after careful [illegible] and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney, and I further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Emmons, [illegible] preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Charles Emmons, (class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, whom, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed before me May 8th, 1862. Wm. Bisbay, J. P.

her
Emily X Johnston
mark

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We hope, that brethren of our connexion and friends will send orders, accompanied with the cash, for such works as they themselves ought to study—also the Sabbath Schools—so that our Depository may have an upward, and not a downward tendency.

I remain, your humble and obedient servant,
ELISHA WEAVER,
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PEACE TO THE WEST

"Ye shall not go up, nor fight against your brethren."
1 Kings, xii. 24

"Be at peace among yourselves." 1 Thessalonians, v. 13

Land of Columbia!—fair land of the West!
Where our Pilgrim Fathers found freedom and rest,
Where thy eagle-crowned banner all proudly unfurled
Its stars and its stripes to a wondering world.
Land of great enterprise, knowledge and power!
Land of the forest, wild-prairie and flower!
Land of broad rivers—Niagara's Fall!
Land of fair Mission-fields—greater than all!

Spirit of Brainerd! look down from above
On the scenes of thy labor—the home of thy love!
Judson and [illegible]! were your prayers all in vain?
Shall the spirit of Edwards revive not again?
When times of refreshing, revival, and prayer
Revealed that the Spirit of Promise was there,
The Lord thus prepared His own people to stand
The peril of warfare by sea and by land.

O war!—civil warfare!—wo, wo to the day
When brother meets brother in battle array—
When a mother's fond love and the dawn of young life
Are forgotten in scenes of unnatural strife!
What meaneth the conflict?—God giveth reply—
"The groans of the slave have ascended on high,
I will strike off his fetters, and cast them away,
For vengeance is mine—I will surely repay!"

By the cry of oppression, of murder and strife,
By the parting of husband from children and wife,
By the iron that entereth the soul of the slave,
By the bones of the tortured that cry from the grave,
By the auction—the traffic—the barter for gold,
By the infant unborn that is doomed to be sold—
God calleth in anger, Columbia, to thee,
O wash off the plague spot, repent and be free.

O Washington, Wilberforce, Franklin and Penn!
Will the fire of your love never kindle again?
And Stowe, thou fair gifted one, priestess of Heaven!
Shall the lessons be lost which thy records have given?
Columbia! thy prophetess calleth to thee—
Break the bonds of the slave, and for ever be free!
The Caucasian calleth, who saveth from sin,
Independent of nation or colour of skin.

We hail thee, Columbia, bright gem of the West!
Where our Pilgrim Fathers found freedom and rest.
May thy "Star Spangled" banner in peace be unfurled,
And the light of thy faith be the light of the world!
Avaunt, dire contention!—fierce war, wing thy flight!
Shall the lamp of the Gospel be shrouded in night?
Shall brethren be foes, whose belief is the same,
While one Lord and Master they equally claim?

O come and be one with the old fatherland,
United, a bulwark of strength we will stand,
Thou kingdoms, and peoples, and nations shall own
The Congress, and Senate, and Albion's throne.
Great Protestant empire, we hail thee in love,
United, a stronghold of freedom we'll prove:
Like the ocean between us, unfettered we'll be—
"Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea."

Wm. McComb

Belfast, Ireland, 16th October, 1862.

THE TWO HANDLES THE WHITE AND THE BLACK HANDLE

An ancient philosopher says, "Every cup has two handles, one *white* and the other *black*, and either may be presented, according to the disposition of the host toward his guest."

The ancient philosopher referred to, gives this illustration. A carrier-man, or in modern language, a carman, was seen in a green lane in the suburbs of Athens, plucking the grass, and giving it to his horse. This is the simple fact, without any coloring. However, a *black handle* was put to it. For one person, who saw the man and what he was doing, went into the city and told an acquaintance this tale: "I have seen a shameful sight; a man who had been sent to the city with parcels from a distant place, though he had money given him to purchase provender for his horse, had improperly squandered away his money, and had resorted to the expedient of plucking grass to refresh his horse sufficient for the homeward journey." This was the *black handle* of the occurrence, as it conveyed the report of the action, accompanied with the indirect accusation of the double offence of his dishonesty to his employer and cruelty to his horse.

Another person, an eye-witness of the same fact, and who knew the man and his circumstances, went into Athens, and said to a friend, "I have seen Anthrippon, poor fellow! he is too poor to buy provender for his horse, and instead of resting himself while his horse is feeding at the inn, he was working hard, cropping the finest of the grass, and taking good care that his beast might be well fed at small expense, that he might save the money to provide the necessaries for his large and afflicted family. This is the same narrative with the *white handle*, and this embraced the true statement of the condition of the man, and the virtuous motives by which he was actuated.

Now let every reader judge himself, and see whether he is not of that evil disposition that is prone to present or take everything "*by the black handle*." It is a disposition altogether contrary to that charity, or Christian love, "which suffereth long and is kind, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." A man of this spirit, while earnest for the truth, will always try to take things *by the white handle*.—*Exchange Paper.*

GOD'S VISITS.

God is said to visit men both for purposes of judgment and mercy. He visits the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate him. He remembers and punishes their sins, as he poured upon the generations which crucified the Lord of glory the accumulated judgments of that and preceding generations. But the term "visit" more naturally suggests the idea of kindness and mercy. The visits of friends and acquaintances imply this; so the visits of God are often the richest exhibitions of his love and mercy. He comes among a people, awakening the thoughtless to a serious consideration of their highest well-being, inclining the wicked to break off from sin, their worst enemy, begetting in the hardened a broken and contrite heart, bowing their wills to his, and leading them to admire, adore, and love his character. He visits families, and unites the hearts of parents and children in bonds of an affection which is destined to live and be strengthened forever around his throne above. How fraught with blessings are such visits! How earnestly should they be sought by the Church, especially in such a time as this, when iniquity abounds far and near! How sacred, how awe-inspiring is the idea of a visit from the Holy One! There was something of this when Jesus stood by the bier of the widow's son and said, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise! And he that was dead sat up, and he delivered him unto his mother; and great fear came upon all, and they glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up, and that God hath visited his people."—*Vermont Chronicle.*

USES OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY.

God certainly had a purpose in making history and biography the broad basis of all Scripture. Is it not manifest, that by putting so large a portion of his Word into this narrative form, he thereby sought to attract and interest the youthful mind? If so, it is well to profit by the indication. It is wise to follow, in our own instructions, the Divine pattern thus set us. Religion never speaks more gracefully than when she speaks by example. It is chiefly through the living voice of example that she speaks to the young in all the Scripture. To inculcate Bible truth, through Bible characters, whether from the pulpit, the press, or the teacher's chair, is to adopt the Bible's own method of instruction. And certainly it is one which experience proves to be the most effective, as it is the most pleasing.

* * *

"Angels."—Last summer, in the height of mosquito time, the little rascals practised their songs nightly, to the annoyance of every one. While a little girl, Ettie, then about five years old, was being put to bed; her mother said to her:

"Ettie, you must always be a good girl, and then at night when you are asleep, the angels will come and watch around your bed."

"Oh! yes, ma," said Ettie, "I know that, I hear them singing all around my head last night, some of them bit me, too."

DIAMONDS

Perfect diamonds weighing over 100 carats are called "*paragons*." Of these a recent author mentions but five, namely, the Orloff or Grand Russian; the Grand Tuscan; the Regent or Pitt, the Star of the South; the Koh-i-noor. Before all others, there is the great diamond of the King of Portugal, weighing 1,680 carats, and estimated at £[illegible]. It is asserted and believed by judges to be simply a white topaz, and comparatively worthless. It is not probable that the crucial experiment of "cutting" will be resorted to.

The Orloff or Grand Russian takes the lead at the head of the great gems. It weighs 193 carats. Tavernier described a gem belonging to the Great Mogul as weighing 279 carats, which Tavernier weighed and valued at $1,000,000. This Russian stone and also the Koh-i-noor have each been claimed as that stone. All that is known of the Russian is that it was brought to Amsterdam by a Persian named Shafrat in 1775, and bought by Prince Orloff, for the Empress Catharine, for $450,000 and an annuity of $20,000, which is thought to have been below its value. Shafrat claimed to have bought it of an Afghan chief who brought it to him at Bassora. Shafrat kept it concealed for a long time, at last hearing of no claimant, he thought it safe to dispose of it, and came to Amsterdam for that purpose.

The Grand Tuscan weighs 139 carats, valued at $768,110. Its form and color it is said to be unequalled. It now belongs to the Austrian crown. Nothing is known of its history beyond a tradition that it was once purchased at a stand in the city of Florence for a few cents, being supposed only a piece of crystal.

The Regent or Pitt was purchased by Thomas Pitt, grandfather of William Pitt, when Governor of Madras, of a native merchant, for $72,000. It was finally bought by the Regent Duke of Orleans in 1748 for $3,375,000, who placed it among the crown jewels. It weighs 136¾ carats, and is absolutely faultless. It weighed 410 carats rough, and required two years' labor in cutting. It was worn by Napoleon in his sword hilt. It was stolen with the other jewels in the great robbery of 1792, but recovered.

The Star of the South was found at the mines in Brazil in July, 1853. It weighed 254½ carats; cut, it weighs 125½ carats, and is pronounced of the purest water. It is owned by Mr Halphen, a private gentleman. Its history has hardly commenced.

The Koh-i-noor. The famous "Mountain of Light" is doubtless best known of all the large jewels, having been placed in the Great Exhibition in 1851. Its history has been an uninterrupted story of rapine and bloodshed. Formerly owned by the Great Mogul, it has passed from conqueror to conqueror, through numerous generations of kings and robber-rulers, till finally, at the death of Runjeet Sing, King of Lahore, the East India Company received it, and presented it to Queen Victoria. The Indians have a prophecy that the Koh-i-noor inevitably causes the downfall of the dynasty possessing it. It was then a rose diamond, weighing 186½ carats. After consultation with the best lapidaries of Holland and England, it was decided, on account of its bad polish, to recut it as a brilliant. This was done with great ceremony, the Duke of Wellington commenced the operation. It was intrusted to Mr Coward, who cut it in form of the Regent, greatly increased its beauty, but decreasing its weight to 103 carats. It is valued at $10,000,000.

The Indians, in addition to their other superstitions concerning the stones, connect the fortunes of nations, dynasties, and families with them, and will defend hereditary diamonds with life itself. They have also a custom of making a hole or indentation in old family stones, each generation impressing its mark on the enduring diamond, which thus becomes a history of the house. Many believe that vast treasures of diamonds have been buried in India to prevent their falling into the hands of enemies, the conquered or banished giving up all else.

These superstitions, and this passion for the larger stones, have invested almost all the known gems, which are mostly Eastern, with a tragic interest. As an index of wealth and power their possession has been eagerly coveted by the sovereigns of Europe, and there is hardly a large gem which has not a curious European as well as Eastern history.

Kings and dynasties pass; but the crown diamonds remain. Dukes and duchesses disappear; but the brilliants of the coronet glisten above younger and fairer foreheads. With us the diamond has become the seal and sign of betrothal; and so, what romance and histories shall cluster around the regal gem in this republican America!

The story of "The Diamond Necklace," by which the fortunes of the Cardinal De Rohan and the name and fame of Marie Antoinette were so blackened through the intrigues of the adventuress, Madame Lamotte, is familiar to all readers of the history of those days just preceding the terrors of the French Revolution, and another example of the romance of diamonds.

The Sancy, belonging to the French crown, is one of the most beautiful stones; it is pear shaped, weighing 53½ carats. When Charles the Bold lost it from his casque at the battle of Granson, a Swiss soldier found it, and sold it to a priest for two francs; he resold it for three francs. It disappeared then till 1589, when the King of Portugal pledged it to M. de Sancy, treasurer of France, who bought it afterwards for 100,000 francs. Henry III. borrowed it to pledge to the Swiss, but the messenger was set upon and killed by robbers; he, however, faithful to death, swallowed the stone, which was eventually recovered. It was sold to James II., and by him to Louis XIV. for 625,000 francs, and has since belonged to the crown jewels. It was stolen with the other jewels in 1792, but recovered, together with the Regent, through an anonymous letter pointing out the spot in a ditch in the Champs Elysee where they had been secreted—the robbers knowing that it would be impossible to dispose of such well-known jewels. The value of the crown jewels of France has always been 20,000,000 francs. Of these there are 16,7[illegible] francs in diamonds. Napoleon purchased over Europe all the jewels that could be found of those that had been scattered by that great robbery, and added others, so as to keep up the value, in accordance with his idea of restoring and maintaining the dignity of France. Victoria's coronation crown contained 1,700 diamonds, valued at $[illegible]. The Russian treasury contains among its treasures the Crown of Ivan Alexowitch, in which are 881 diamonds; the crown of Peter, 847 diamonds; that of Catherine, 2,536 diamonds. Austria is rich in these gems; and among the treasures of all kingdoms diamonds hold the first rank. The old diamonds were called "Golconda" diamonds, from the fact that there was the great mart for them, where the traders of the world came for the rough stones, though the nearest mines are five days' journey from that famous fortress. They are still most prized; and the most valuable stones are those which from time to time leave their hereditary hiding places. The writer saw, in the winter of 1856, at Rome, in the artistic saloon of Castellani, the restorer of Etruscan jewelry, a necklace of old Golconda diamonds in their antique silver setting—the property of a Spanish marquis, who had sent them for sale, and again, after they had been reset, held in his hand the three centre stones of the necklace, valued at from $3,000 to $4,000 each. It seemed like holding *essential light*, they were so wonderful, those stones; and since that day it has been possible to comprehend how, in the olden time, men could attribute strange gifts to their glowing beauty, or murder to contend for their possession.

The value and ease of concealing diamonds tempts to theft, and from their first discovery they are the objects of cupidity. The poor slaves, though watched over by lynx-eyed overseers, manage, nevertheless, often to secrete the rough stones, although from fear of this compelled to work naked, with only a cloth round the loins; and though lines of soldiers guard the diamond districts, and all access to them is guarded with prohibitory restrictions, still quantities are successfully smuggled out—and it is stated that the smugglers supply better stones than the government. Ten duties are collected from importation of diamonds in to [illegible]. In our own, though the duty is now a per cent., and has been but 4 per cent., very few are entered, but occasionally an expert official secures a rich prize for the government by confiscation of those smuggled; and curious stories are told of the detection of some of these cases. Twelve thousand dollars' worth of diamonds were once taken from the boots of a person entering this port. Not long since, a person detected in smuggling jewelry had been searched; various valuable articles had been removed from his person, and the search was finished, when suddenly the officer feeling dissatisfied, he hardly knew why, turned back, and putting his hand in a pocket, drew forth a pair of gloves and a handkerchief, certainly legitimate articles, but the handkerchief seemed heavier than common cambric. In a corner of it were knotted several hundred dollars' worth of valuable diamonds!

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

Changes of fashion are almost always gradual. Tight, closed sleeves do not directly succeed to full open ones; long, ample skirts do not follow immediately short, scanty ones. Happy for those ladies who only possess moderate means to expend upon their dress, that such is the case, otherwise their expenditure would be more than doubled; for to keep pace now-a-days with even these gradual changes of fashion, many, with good management, find a costly and difficult task. We hear in London of large sums being expended upon feminine attire; but in Paris the amount is fabulous. At the present moment, if a lady is invited to stay at Compiegne as a royal guest for a week, she must take with her no less than twenty-eight different toilettes, for, as our Paris correspondent informed us last week, the fair guests are expected to dress no less than four times a day, and as variety is one of the charms of the toilette insisted upon by imperial hosts, it is very seldom that the invited one makes her appearance twice in the same costume. To descant upon the absurdity, any more, the sin of such extravagant follies, would be out of place here; our business is rather to describe the novelties as they appear, and to leave it to our readers to adopt them as they think fit. Never were the inventive faculties of the Parisian milliners and dress makers more heavily taxed than at the present moment; and mighty fantastic are some of their productions. The newest evening silk dresses are those called "the humming-bird silks," which have a collection of these small and brilliantly colored birds represented upon them. Specimens of this dress were exhibited at the French department of the International Exhibition. They are now very popular in Paris among married ladies for evening wear, and the head dresses worn with them are arranged in some manner to correspond with the character of the design. First, there is a coronet made of velvet (black, scarlet, blue, or, indeed, any bright color suitable to the *ground* of the dress.) At the top of the coronet two or three white marabout feathers are clustered together, but not too closely, so as to prevent them from losing their light and aerial effect. Among and upon these white marabouts are a variety of winged insects of the brightest hues, and at the left side of the coronet, rushing in among them all, stretching forth its glistening neck, and spreading out its wings, is a small, brilliant humming-bird. The effect of this fantastic style of head-dress is extremely good.

YORK CATHEDRAL.

I spent a few days lately, in the city of York. You have your *New* York, which doubtless received its second name from the *Old* York of the mother country. What a difference between the *New* and the *Old*: the one "going ahead" with such rapidity, and already the metropolis of the United States; and the other with its forty-thousand inhabitants, its ancient streets, its quiet river Ouse—with a few barges trading on its bosom or an occasional small steamer taking a few passengers to Goole and York Hall; with its ancient narrow streets, quaint Elizabethan houses, its *double* Museum, filled with rare specimens of the reptiles of the Saurian ante-mundane period, on the one hand, and with rich and rare excavations and memorials of the Roman occupation of the region round about, on the other hand? The "Minster," or Cathedral, of York is its glory, and has been so for ages. Even to one who is not an Ecclesiologist, or Antiquarian, this magnificent structure is very imposing in its external architecture, in its pealing bells, in its deep, rich, and solemn utterance at noon or midnight of the fleeting hours, and above all, in its noble interior. Here renovation and restoration have been recently at work, as in most of the Cathedral churches, and other ancient ecclesiastical edifices of England. The barbarous taste of the last century *whitewashed* the noble marble or granite pillars, daubed and disguised the roof, filled the naves or choir with high-backed pews, and set up pulpits more hideous than even could be found in any conventicle. Now all these outrages are being redressed. Thus it is at Beverly Minster, in Yorkshire, which I have also lately visited, and where I saw, for the first time, the Friedstool, a *stone chair*, which, the moment that a fugitive murderer or other criminal reached and sat down in it, secured to him the right of "sanctuary," and immunity from the vengeance of the law.

I was present at a Sabbath afternoon service in York Cathedral. The choir was quite filled. Instead of the chilling cold which salutes you on entering St. Paul's Cathedral, the place was comfortably heated, and as the shadows of evening fell, jets of gas poured forth their radiance over the congregation. The dean occupied his proper seat—as "Diaconus," he superintends, overlooks, and directs the public worship, and sees that all things are done in order. The present Dean is the Honorable and Reverend Augustus Duncombe. He was promoted to the Deanery by the Derby Ministry, when last in power, he being the brother of Lord Feversham, one of the Conservative Peers. But Dr. Duncombe is a good man, not a bigot, and always presides over the York Auxiliary Anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The whole of the service, (including the prayers, and excepting the Scripture Lessons,) was intoned. The choir, men and boys, with a clergyman as their precentor and leader, numbered nearly thirty persons. The chanting of the Psalms for the day, together with the "Te Deum" and other sacred songs, and the Anthem, are defensible. Indeed it is, I think, far liker the Hebrew and the original mode to sing or chant the Psalms in prose, than in modernized rhyme, or metrical paraphrase. David himself has suffered from the Puritans' bad muse which he has been forced by Tate and Brady, and (let us be just, even with all my own earliest associations drawing the other way,) above all, from the Puritan version of Rouse, as ordered by a Presbyterian Parliament.

But, virtually, to sing Confessions of Sin, not as in Scripture Psalms, such as the 51st,) Collects, and Supplications—as is done in Cathedrals by intoning—seems grotesque and unwarrantable, and I fear it ministers to formalism and to self-deception. In the Cathedral at York there is *daily* service, morning and afternoon, and except a few tourist strangers and some ladies, the choristers and the clergy alone are present. In the morning of the Lord's day, besides the full Liturgical service, there is always a sermon, but *none in the afternoon and evening*. The short "Evening Prayer" service—short when *read*—under the intoning system, and coupled with elaborate anthem-singing, lasts an hour. My heart was sad to see about seven hundred persons, rich and poor, gathered together and allowed to go away that Lord's day afternoon without hearing from the lips of an ambassador of Christ, the Proclamation of Amnesty and Reconciliation.

Presbyterian Banner.

* * *

It is strange that the experience of so many ages should not make us judge more wisely of the present and of the future, so as to take proper measures in the one for the other. We date upon this world as if it were never to have an end, and neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.

* * *

A young lady, at a visitor [illegible] the [illegible], [illegible] word, "engaged," though she never had an offer in her life.

"I haven't another word to say on [illegible] dispute with fools!" "No," was the reply "you are very sure to agree with them."

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF

"Take care of yourself" is a principle which in some respects, is not neglected by mankind in general, but it is not often carried out in the way it ought to be. Take care of yourself, for be assured, from the very outset, that if you do not take good care of yourself, there are none to be found who will perform this office for you. In taking care of yourself,—your health, your reputation, your interests, your happiness, etc to be considered, and whatever else combines with them to make up the individual recognized as yourself. A contrary course, in some instances, may secure you a temporary popularity, but nothing more. People may call you a clever fellow, and all that; but heed them not, for the day may come, unless there be a prudent change in your tactics, when the very same people will pass you with a smile of contemptuous pity, as the man who did not know how to take care of himself, and this you will find but a poor reward for sacrificing to the good of others. Your individual self, remember, is a sacred trust confided to your keeping, and, as the trust is discharged, so will be your happiness here as well as hereafter.

It is a great fault to neglect your own advancement in life: see to it always, by every means of a fair and honorable character. It is folly to stand aside, while others pant and struggle for a prize, which might as well be yours as theirs. Assert your own claims, your own dignity, and heed not the sneers that may assail your coming forward. It is ever so. If you are successful, those sneers will be changed at last into applause.

What are great men, successful men, self made men—all men whom the world admires? What but men who have taken care of themselves? It is not, perhaps, that all of them are endowed with lofty qualities: this was not necessary to the end; but it is evident that they have been firm and inflexible in taking care of themselves. Those nearest to them have doubtless often thought that they were cold, selfish, and wanting in generous sympathies—perhaps, even considered them monomaniacs. But let it be remembered, that if you take good care of yourself, it is essential that you devote yourself to a purpose, always fixing your energies upon the end you have in view, and in boring steadily until that end has been attained. All else must be secondary and insignificant. If you pause to chase butterflies, and play among the roses more than is necessary to unguish strength, some one else, who better understands how to take care of himself, steps firmly beyond your place of recreating repose, and you will never recover the lost ground. Up then, and be doing!

"Waste not want not," was well written on the walls of the industrious man's kitchen; but "Take care of yourself" should be placed in letters of gold before the eyes of the young, that it may never, even for a moment, be forgotten. Pay no regard to unreasonable sneers about taking care of Number One. It is your special business on earth to take care of that number, and to have a sharp eye for Number One's welfare. Who else but you is there to take care of that number? Will Tom do it? or will Dick? No, nor Harry either.

If you acknowledge the correctness of this maxim, awake at once from your dreams of disinterestedness, and look at the fate of those who were careless of Number One. See them in middle life, observe them in old age. Alas! what sorrow, what suffering, what remorse! Be wise, therefore, while it is morning; for in paying due attention to yourself you will be able to assist those who stand in need of your assistance; and there is no greater happiness than this.

DR COX ON BEER

There is "death in the pot" in anything and everything but water. Even beer, that has been lauded by my profession, is most pernicious to the system. I regret, and have regretted a thousand times, that scientific men should have made such an announcement, behind which strong men, without the ability to investigate, have taken shelter; and that, in consequence, men, women and children are drinking that which contaminates the system, produces a morbid derangement of all the glands and fibres, and transmits to their progeny a morbidly deranged, though finely formed, and sometimes an apparently healthy organism. Yet, when disease takes hold of the children of beer-drinking parents, they wilt down like Jonah's gourd, irrespective of the skill of the physicians and solicitude of the parents. I have been astonished at the difference presented by the same disease in the children of beer-drinking parents, and of those who drink water—astonished to see how suddenly and easily the former succumb and die, compared with the latter.

I have had considerable amount of practice in beer-drinking neighborhoods, and what I state above are pathological facts of thirty years' standing. It is my experience, too, as a surgeon, that all diseases belonging to that department of my profession, are much more difficult of treatment in the beer-drinkers than even in whisky-topers; ulcers and sores of any kind are more unmanageable; fractured bones do not unite with equal facility; and I never saw an incised wound heal by what surgeons call the first intention, in a beer-drinking subject. * * When a tendency to plethora exists, the beer-imbiber is always in danger of sudden death by apoplexy, or some other disease of the brain.

I have a great desire to see the glorious cause of Temperance take a high stand in this world of sin and sorrow; and old and feeble as I am, so intimately do I conceive it to be connected with religion, I profess that I am ready to spend and be spent in the service. If what I have said should be the means of redeeming one poor erring brother or sister, I am paid, and shall praise God to eternity for it.

Hiram Cox, *Chemical Inspector of Liquor.*

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT GRAVES.

Mr. James Farrer, who has for some time past been prosecuting antiquarian researches in the Orkneys, writes that he has discovered eleven skeletons in a knoll almost entirely composed of sand and close by the sea, and known as the "Knowe of Saverough," in the island of Birsay. "The skeletons," he says, "lay at depths varying from two to eight or ten feet, and were in different stages of preservation. Those which were nearest to the surface were most decayed. Not a vestige of any article of dress was discovered. The sand was only slightly discolored. Fibrous roots of grasses had grown through and around some of the skeletons; and from the mass of sand above them, and in which no symptoms of vegetation appeared, it seems probable that much of the sand had been blown over the graves since their interment. The Knowe is rather flat at the top, with a slight depression towards the centre. The heads of the skeletons all faced the northwest, with the exception of two, which were towards the north. The kists in which they were entombed were generally broken by the weight of the superincumbent sand. The bodies had flagstones under them in only a few instances. The teeth were sound, but worn quite smooth. None of them presented the usual appearance of the canine or dog teeth. Some of the skulls were in an extraordinary state of preservation. I have sent them all (with one exception) to Dr. Thurnam, of Devizes, for examination. Some appeared to be of a very low type—perhaps the Kumbe-Kephalic, or boat-shaped form, as described by Professor Wilson in his 'Pre-Historic Annals of Scotland'—and others, and those the best preserved, of a much higher class. At the head of one of the skeletons on the right side, there was found an urn of baked clay, filled with sand. There was a small circular hole at the back of the head, as if it had been perforated by an arrow. "It is probable," says Mr. Farrer after describing the appearance of the different skeletons, "that many more skeletons are interred within the Knowe, since only a small portion of it has been as yet explored. I do not venture to suggest at what period they were buried. The urn seems to indicate the lapse of many centuries, but some of the other bodies may have been interred more recently." [illegible]

* * *

The real [illegible] travels often too [illegible] for friendship, too crooked for [illegible], too warped for honesty, and too dark for [illegible].

ODDS AND ENDS

The surest way to get rid of a bad habit is by one decided effort.

There is a self-love that would break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.

A talkative man neither hears nor is heard. He won't listen to others, nor they to him.

An artist is not so strong as a horse, but he can draw a larger object.

Those who walk most are generally healthiest; the road of perfect health is too narrow for wheels.

The pebbles in our path weary us, and make us foot-sore more than the rocks, which only require a bold effort to surmount.

There are two reasons why we don't trust a man: one because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

It is a great convenience for a doctor to have two patients in the same street, so that he can kill two birds with one stone.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it, and therefore he that can perceive it hath it not.

What madness is it for a man to starve himself to enrich his heir, and so turn a friend into an enemy, for his joy at your death will be in proportion to what you leave him.

If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

Many persons are led by their vices, as there are many who are led by their noses; but there are a far greater number who follow both without any leading at all.

Mrs Partington considers it absurd to call this a free country, when you so frequently hear tell of even people's memories being taxed.

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular. "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married."

Enoch, the father of Methuselah was translated so that he did not see death; therefore, the oldest man that ever lived died before his father.

London will soon be riddled by pneumatic pipes as well as underground railways. The first pipe for blowing along letters at the rate of fourteen miles an hour is laid on between the North Western Railroad terminus and the district post-office of that locality.

Family Circle.

PIETY IN LOWLY LIFE

The poor of this world are often rich in faith, and their contentment amid great privations, and gratitude for scanty favors, teach good lessons to the refining in high circles. Some of the volumes relating to missionary labor among the London poor, which has been republished by the Carters, record instances of a serene faith and unworthy of a place with the saints of the Old and New Testament. In "The Link and the Rivet" is found the following sketch of a poor widow, visited by the Superintendent of a Bible Reading Society.

I found her in a back kitchen, which once was used for a wash house. The pavement of the back yard came nearly to the top of the window, and so obscured the light that I could at first see nothing but a speck of fire in the corner of the room. A large bedstead filled the tiny place, so that it was hardly possible to get in. I groped my way towards the fire, and when near enough to hear the feeble tones of the inhabitant of this dark abode, I only recognised her voice, for I could not distinguish her features. She was sadly bent with pain from rheumatism, and had also bronchitis, which hardly allowed her to speak; but I will give you the substance of her answers to my questions, spoken in short, interrupted sentences.

"It is Mi-s——'s voice—I know it, oh, how good God is! I have only the bit of fire you see in the grate, and I was just praying to Him to send me help; for you see the damp on the walls."

I looked, and the walls were damp, and in places wet to the touch, from the ground nearly up to the ceiling. I asked her how she lived.

"They won't allow me anything from the house, because I'm not old enough, but they will take me in; and I would go, as far as I am concerned, but what would become of my three little children? The youngest depends on me—he is only seven; the two others have each got a little place, the little girl (only nine) nurses a baby, and her mistress likes her so much that she has taken her into her house altogether, but I wash and mend her bits of things every week. And the little boy is gone to a green-grocer's to run errands, and they heard of my situation, and have given me his meals. So you see I leap from joy to joy."

"What do you take," I asked, "for your cough and pain in your chest?"

"I have not had anything to-day but a half-penny worth of tea-leaves, and that seems to sooth my cough and chest."

Only a handful of firing, saved from the day before, and only one halfpenny to spend for herself and little child, the whole of that bitter cold winter day; and yet not one murmur, but all thanksgiving to God for everything that he did, and exclaiming at the end, "I leap from joy to joy!" O, well might I learn a lesson from this humble, bright Christian! Shall we, surrounded with all our comforts and luxuries, ever murmur or complain? As I walked home that afternoon I was humbled to think that, with all my superior privileges and comforts, I could not feel such faith as this widow, hidden in her damp, dark back kitchen, resting so peacefully on her Saviour's love that the deepest poverty could not shake her faith in him. I was filled with joy to witness the strength and reality of vital religion. How rejoiced I should be if all who do not know what true Christianity really is could see such a picture as that!

LITTLE JERRY AND HIS DOG

A couple of discontented cows came down the hill pasture to a little patch of corn, and looked over. It was grandmother Muggins' corn, and it was fenced round. The cows had all the pasture on all the hill—east, west, north, and south—besides a little brook. But it did not satisfy them, for you know that some it is impossible to satisfy, for the more they have, the more they want, which was the case with these cows, else why should they look into grandmother Muggins' little patch? They pushed their noses between the rails and snuffed the growing corn. What if they should use their crumpled horns, hook off a rail, and walk in? This is what grandmother Muggins thought, therefore, "Little Jerry," said she, "I am going to carry a basket of clean clothes to the hospital; you and Wagtail watch the cows, and don't let them break into the corn."

Wagtail, hearing his name called, began to wag his tail. "I will keep the cows out," answered Jerry with a consequential air. It takes me to look after the corn, and Jerry strutted away with Wagtail at his heels. "Wagtail," said he, "you might as well go with the clean clothes, I can look after the cows and the corn."

"Can you [illegible]?" [illegible] Wagtail humbly.

Little Jerry was tired with this long tramp from the [illegible] house. Wagtail had been to the forest hunting a woodchuck and he was tired. So they both [illegible] down on the flat rock. The cows from beyond the fence eyed the little boy, and the little boy eyed the cows. Jerry shook his fist, and the cows shook their heads. At length Jerry nodded, and he nodded and he nodded till he fell asleep, and the cows taking the advantage, began to pry the rails with their crumpled horns. Wagtail had his ears pricked. He [illegible] as a soldier. He slept, but he [illegible] and [illegible] did the cows [illegible] upon the corn, then he ran down and barked and barked and [illegible] till grandmother Muggins came home, and found [illegible] Jerry fast asleep.

"Trust Him who made the beasts," said grandmother Muggins, patting the faithful Wagtail on [illegible].

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The Day of Judgment

DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA.

Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain
Thousand—thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Jesus Christ shall ever reign!

See the universe in motion,
Sinking on her funeral pyre,
Earth dissolving, and the ocean
Vanishing in final fire.
Hark, the trumpet! Hark, the trumpet!
Loud proclaims the day of ire!

Graves have yawned in countless numbers,—
From the dust the dead arise;
Millions, out of silent slumbers,
Wake in overwhelm'd surprise;
Where creation,—where creation,
Wreck'd and torn in ruin lies!

See the Judge our nature wearing,
Pure, ineffable, divine:—
See the great archangel bearing
High in heaven the mystic sign:
Cross of Glory! Cross of Glory!
Christ be in that moment mine!

See Redemption, long expected,
In transcendent pomp appear,—
All his saints by man rejected,
Throng in gathering legions near:
Melt, ye mountains! Melt, ye mountains
Into smoke; for God is here!

Every eye shall then behold Him
Robed in awful majesty,
Those that set at naught, and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed him to a tree,—
Deeply wailing,—deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!

Lo! the last long separation!
And the cleaving clouds divide,
And one dread adjudication
Sends each soul to either side!
Lord of mercy! Lord of mercy!
How shall I that day abide?

Oh! may thine own Bride and Spirit
Then avert a dreadful doom,—
And me summon to inherit
An eternal, blissful home:—
Ah! come quickly! Ah! come quickly!
Let thy second advent come!

Yes, Amen! Let all adore Thee,
On thine amaranthine throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Men and angels,—men and angels
Kneel and bow to Thee alone!

BAYDONE.

For the Christian Recorder.

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Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

God, the All-Wise, All-Powerful Jehovah, is the great Agitator. The heavens which declare His glory, and the firmament which showeth forth His handiwork, are in the broadest sense of the term, agitators. Every blade of grass, every ray of sunlight, performs its duty as an agitator. Yonder tiny bird, warbling forth the praises of its Maker, bids the Atheist cease his wicked and senseless rhodomontade, and bow in humble adoration before Him, who fills the earth with His goodness, and illumes the earth with His glory. The murmuring little river, the storm-maddened ocean, the infuriated avalanche, all act their parts in the grand drama of agitation. Tempests purify the atmosphere from noxious exhalations. So in the moral world, agitation is a renovator, cleansing it from the destructive malaria which arises from the cesspools of ignorance and iniquity. Agitation is life; stagnation is death; moral, spiritual, physical death. I have adverted to agitation as a grand principle incorporated in the law of our being. This principle may be, and is, often perverted. It may not be amiss, to remark here, that men do not always agitate in behalf of the right. Agitation may be made the "abomination of desolation" as well as the modus operandi by which the moral and religious horizon may be gilded and girded with imperishable glory. The present slaveholders' rebellion furnishes abundant attestation of the fact, that Satan, the arch-enemy of God and men, is also an agitator; a faithful, determined agitator. The agitation of Jeff Davis, Stephens, and their cradle; plundering confreres von Slavery, doubtless makes the flames of hell burn more brightly than ever. The prayers of Stonewall Jackson are as refreshing to Beelzebub, as a draught of ice water would be to the importunate and unfortunate Dives. But it is a consoling reflection that God superintends the agitation which now convulses this nation, and He will, in the end, make it conduce to His own glory, and consequently, the good of humanity. The more I retrospect the past, and contemplate the present, the more am I convinced of the imperious necessity of thorough, persistent, determined, heaven-directed agitation. Light and darkness, heaven and hell, are irreconcilable antagonisms that moral chemistry cannot commingle. There is no affinity between liberty and slavery. Neither President nor people can cause their affiliation, for God hath put them asunder. Constitutions, compacts, compromises, courts, conventions, and conferences cannot change the essential character of things. When truth and error meet each other, their belligerent proclivities are at once developed. There must be war between them in the very nature of things; for God hath decreed it, and His decrees are irrevocable. This great truth rushes down upon us with the gathered momentum of all the ages. It cannot be obliterated from the page of History. History is an impartial instructor. Men and women, in obedience to the dictum of their perverted mental and moral organism, may affect to ignore the plain and positive utterances of common sense, but they cannot extinguish the light of historic facts. History has a voice which rhetoric cannot silence, nor philosophy successfully controvert. She tells us that in all ages of the world, right has had to grapple with wrong, truth with error, justice with injustice. She tells us that all reformers have been agitators. She points us to Luther and Melancthon! They could not, they would not be silenced, for they were doing God's work. They could not accomplish the object of their mission, by simply dreaming of the success of the reformation. They met the superstitious hordes with the sword of truth, and the helmet of righteousness. They fought in the great conflict of the ages, with desperate energy, and with a zeal commensurate with the importance of the work which devolved upon them. At length, victory perched upon the standard of the right. Ignorance and superstition retreated from before them. Pæans of thanksgiving from the disenthralled made the welkin loudly ring. So has it ever been. So will it ever be. Every man has something *to do*, while passing from time to eternity. He cannot lose his individuality. His duty cannot be performed by proxy. He must do all in his power to establish righteousness, and abolish iniquity. The tragic solemnities of the present hour, call upon each one of us to dash forth, in the name of God, to the broad highway of human duty and human responsibility, and labor earnestly and unitedly for the right. "To your tents, O Israel!" Brethren, awake! Let there be no delay! The heavens gather blackness. The storm is coming. Hear ye not God thundering in the moral and political heavens! Those who sleep now, would sleep, if possible,

"When rapt in flames the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below."

Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!

Baltimore, Md.

For the Christian Recorder.

Good morning, Brother Weaver. A happy new year to you. Having a few moments to spare, I thought I would venture to write a few lines for the Recorder, should you think them worthy of a place in its columns. I have been a reader of the Christian Recorder for about fifteen months, more or less, and would have been a subscriber to it, only for the reason I told you at the Indiana Conference. I assure you, I love the paper, because it is our own, (as most people love those of their own household best.) I love to read productions floating upon the surface of the paper, emanating from my people. While there has been some cavilling among some of the readers, as to who the real editor of the Christian Recorder is, I care not. It is enough for me to know it is our own work. I am sorry that our people of the West take so little interest in patronizing our periodicals. Rev. T. Strother, Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, of this (Terre-Haute,) city is keeping these matters before his people, and you may look for something from him before long. We have a number of enterprising young people here, who take part in sustaining the literary enterprises existing among them, such as the Singing School, the Day School, the Debating Society, and who are always ready to contribute liberally to calls of the Church, by their beloved Pastor.

Well, as you are somewhat opposed to lengthy articles, I will close this by saying, here are fifty cents, due on my subscription to the first, and in two or three weeks, I will send my next year's subscription, 1863.

Most respectfully yours, for moral, mental, and religious improvement among our people.

W. J. GREENLY.

Terre-Haute, Ind., Dec. 29, 1862.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE

MR EDITOR:—The time has come in the history of this nation, when the down trodden and abject black man can assert his rights, and feel his manhood. No longer can the men of our race be legally made to quaff up the scorn and derisions of a misanthropic rabble, many of whom are so inexplicably depauperated from licentious lives and devilish habit, that if they were sent as delegates to form an integral part of a dog's assembly, or sent as ambassadors to the wild cats of the forest, they would be denounced as trying to insinuate themselves into ranks superior.

The proclamation of President Lincoln reaches the most forlorn condition, in which our people are placed. When he finished it, and reclined himself back in his chair, the Jubilee commenced in every celestial sphere, where freedom's grand and deathless harmonies are realized and enjoyed. The angelic band in balmed array, whose war implements glittered as the watch fires of the sky, and hitherto drawn in martial protection around him who was ordained by God to free the oppressed, burst forth in exclamations of greater ecstacy, than usually enrapture their heavenly environed brow. The first day of January, 1863, is destined to form one of the most memorable epochs in the history of the world.

It should form an era in the date of every colored man, and be annually celebrated with as much respect, as the Americans do the fourth of July, or as the English do the day of the discovery of the thirty barrels of powder, which were in 1605 placed under the Parliament in view of utterly demolishing the last vestige of protestant sympathy. That proclamation will constitute the moral basis of all similar exigencies, as long as man press one another beneath the grind of a despotic wheel. The Moors of France, and Serfs of Russia, though liberated under circumstances, not so free from the evidence of a providential interpolation, as some here assumed, will only be known among the ordinary things of time, compared to the grand overture, which necessarily must mark and signalize the liberty of the blood oppressed mystic Israelites. The seeds of freedom which are ever rejuvenescent in themselves, have now been scattered where despotism and tyranny ranked and ruled, will be watered by the enlivening dews of God's clemency, till the reapers (abolitionists) shall shout the harvest home.

Through some misunderstanding the people of Washington did not celebrate the new year as many of our cities have done. This was not, however, the result of ingratitude to God or the President, but owing to apprehensions of danger, which I think were more chimerical than real. They met, however, on Thursday night in mass, at Israel church, to devise some plan, by which an expression of our sentiments can be heard.

The Contraband Relief Association have organized themselves into an *Exhibiting Association*, and are giving concerts for the benefit of the contraband, known as the old folks concerts. They gave two exhibitions in 15th St Presbyterian church, which were so largely patronized, that hundreds had to leave who could obtain no admission. Indeed the house was so densely crammed that those inside were very disagreeable. The old folks, however, acquitted themselves admirably, and made some $300 for the object of humanity, for which the Secretary of War complimented their efforts in the most applaudatory terms. I am not able in this correspondence to designate the parties, who so very pleasurably executed their respective performances on the two evenings, but will endeavor to do it in my next.

The ladies of Israel church are holding a fair, which has been very largely attended, by many of our most popular citizens, white and colored.

I received last week, in behalf of the contrabands, a very large box of goods from Bordentown, New Jersey, sent by the liberal flock of Rev. Jeremiah Young. The box contained some 300 pieces of most valuable materials, which appear to have been forwarded by the special efforts of Rev. Jeremiah Young, President Gideon Lewis, Secretary, Joseph Green, Treasurer, and a committee consisting of Mrs. E Colling, Mrs. R Wood, Mrs. A M Crippin.

Any long complimentary from me, would be superfluous. The act speaks its merit, and God himself will take cognizance of it, only to bless and reward.

The colored convention met at Zion Wesley Church, on Tuesday night last, and resolved upon the erection, as soon as possible of a hospital, for the sick, afflicted, and destitute. They resolved that each delegate should advance ten dollars, as a beginning to the sum of $5000, which they think will be required to complete the object in contemplation.

The Rev. Caleb Woodyard spoke in Israel church a few weeks ago, and made some very scathing remarks, about colored people being refused a seat in the city cars. His tirade was very bitter at the time, but sweetness grew out of it, for several have been since informed, that there was no law to keep us out, but if we waited for them to take us up, and set us in, and then ride us too, we would have to wait some time yet.

Hon. J. B. Johnson of Liberia is here again. I am informed he contemplates a heavy law suit, with the gentlemen with whom he had an altercation some time ago.

Prof. A. M. Green, whose name is so revered in Washington, is looked for here every week.

Several colored men in this city say they are now ready for the battle field. Abraham Lincoln can get any thing he wants from the colored people here, from a company to a corps. I would not be surprised to see myself carrying a musket before long. H. M. T.

Washington, Jan. 4th, 1862.

For the Christian Recorder.

BRO. WEAVER:—The curtain has again risen, and a new piece is on the stage. I trust it is neither comedy nor yet tragedy, but an unfolding of great plans, and the bringing forth of great good to mankind. God works not as man—he knows the beginning and the end of all things. Prophetic vision—unlike historic relation—stretches from the days of the seer to the weeks of the drama, unfolding events by the revolutions of the wheels within the wheels. I am waiting by the river of promise, looking wistfully to the day of deliverance, when we might behold the "likeness of the living creatures,"—hoping to see the likeness of a man in the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln.

The new year burst upon us with emotions untold by mortal tongues. Happy day—pregnant with the destiny of coming generations; hence the anxiety felt by all classes to hear and read the proclamation of freedom to the groaning millions. All seemed to hold their breath in awful suspense till near noon, when the lightning flashed forth a light, which shall shine on the pathway of mankind to the latest generations.

Having a desire to know what is yet to come, I started towards the city of churches, where it is reported you can hear sermons of every grade, from the lofty and enchanting eloquence of the renowned orator, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the champion of human liberty, the friend of the poor, and upholder of the rights of man, to the less great, but equally notorious Doctor and expounder of "*Death in the pot.*" In anticipation of a good time in the watch-meeting, I carelessly sauntered toward that somewhat famous church in Bridge St. Arriving about nine o'clock, I found that that "once" man, the pastor, had given orders to refuse admittance to all who could not give a good account of themselves, as it was love feast. Anxious to see what of interest there was in such a meeting, I donned my most graceful appearance, gained admittance, and choosing a quiet point of observation, I watched the progress of events. A large number had already gathered. Service was opened by singing and prayer. The pastor was fervent in prayer, entreating God to bless the nation, and bring order out of confusion. I thought how great a change in the exhibition of feeling was manifested by the same man, who, at a contraband meeting in this church some weeks since, declared himself ready to raise and lead into the field, (provided they were guaranteed all the rights of manhood) two hundred thousand sable warriors to put down the rebellion. After prayer and the reading of the one hundred and fourth psalm, he closed the book and made some touching remarks, calling to remembrance their struggles and sorrows in the past year—their hopes and prospects of the future, &c. Many mothers reviewed the past scenes of grief experienced around the death bed of their loved children. Many faces were wet with tears as the story of parental bereavement was rehearsed. The meeting grew more impressive as the bread and water passed around, then followed the breaking of bread, shaking of hands, singing, and rejoicing by the members. There was a large number of whites in the congregation, who seemed to enjoy the services. The speaking began, and many a good testimony of God's power to save was given. They spoke with great freedom of their hopes of salvation through faith in the Son of God.

The meeting was progressing finely, and all seemed to be enjoying it well, till about 10 o'clock, when a large accession was made by the entering of a number of persons, white and colored, which seemed to dampen the ardor of the people. The presence of this class was evidently not welcome, for they were mostly a class of persons who came for observation more than for the good of the meeting. And they came till the aisles were crammed full, and there was a great mingled mass of ring-streaked and speckled, like Jacob's cattle. I thought to myself, How is it that there is so much accursed prejudice, when we see with what eagerness white people will crowd colored people's churches, when they have any of those close meetings? I was awakened from my reflections by the appearance of a strange-looking apparition, which riveted my attention, striding from one side of the vacancy to the other. It seemed looking for a place to squat, out of the sight of the great mass of eyes which were fixed upon it. It was difficult to tell to what species of animals to assign it. Therefore, noting its appearance, in contemplation of attending the zoological lectures of Agassiz this winter, and compare my notes with his investigations, I watched the appearance of this strange thing. A black beard, long frizzly hair, short, stoop-shouldered, somewhat Esopic in style, keen black eyes, a broad ape like grin. I was about to conclude that Barnum had lost his "What is it?" when, looking more closely, I saw that it clutched in its fists a book and pencil. I then remembered that such an animal, resembling that nondescript at Barnum's, was attached to that dirtiest of all dirty sheets of this country, the Brooklyn Eagle, as a reporter. I was satisfied that we should have a caricature of the meeting, very unfavorable for the people who worship there.

Simply looking about, he eyed the pastor and congregation. He took a seat near the pulpit, and began to scribble as the speakers told their hopes of heaven.

As if conscious of being out of place, and fearful lest Barnum should come in, he strove to be calm while the story of wrongs inflicted by ruthless slaveholders on the person of an aged mother in North Carolina by robbing her of her children and sending them to eternal bondage, was rehearsed.

The power of Christ to save a poor mortal while on earth from sin and death he did not seem to understand. It was all incomprehensible to him, but prompted by instinctive [illegible] brutes of his kind, he sketches the doings of the meeting according to his brutish proclivities, and the result was produced in the Eagle of the first of January, evening edition. A glaring libel on the whole congregation. I have taken up too much time in noticing this thing already. The meeting was a good one. The people enjoyed it; and the mingling of tears and congratulations were profuse. At 10 minutes before 12, all knelt in silent prayer, and the preachers cried every half minute till the hour of 12, when the old song of Happy New Year was sung, amid the shouting and rejoicing of the people. The meeting held till morning, and I was told by one of the members, that after the great mass of people were gone, they that remained had a glorious time. A new year's gift to the pastor was given by the congregation, amounting to $12. They had a good time. Your correspondent having seen the old year out, and the new dawn bright and hopeful bearing on it the hopes and fears of four millions of black men and the destiny of twenty-six millions of white, with their posterity, I draw the curtain and watch for the next piece in the drama, when I will relate the various parts played by both wise and foolish, when the scene shall change again, soon.

JUNIUS.

For the Christian Recorder.

Muscatine, Dec. 15th, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER WEAVER:—After a long silence I now sit down to write you a few lines, to let the friends know through your paper what we are doing here in the West. There is not much of interest in the church at present; though we have no reason to complain. The Lord has blessed our labors thus far this conference year.

We are making preparations for our jubilee, which will come off on Watchnight, if the Lord is willing. We hope to have a good time over the downfall of the great national sin of human oppression.

The Sabbath School seems to be increasing in interest. We hope to have by the time our year is out, as good a school as there is in the district, of the same number of young ladies, and mamas to be awakening their interest in a school. I think I will be able to form a Bible class of the old sisters, and if I succeed as well as I hope to, I shall soon send to you for some books for the school, as I think that all of our scholars ought to use our own books. For my part, I shall not purchase any elsewhere, until we find that you have not got such as we want, and I hope that will never be the case.

You will please inform me whether the *Repository* is dead or alive, as there are some of the sisters here who subscribed for it and received but one or two numbers.

In relation to the RECORDER, I would say that I have been laboring incessantly for it; trying to impress its responsibility on the minds of our folks here, for I value its matter high: perhaps you may think differently, when you remember that I have not paid for it; well, that would look so, but when I tell you the reason, then your mind, I hope, will change. I have but one reason, and that is, because I have not had it to pay. You may think strange, when I tell you that I have not had $2.00 since I came to this station; but it is no more strange than true. But I am not discouraged. I will try to do the best I can for the RECORDER, and send you some money just as soon as I can get it; and I hope you will continue to send me the paper if you please. It shall all be right as soon as possible.

I have succeeded in getting one subscriber for you, to commence on the 1st of Jan., 1863. You will receive the following name, and send her the paper: Mrs. Mary J Mineo; I enclose $2 dollars to pay for her subscription. There were several others who promised to take it.

I think that I will deliver a lecture to the people, in regard to their duty to the paper and book concern, on New Year's evening, and try then what I can do for you.

We held a prayer meeting on Christmas morning, at 4 o'clock; and the Lord poured His Spirit upon us, and we had a good time. Aid us by your prayers, that the Lord may still continue to bless our labors: and that the good Lord bless you in your labors and prosper you in your good work, is the sincere prayer of your humble servant and fellow-laborer in Christ Jesus.

Yours, truly, E. B. JOTVEN.

For the Christian Recorder.

Oswego, New York, Jan. 1, 1863.

Brother Weaver:—You will please give this a place in the RECORDER, as it is my first letter.

We had a very good meeting on December the 24th, at 10 o'clock, P. M., and on the 31st, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The meeting commenced with the hymn,

Hark, listen to the trumpets, they call for volunteers.

The text was in Leviticus, 25th chap and 3d ver: "Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound," &c. And as it was watch night the Lord was with us; and there was a noise, and behold, a shaking and the hour came. Five minutes before 12 o'clock, all went down upon their knees; and when we got up we heard shouts, some time after, until half past 12, and we were happy. The brethren from Boston, and all others, joined us in singing—

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow."

Here I would take occasion to say, that although we have not had any quarterly meeting as yet, from June 22d up to January the 1st, 1863, yet the Lord is with us. The elders have not been to see me yet. I am sorry to say we have been kept six months without elders. We will have meeting to-night, and I hope the Lord will be with us. Amen.

J. S. LARKINS,
Minister in Charge.

ONE EACH

Under this head, that admirable paper, the *Methodist*, makes the following appeal, which we adopt, and send it forth for the kindest consideration of all who love this paper.

"Everywhere our subscribers and readers will hear the cry, 'Enormous advance in price of paper,' 'great increase in price of labor,' and so on through the list. These are not sensation stories in regard to newspapers. Very many will have to stop issuing. We shall go on. And now we ask of our friends a favor. Were we to write personally to each one of them and ask this favor, he would, we think, cheerfully grant it. We wish them to consider this a personal letter.

"Will each one of our friends send us the name of one new subscriber with $2? One each. It will double our circulation. Shall it be done."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF GERMAN PIETY

WAR AND CHRISTIAN CHARITIES.

The connexion of charitable Christian works with the plague of war that was desolating Europe was by no means uncommon at that time. It was the war that drew Pestalozzi to the orphan children of Stanz, it was the war that made Falk the builder of the Lutherhof, it was the war that gave the first practical impulse to the noble band of German deaconesses, and from the Crimea we ourselves have received a like lesson, in the gentle and wise nursing of our sick, and the skillful ministry of one devoted woman. The connexion is more than casual and must be understood as part of that wider system by which the evil of this world is ever being redressed by good, and the very outbreak of wrong in one direction is meant to suggest a remedy for it in another. At every point of trial it would seem God has some servant who [illegible] kindly offices and sympathy, and the [illegible] by which nature [illegible] and [illegible] upon each [illegible] the [illegible] which yields, in nations as well as individuals, the peaceable fruit of righteousness. And while the evil is local, and while time obliterates its traces one by one, the good that has sprung from it abides and deepens, and is spread over the globe.

SINGING AMONG THE INMATES OF THE RAUHE HAUS.

During the morning worship several of the elder boys and even the youngest broke out into loud weeping; all were so moved on one occasion, that the singing had to be stopped; one was observed to stand with a vacant, far off look, and when roused up he said, "I forgot that I was here, and could not help thinking over the past." Two brothers fell into each other's arms, and were so overcome that Wichern had to send them into the garden; the thought of their unfortunate mother was too keen to be borne. "We cannot stand it," the boys used to say; "it makes us think so of what we were." The singing seemed to penetrate the hardest with soft and blessed thoughts, and to lay hold on the tenderest part of their nature, so that after work hours, they might be seen walking up and down by the hour, or sitting in the upper branches of the chestnut, and raising hymn after hymn.

ON THE ARGUMENT FROM WHAT YOU THINK OF YOURSELF

There is a class of men who account, on the ground of their superior piety, for the infallibility which they modestly claim for themselves. If you press a man of this sort with some proof of his ignorance, or malevolence, he gives you to understand that he is a saint, and that you are a reprobate; and that, consequently, his arguments are good, though condemned by that carnal thing of common-sense, they are absurd. Yours, on the other hand, though he cannot show that they are illogical, are utterly to be condemned, because you are not right at heart.

Ask him how he knows you are not as good as himself, and he replies: That with such unsound views as you hold, it is impossible you should be spiritually right. He proves that your views are wrong because he is a better man than yourself, and proves that he is a better man than yourself because he has the right views and you have the wrong ones. He whirls round like a kitten who, by the same motion makes her head run after her tail, and her tail run after her head.

There are not wanting those with whom this mode of argument carries great weight. There are plenty of people who greatly delight in any process of argument which enables them to dispense with all the trouble of reasoning. And what does so more effectually than to believe that a good man is infallible, and that a man is good because he says he is. Persons of this class very eagerly ask in effect: Of what use is a nose if one is not to be led by it? People, however, who look more closely into such things discover that those who boast very loudly of their piety, generally, have little of it, and that their commendations of themselves are as empty and false as their denunciations of those who oppose them. The Pharisees of our day are often rigid economists, and save the price of a trumpeter by doing their own puffing.

THE TURN OF LIFE.

Between the age of forty and sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm, and equal; all his functions are in the highest order. He assumes a mastery over business, builds up a competence on the foundation he had formed in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a standstill. But athwart this is a viaduct, called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the Valley of "Old Age," around which the river winds, and then beyond without a boat or causeway to affect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden, whether it bend or break. Gout and apoplexy are also in the vicinity, to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, the "Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and powers, having reached their utmost expansion, now begin to either close in like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single excitement, may force it beyond its strength, whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.—*The Science of Life.*

GARIBALDI AND THE SURGEONS.

The medical and surgical fraternity of France is taking great glory to itself for Nélaton's accuracy of judgment in Garibaldi's case. After probing, he decided that the ball was in the wound, in direct opposition to the opinion of the great English surgeon, Partridge. The pride of the French is not diminished by the fact that Partridge's visit cost several thousand dollars, while Nélaton went to Italy without fee or reward. In a late clinical lecture, Nélaton gave the following account of his procedure in Garibaldi's case:

"On his first visit he had fully convinced himself that the ball was still in the wound, and at what distance from its surface. Percussion with an exploring instrument gave out a dull heavy sound, very different from the clear thin sound which would have been produced, had the body been simply a necrosed portion of bone. On returning to Paris, M. Nélaton however looked for some means of equally convincing others. He had contrived a *sonde* with a roughened extremity, like a file, which by a slight rotary movement would be capable of removing some particles of the body which it came in contact with. This contrivance was, however, superseded by another; it consisted of a *sonde* with its termination in a small olive shaped body, made of white unvarnished porcelain, and capable of receiving a stain which could not be easily effaced from a metallic body like lead. This instrument was forwarded to M. Zanetti, and it was in that way that the professor and his colleagues fully convinced themselves that M. Nélaton's opinion was well founded; and by adopting the method which that gentleman had proposed of gradual dilatation, they at last happily succeeded in removing the projectile.—*Methodist.*

ANECDOTE OF BISHOP BUTLER

Hume said that Butler's "Analogy" was the best defence of Christianity he had ever seen. It is, indeed, difficult to find in any language a work at once so profound and useful. We are informed that Queen Caroline, the consort of George II., read some part of it every day at breakfast. She asked Dr. Samuel Clarke what he knew of Butler. Dr. Clarke told her he was residing, with some of his family, upon a small living in Kent. The Queen expressed her surprise, and said she thought he was dead.

"No, madam," said Dr. Clarke, "he is not dead, but he is *buried*."

Butler was afterwards elevated to the bishopric of Durham. Being applied to on some occasion for a charitable subscription, he asked his steward what money he had in the house. The steward informed him "there was five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred pounds!" said the bishop; "what a shame for a bishop to have such a sum in his possession." And he ordered it to be immediately given to the poor.

A CORRECT REPLY TO A PRECISE QUESTION

An eminent counsel was employed in an action against the proprietors of Rockingham coach. On the part of the defendants, the coachman was called. His examination in-chief being ended, he was subject to the leader's cross-examination. Having held up the fore finger of his right hand at the witness, and warning him to give a "precise answer" to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, he proceeded thus. "You drove the Rockingham coach?" "No, sir, I do not." "Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?" "No, sir, I did not." "Now, sir, I put it to you—I put it to you upon your oath—do you not drive the Rockingham coach?" "No, sir, I drive the horses."

THE SULTAN'S TOOTHACHE

The French proverb, "Qui va à la chasse perd sa place," who goes a hunting loses her place, has had a somewhat amusing literal fulfilment during the week at Dolmabahche. On Sunday, the Sultan was afflicted by an attack of severe toothache, and a messenger was accordingly despatched to summon M. Roux, his Majesty's dentist, for the treatment of the imperial molar. The fashionable tooth doctor was not to be found; he had gone *à la chasse*; and though mounted messengers beat him up for nearly hours round all the "coverts," from Beloky to far beyond Maslak, he was nowhere to be found. Chamberlains of high and low degrees were at their wits' end, when the happy recollection struck somebody, that there was another knight of the forceps—unknown, indeed, to fame, but still professing the art and mystery of tooth-drawing, in a garret opposite Galata Serai. *A* [illegible] went a mounted messenger for the man of science, and without time given him to make his neglected ablutions, or borrow an unragged surtout, the bewildered operator was whisked away to the palace. Urgent, however, as was the need of his services, it was found necessary to subject him to a process of toilette before he could be ushered into the suffering presence. This was done as rapidly as half a dozen valets could perform it, and in a few minutes the offending grinder was extracted—fortunately without damage to the imperial jaw. The operation over, his Majesty questioned Mr. Z. as to his personal belongings and finding that bad luck and short commons had been his lot for years past, resolved at once to force fortune into better humor on his behalf. Without hypercritical curiosity as to diplomas or other professional vouchers, he at once named him special dentist to himself, with a salary of 1000 p a month, an immediate *cadeau* of 150 liras, and an excellent house at Ortakeui.

ECONOMIZE IN PAPER.

In the present stage of high prices, it is the duty of every one to economize in every direction possible. One of the leakages which may and should be stopped is that of too free use of paper. The price of paper has increased enormously, in consequence of the scarcity of rags in this manufacture, and it therefore becomes all users of paper, of whatever kind, to economize as they have never done before. When writing a letter, let half a sheet answer instead of a whole one. Never waste a sheet or an envelope. Save the fragments of paper and sell them to be made over. In this way each one may effect a saving to his or her own pocket, and at the same time benefit the world at large by lessening the scarcity which now prevails. It is in these little savings that the people in this country should learn a lesson of the people of other lands.—*Cleveland Leader.*

ASHAMED TO BRING STRAW TO THE CITY.

A few days since we asked a good farmer of this county to bring us a load of straw for bedding horses. He replied: "I have plenty of straw, and would like to accommodate you; but the fact is, *I am ashamed to be seen bringing a load of straw to the city!*"

Knowing our friend was in the habit of bringing potatoes, grain, etc., to market in person, we did not, for a moment, see the point of his objection; but we were not left long in doubt. He is an observing farmer, and has found that the only way to raise good crops is to keep up the condition of his land by making manure, and for this purpose he is careful to preserve his straw both for fodder and litter. He would be ashamed to let red root and Canada thistles overrun his wheat-fields, because it would show that he was a bad farmer, and for the same reason he did not like his neighbors to see him selling straw.

We like the idea. It is a healthy and hopeful feeling—this sense of shame at farming poorly. We like the good opinion of the community in which we live, and that man is highly favored who has neighbors who do not approve of poor barns, broken fences, scrubby cattle, foul fields, and slovenly cultivation. And not less so when they can see the folly of growing too much grain, keeping too little stock and selling the hay and straw instead of converting them into manure.

We must get our straw from a less enlightened neighborhood.—*Genesee Farmer.*

VANITY OF VANITIES

In a magnificent oration of Chrysostom, sound thoughts are suggested, in the contemplation of that transitory glory which is the gift of wealth, and fortune, and power, all which is destined to perish. "It is at this moment," says the illustrious patriarch of Constantinople, addressing the court of his day, as corrupt as it was splendid, "it is at this moment, more than ever, we are justified in saying with the wise man, 'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.' Where is now the splendor of the consulate? Where the brilliancy of lamps and torches? The feast of joyous assemblies? Where are the crowns and magnificent ornaments? Where the flattering reports of the city, the acclamations of the circus—the adulations of thousands of spectators? All have passed away! The wind by one blast has swept the leaves, and now they show to us a dead tree, torn from its roots,—so violent has been the tempest. It lies a broken ruin. Where are the pretended friends—the swarm of parasites—the tables charged with luxury—the wine circulated during entire days—where the various refinements of feasting—the supple language of slaves? What has become of them all? A dream of the night, which vanishes with the day! A flower of spring which fades in the summer! a shade which passes!—a vapor which scatters! a bubble of water which bursts! —a spider's web which is torn down! 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' Inscribe these words on your walls, on your vestments, on your palaces, on your streets, on your houses, on your windows, on your doors; inscribe them on your consciences, in order that they may represent it incessantly to your thoughts. Repeat them in the morning, repeat them in the evening and in the assemblies of fashion let each repeat to his neighbor, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.'"

WILL COME

There is nothing which impresses me with so much awe, the older I grow, as the sure on-coming of what we call future events. I remember when my father died, and the dear old homestead had to be sold, and the day of the sale fixed, how much of the intervening time was spent in idle wishes and vain attempts to save it, at least, to postpone the sale. Would not friends come forward? Would not something *turn up*? Would not that uncle whose "missing ship" never came back to port, now return to our rescue? Could we not bid it in, and give our "promise to pay?" No, the march of the on-coming sorrow knew no remission, trampling down every project, blighting every hope, deaf to our cries, blind to our tears. There was no warding it off. So swiftly runs the distant joy and future loss. They *will come*. How inexorably life fulfils itself.

And middle life will come, and old age will come, and the dying bed will come; yes, and the day of last reckoning will come, and Christ on the judgment seat will come, and the opening of the books will come, and the final verdicts will come, and the sentence which will fix our destinies for ever will come—will come.

ALL IS FOR THE BEST

AN EASTERN STORY.

Rabbi Akiba, compelled by violent persecution to quit his native land, wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the law; a cock, which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass, on which he rode.

The sun was gradually sinking beneath the horizon; night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came, at last, near to a village. He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking where human beings dwelt, there dwelt also humanity and compassion; but he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging; it was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him; he was therefore obliged to seek shelter in a neighboring wood.

"It is very hard, very hard," said he, "not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; but God is just, and whatever he does is for the best."

He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished his light.

"What!" exclaimed he, "must I not be permitted even to pursue my favorite study! But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best."

He stretched himself on the bare earth, willing, if possible, to have a few hours' sleep. He had hardly closed his eyes, when a fierce wolf came and killed the cock.

"What new misfortune is this!" ejaculated the astonished Akiba. "My vigilant companion is gone! who, then, will henceforth awaken me to the study of the law? But God is just; he knows best what is good for us poor mortals."

Scarcely had he finished the sentence, when a terrible lion came and devoured the ass.

"What is to be done now!" exclaimed the lonely wanderer. "My lamp and my cock are gone; my poor ass, too, is gone—all is gone! But, praised be the Lord, whatever he does is for the best."

He passed a sleepless night, and early in the morning went to the village to see whether he could procure a horse, or any beast of burden, to enable him to pursue his journey; but what was his surprise not to find a single person alive!

It appears that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, murdered its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had sufficiently recovered from the amazement into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice, and exclaimed—

"Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, now I know by experience that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind, often considering as evils what is intended for their preservation. But Thou alone art just, and kind, and merciful. Had not the hard-hearted people driven me, by their inhospitality, from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind extinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have murdered me. I perceive also, that it was Thy mercy which deprived me of my two companions, that they might not, by their noise, give notice to the banditti, and tell them where I was taking my rest. Praised be Thy name, for ever and ever!"

FATHER WARD.

"Father Ward" was a dear old minister in our parts, who, long after he was too infirm for a regular charge, used to go around and preach as he had strength and opportunity. I never saw his tall, venerable figure and benignant face without thinking of the good old men of Bible times. I used to fancy it was Moses, or Elijah come back, for he seemed to have the kind of faith they had—Scripture faith, that took God at his word. He gave himself to God's work, and he never doubted God would give him all he ought to have. When Scott's Bible first came, that treasure of a commentary as our fathers regarded it, it was naturally much coveted in the minister's study. But the price! The cheapest edition was seventeen or eighteen dollars, and the minister's pocket was nearly bare. "You must have it," said his wife. "Don't be anxious," said he; "if it's best, the Lord will provide the means." Saddling his horse one day to go to Hallowell, his wife asked if there was no possible way to "afford buying Scott." "If it is best, we shall have it;" and the poor minister trotted off with a trusting heart. Nor had he been gone long, before a man came in, and without introducing himself, left fifteen dollars on the poor parsonage table. The next visit to Hallowell added the new commentary to the minister's library.

On another occasion, a debt became due, which all the saving husbandry and frugal economies of the parsonage could not pay. After praying it over and over, the poor minister concluded to ride over to a neighboring village, and try what borrowing could do. On reaching the outskirts, a man hailed him, saying, "There is a letter in our post office for you, sir." Surprised to find a letter where he should never have thought of going for one, he hastened to the office and took it out. The letter was without date, name, or word, but it contained just the money he needed for his debt.

God's people are apt to forget how rich he is. The silver and the gold are his, and the cattle on a thousand hills, yet they worry over losses, and complain if they are not doing as well as their neighbors, and put aside God's work to do their own work, and think not of the lilies which Christ bids them to "consider," until they forget God altogether, and do not believe in his fatherly care and goodness. We have a rich heavenly Father. Rich earthly fathers are sometimes hard and grinding, but our Father in heaven is as kind and compassionate as he is rich. King David, whose long and tried experience upon this subject is worth something—King David says, "Trust in the Lord and do good; verily thou shalt be fed." "Commit thy way to the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass."

K.

THE NEW YEAR

A welcome would I give thee, new-born year,
A bright, glad welcome to this world of ours,
And [illegible] each day of thy brief life of three
With a rich chaplet of immortal flowers—
A chaplet of good deeds, that brighter far
Shine on the Christian's brow than crowns that monarchs wear.

The deeds emblazoned on the warrior's shield
Are in the records of his country's fame,
The hungry fed, the naked clothed and blessed,
[illegible] to God, and in the Saviour's name,
These on imperishable tablets stand;
Those on the [illegible] of everchanging sand.

Then haste thee, new born year; thy scroll unfold;
Each [illegible] will bear its history for thee;
Thy [illegible] shall bear
[illegible] eternity.
Then [illegible] Christian, for the conflict now,
Posting [illegible] his seal upon thy brow.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Jan. 10, 1863.

MEETINGS AND DEMONSTRATIONS.

In honor to the President's proclamation there were services, we believe, held in every colored church in the city of Philadelphia. In Bethel Church there were meetings morning and night. There was also a combination of the Presbyterian Churches. They were all at Mr. Gibb's Church in Seventh St., in the morning; in the afternoon they combined together at the St. Mary St Church, and at eight they all met in Rev. Mr. Reese's Church, Lombard St. The St. Thomas Church held a meeting in the fore part of the day, and so did the Baptist Churches, we believe. Wesley Church, Lombard St., of which Rev John A Williams is pastor, had a strong demonstration morning, noon, and night. They had some of the ablest speakers there, during the day, that the city can afford. Rev Walter Jackson, friend Bond, Prof. Gmeo, Mr Chester, of Harrisburgh, and a number of others, were present. Here was witnessed the talent of the black man and the white. You may imagine, my readers, the joy which attended the entire audience, when they recognized for the first time in life, in the United States, the bursting of this dark cloud—the removal of this iron heel of oppression—a recognition of the design of our fathers, "That all men are endowed with certain inalienable rights, with life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." May God keep the ball moving. Since the proclamation has been issued, it can easily be discerned that success attends the Union army For a proof of this look at Murfreesboro.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS OF REV. JOSEPH H SMITH OF JORDANTOWN AND BURLINGTON, N J

We had the pleasure, by invitation, to be at Jordantown Quarterly meeting, on the last Sabbath in the old year; and, let me say to our numerous readers, that it was a glorious time, and long to be remembered Brother Smith and brother Joseph Long are like two twin brothers; they work to advantage, and they are always glad to get other brethren to work for them; and we must say, that it seems like old times, when we go on brother's Smith and Long's Circuit. The Jordantown people are alive to the church, and are, we believe, very attentive. We took a number of *Recorders* with us, and disposed of them all. They are not afraid of parting with a few pennies, for they seem to be aware that the good Lord will reward him who is a cheerful giver We also got some subscribers for the *Recorder*. May the good Lord bless them in their labors The first Sabbath in the new year brother Smith held his Quarterly meeting, at Burlington, which we attended. We labored for brother Smith morning and evening, on the Sabbath; brother Long preached on Saturday night: he is making great improvement, and brother Smith preached on Sabbath afternoon. We said that we preached morning and evening; but we did more than that, for Elder Smith put on us the duty of consecrating the Lord's supper. We had a good time at Burlington. On Saturday night and Sabbath the people turned out very well, and enjoyed themselves very much. The Burlington people are a generous-hearted people. As a general thing, they love to see strangers visit them. We also took with us papers to Burlington, and disposed of the best part of them, and got several cash subscribers to the *Recorder* Some of our subscribers said, they would rather do without a great many other things than the *Recorder*. Brother Smith's Circuit gives us a larger circulation for the *Recorder* than any in the Philadelphia District. May the blessing of the Lord ever attend brother Smith and his people

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

PAID.

Of Rev. William L. Watson, Coxsackie, New York	$1 13
Of Mr John Welsh, Bellefonte, Pa	2 00
Of Mr. Meshach S. Graham	2 25
Of Rev. James Frisby, Phila., Pa	2 00
Bro Peter S. Lewis	2 25
Of Rev. R H. Cain, of Brooklyn, N. Y, on act	10 00
Burlington, N. J.	
Mrs Mary Sulsey	2 25
Mrs. Emeline Dutton	1 25
Miss Leanne Page	2 25
Mr. Charles Williams	1 25
Mount Laurel, N J	
Mr Charles C. Green	2 25
New Haven, Conn.	
Mr. Edward Handy, on last year	2 00
Camden, N. J	
Mrs E Vandyke	2 25
Bristol, Pa.	
Mr. James, for last year and this year	3 25
Leiperville, Pa.	
Mrs Matilda Green	1 25
Muscatine, Iowa	
Mrs Mary J. Moner	2 00
Pittsburgh, Pa.	
Mr. Alfred A. Gibson, for last year	2 00
Of Rev. H. M Turner, of Washington, on act	12 00
Of Rev. William Winder, Freehold, New Jersey	1 12½
Of Mr Edward D Brown, Fair Haven, New Jersey	1 12½
Of Mr. D. H. Crosby, of Cleveland, Ohio	1 25
Of Rev. J. H Smith, Burlington, for Recorder	1 00
Of Mr. Thomas E Knox, of Cincinnati, Ohio	1 25
Of Rev. G. H. Rue, of Boston, Mass, on act	2 50
Of Mrs Adeline Muse, of Moorestown, N Jersey	1 25
Of Rev. H H. Smith, of Vincennes, Ind., free will offering	2 20
Of Rev. Wm. Moore, Trenton, N J, free will offering	5 00
Of Rev. Wm Moore, Trenton, N J, on act. for Recorder	3 00
Of Mrs. Anne Fields, of New Hope, New Jersey	1 00
Of Miss Anne A. Johnson, of New Hope, N J	2 00
Of Rev H J Johnson, of New Bedford, Massachusetts	1 12½
Of Mr James Bailey	1 12½

LECTURE

On last Tuesday night, the 6th inst., we were invited to deliver an address to the mothers of Burlington, and others The night was very unfavorable; it stormed very hard; and, indeed, we did not expect to see a half dozen persons out, but, to our great astonishment, there were a goodly number out They far excelled our people here in the city of Philadelphia and if it had not stormed, we believe the church would not have held the people The Lord be praised

CITY ITEMS

The holidays passed off with more than usual interest, as the approaching first of January was looked for with deep feeling The elders of Bethel church, on the recommendation of the Committee of the Official Board, appointed the 31st of December to be observed by the members of the church as a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer, that God would strengthen the President of the United States in his determination to carry out his emancipation policy, that the Federal arms might be successful in the overthrow of Rebellion; and that God might change the hearts of the Northern people from their long and deep rooted prejudice against the African race, to feelings of justice and humanity.

On the evening of the 31st of December (watch meeting) Bethel Church was crowded to overflowing, at least one-fourth of the congregation being whites, who seemed to take a deep interest in the exercises. After a short sermon by Rev. Mr. Arkoe, Rev. Mr Lockwood, (white) missionary to the contrabands, was invited to the stand, and he, by his graphic delineation of God's providence manifested throughout the progress of the rebellion on behalf of the oppressed, held the audience spell-bound until a few minutes of twelve o'clock, when the whole congregation knelt in silent prayer to welcome in the new-born day of liberty. The choir then sang that beautiful and soul-stirring hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," &c. The whole congregation gave a contribution for the benefit of the preacher, church, and poor. By previous arrangement, New Year's day was to be kept by the members of the church as a day of thanksgiving that God had directed the heart of Abraham Lincoln to grapple this institution of slavery, and bring it before the bar of public justice.

A committee, consisting of Wm. Scott, James Robinson, Alfred Laurence, Morris Hall, Henry Gordon, James Gray, Abm Fields, to arrange the programme of the day, purchased four large pound cakes, and placed on tables each side of the main aisle, the cakes sliced. Elder Campbell presided. A thanksgiving sermon followed, by Elder P. Gardner, and Rev. H Davis; after which the congregation was invited to partake of the cake, and at the same time have something on the centre table to cheer the poor. In a very short time, with the exception of crumbs, the mammoth cakes had passed out of sight; but a nice sum was left for the poor The congregation in the meantime singing—

"Blow ye the trumpet," &c.

Services were held in the evening, when the audience was served with a rich treat from Mr. Plandy, a tried friend of the oppressed It was certainly a befitting climax of the day

The day passed off very quietly, and was certainly very creditable to our people We noticed several national flags suspended from public houses, (colored) In Seventh Street, below Lombard, Brown's Hotel, a very large flag, with several small ones, was flung out by the Dalmonico Association. Another large one was suspended from the Hannibal House, Pine St., between 6th and 7th. Taken altogether, the day was well observed, and will pass into history creditable to the colored people of Philadelphia for orderly and quiet behaviour.

ON THE LIFE OF REV. RICHARD ROBERSON—No 2.

(Continued from last Number)

Verbal history informs us that Brother Roberson was admitted into the Church by Bp Quinn, who was then himself a travelling preacher on the Bucks County circuit, to whom Brother Roberson was subject. During the travels of Rev W P Quinn on that circuit, in the year of our Lord 1823, the zeal and the great desire for the spread of the gospel of the blessed Jesus Christ, by the A. M. E Church, seems to have burned with a degree of earnestness at that time to save sinners and heathen, and those who did not exactly worship the eternal God according to the pious teachings of his holy word. Therefore, the Conference wanted some sacrificing, God-fearing and God-loving men to go as missionaries to the island of Hayti, and to Africa.

It was not only necessary that they should be men of God, but able bodied men, who could endure hardships and privations, and who were willing to work for the cause of the blessed Jesus. There were two gigantic men whom the Conference looked upon as *Boanerges* for these barren fields of mission labor. These two individuals were, Richard Roberson and Moses Freeman One of them was to go to Hayti, and the other to Africa, but neither of them were clothed with the first nor the second robe. That is to say, they were neither deacons nor elders In the spring of (May) 1823 the Philadelphia Annual Conference, then sitting in the city of Philadelphia, received the said Richard Roberson into fellowship, who was then and there joined with the Conference of the A M E. Church, in view of preparing him for his arduous services as a missionary; and it was at this Conference that he and the said Moses Freeman were ordained Deacons, side by side, in the Church of God.

This ceremony took place in the fore part of the day, and in the afternoon Moses Freeman was also ordained an Elder—but there was something singular about Brother Freeman's ordination, which we have never before heard or read of—and it will no doubt astonish our readers It was this: It is said by those who were present that Brother Freeman was appointed to preach his own ordination discourse, for an elder, which he did and was ordained an elder afterwards, the same day

This is news to thousands; but our fathers, in olden times, resorted to many more plans than they do now He was ordained to go to Sierra Leone, Africa, and Bro Roberson for Hayti—one a Deacon, the other an Elder They now being sealed with holy orders, they received the title of *Reverend*—as none but ordained persons are entitled to that distinction

Brother Roberson repaired home, and immediately commenced making preparations for his missionary duties, he being, as we have said before, assigned to the Haytien mission field, and some time during the fall of 1823 Brother Roberson and his dear wife Tamar gathered up their trunk, baggage and all, to bid adieu to the fair land of America, to sail upon the deep blue waters of the sea, to the scene of their labor—the field of Hayti to carry glad tidings to that people where the gospel is so much needed Yes, we fancy, while we write, that we can see Brother Roberson and his beloved one, while on the vessel, fall upon their knees together, and implore God's choicest blessing upon them, while sailing away to the mission of work assigned them.

[To be continued]

For the Christian Recorder.

LIFE OF ST CYPRIAN

BY REV [illegible]

CHAPTER I

Carthage. His Birth City

Tunis one of the most flourishing of the north African cities, quite occupies the site of ancient Carthage, where according to the generally received opinion, Thascius Caecilius Cyprian, the African Bishop, Martyr and Saint, was born about the year 200 of our Lord

Lamartine, in his "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," says:

"The country which a great man has inhabited and preferred during his passage on earth, has always appeared to me the surest and most speaking relic of himself a kind of material manifestation of his genius—a mute revelation of a portion of his soul—a living and sensible commentary on his life, actions and thoughts" Accepting these words of the philosophic Frenchman as true, let us review the career of the city of Carthage, so famed by history and tradition

It was in the year 878 before Christ, according to common judgment, that there left secretly and quietly the commodious harbor of Tyre, a small fleet manned by a few Tyrians The Tyrians were then the ruling among the nations.

We may suppose the shades of night had fallen upon that proud city, and the death-stillness which pervaded it was broken alone by the heavy tread of the sentinel, as he performed duty However, the darkness shielded the escaping vessels from detection and capture.

The small fleet is commanded by Elissa who is not only daughter to Belus, the late king, but also the wife of the murdered prince, Acerbas, who was priest to the Tyrian Hercules

But now the royal princess is a refugee, fleeing from the wrath of the reigning king of Tyre, Pygmalion, her brother Tyrant ascending the throne. Pygmalion learnt with sordid pleasure, that Acerbas, the husband of his sister, was in possession of vast treasures. He determined to possess them, though the daughter of Belus should become a widow, and the son a murderer Royal avarice looks alone to results. Conspiracies were at once formed, plots were hastily matured, and the prince priest Acerbas falls a victim to the love of gold. Elissa is burdened with grief, and mourns a husband's death and a brother's cruelty.

She is inconsolable, and as the history of the transaction goes on to say, at the advice, or upon the injunction of the spirit of her departed husband which appeared unto her, she concludes to leave Tyre. A few brave hearted Tyrians unite their fortunes to that of the disconsolate daughter of their king They had seen the injury to which she had been subject, and their devotion to her made them willing to go wherever she dared to lead

Now see the crew in the stillness of night weigh anchor and put to sea With joyful hearts they leave the home of their childhood.

Outrage and wrong is a huge scimeter, severing every attachment to one's birthland. To them, honor, distinction, and royalty had left that city, and with hopeful hearts they were eager to pursue them Having sacrificed to the tutelary deity of Tyre, Melkarth, the "King of the city," and implored the safety and success of his favor, they commit their fortunes to the sea.

Morning comes, and the royal refugees are scarcely beyond view of the Palestine mountains; and as the sun in majesty arises in the eastern sky, Elissa saw in it, the omen of her own glorious rising from the night of sorrow which then encompassed her.

Who can detail the emotions which doubtless pressed that crew? Those hopes and fears ever consequent upon uncertain and dangerous prospects. Elissa, the fair leader, thought upon nothing but the things of the future. To her the past had been all that the heart could possibly desire. The daughter of one of earth's mightiest kings, and the wife of a prince and priest, her life was burdened with earthly glory. But what are past pleasures to present sorrows? what the thought of the well of Bethlehem while in the cave of Adullam? Memory can become as the fabled god, Teotalns, a grief to the soul. Elissa dare not look at the present! How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer? The proud heart of the princess was goaded as she thought upon her present condition. She soliloquized, Here am I, Elissa, the daughter of the mighty king of Tyre, an orphan, a widow, an exile, and my life eagerly sought for. But the gods have decreed that Elissa shall have a throne,—the daughter of Belus and the wife of Acerbas shall enjoy royal honors!—And who can withstand the gods? Thus, did she look forward upon the future with the greatest delight. She revelled amid the courts and palaces of her rising realm

While Elissa was thus made joyous by the hopes of the future, let us ask what were the feelings of those faithful souls whose devotion to the child of their king, led them to follow her into lands unknown? To each of them, doubtless, the future told a pleasing tale. In their hopeful imagination, as their little boats were sweeping o'er the sea, they could view Elissa as their queen, and themselves bright courtiers, with rising cities, extended boundaries, and nations paying tribute.

And what can we not expect from such a band?

The leader, a woman of ability, determination, and ambition; the followers, men who were united, fearless, and deeply imbued with the spirit of sacrifice. A feasible prospect in such hands must be successful

Meanwhile the fleet sails quietly upon the bosom of that midland sea Attending providence eventually manifests itself; a storm rises—the elements are in fearful contention, and the little barks between them suffer terribly For the first time, the hearts of that brave crew fail them. Their hopes, like the Petrel, chose to ride upon the winds and waves Where now the rising kingdom? where the courts and palaces, the cities and ships? Hope brought them, and when it fled, it carried all away.

The storm gradually subsides, and the tossed mariners find themselves upon the coast of a strange land, it proves to be Africa The natives are hospitable and kind as is evidenced from the fact that the strangers are not only permitted to land, but also to purchase ground.

Elissa and her followers at once lay the foundation for a city—the citadel Byrsa is built—trade, foreign and domestic, springs up, population, owing to the social and political alliances formed, rapidly increases,—and Carthage, or the New City, as that name imports, lifts up its head, as chief among the cities of that land

Here was planted the seeds of a great government. It was in a rich soil and grew rapidly, so that in a short time its luxuriant branches cover the whole north of Africa, and stalking across the sea, numerous islands are covered with its shade, and the whole world, even iron Rome acknowledge and tremble at the power of Carthage

(To be continued)

For the Christian Recorder

CAMDEN CORRESPONDENCE

MR EDITOR:—I am aware that much has been said about the festal season, which is now about to close Doubtless many of your readers have grown tired of the many descriptions given of the manner in which the new year's day was celebrated. Amongst our town folks, there was no public demonstration of any sort. The religious exercises on the eve of the great day were about the same as on former occasions Perhaps it would not be amiss to say that the hand marking the time on the dial plate of the clock in the Macedonia, was watched with more than ordinary interest. At last, the happy period arrived, and many were the glad hearts to welcome it An occasional thank God could be heard; and doubtless, the gentle breezes of the morning were well laden with hearty amens, and swiftly wafted heavenward The most frequent expression was, "How brightly the moon shines!" Never did night's fair queen transmit to earth such beams of light divine Bright seraphs in glory, doubtless, had employed each ray, as so many telegraphic wires over which to convey Heaven's kind approval of Freedom's natal day.

When the sun rose, those who observed the bright, golden edged clouds floating gracefully along the eastern horizon, will be forced to admit that more than ordinary splendor encircled the great ruler of the day, as he sat majestically watching the motion of the earth Here and there were to be seen groups of anxious souls discussing the supposed modification, or, rather, the newspaper hints in reference thereto. One man, whose first step for freedom was a leap from the second story window of his master's house, and although thirty five years have passed, during the latter part of which time he has entertained no fear of meeting with any one who dared question his right to dispose of the fruits of his labor. "Yet," said he, "I have never at any time felt as I did this morning. I have never felt free before to-day " I remarked that if any one page of the world's history looks brighter than another, it will be the one upon which this great event is recorded.

The Contraband Relief Committee held a fair during the holidays, and in consequence of the very short time allowed them to get it up, the proceeds will not exceed fifteen dollars. The articles were principally furnished by the stores on commission, the articles being arranged under the tax law It is not very reasonable to suppose that the profits could be very large. I make this statement, because it was expected that the proceeds would reach a higher figure The Committee are entitled to the thanks of the public. Having been a careful observer of their doings throughout, I am prepared to say, and not being directly concerned, I am privileged to say, that no more praise would be due them had they realized one hundred dollars What disposition they will make of the money remains to be seen. In due time you shall be informed.

WEST JERSEY.

For the Christian Recorder
Vincennes, Ind, Jan 2, 1863

DEAR BRO. WEAVER:—I take this opportunity to write you a few lines to let you know that we are still alive. This leaves us in tolerable health, and still trying to keep the ark moving. After my respects to you and lady, I hope this may find you both in good health. I am glad to inform you that we held our watch-meeting on Wednesday night, and the good Lord was with us—we had quite a refreshing time. I have not failed to lay the claims of the Recorder before our people. I had the promise of some new subscribers. I also sent $3,50 in my last letter, on subscription, which you will please to receipt when it comes to hand. I also saw in one of your numbers a request made by your committee in regard to a free-will offering, for the purpose of enabling you to issue some more hymn-books. I stated the matter to the people on my circuit. As a response to the call, I enclose in this letter the sum of $2,20, the proceeds of a collection on Christmas night. Please accept this as a free-will offering at the hands of the citizens of Vincennes. The subscribers here say that their time is not out until March, so they expect to receive the paper, at the present price, until that time. I may here say that I have received but three papers since giving my name as a subscriber. Please write, and let me know if this comes safely to hand.

Yours in Christ,
H. B. SMITH.

For the Christian Recorder

FROM TRENTON, N J.

January 6th, 1863

DEAR BROTHER:—This comes to inform you that Trenton Circuit has responded to the call for the free-will offering. The circuit sends you five dollars—one dollar and fifty cents from Pennington; thirty cents of the money from the Sabbath School of Pennington Brother Light is the Superintendent of the school, and his whole soul is in the work.

We have some fine teachers under Bro Light, both male and female He deemed it no more than right that the children should have a hand in the good work. Three dollars and fifty cents from Mount Zion A. M E Church, Trenton. No doubt that Lewisville will do something. I enclose you three dollars from the sale of the *Christian Recorder*. Brother James Satchy is acting as agent So far he appears to be very active He wishes to know exactly what are your demands from him, and about the postage Drop me a few lines about the matter in your next paper. Please mention about Trenton and Pennington.

You will do me a favor by announcing my quarterly meetings as follows:

QUARTERLY MEETINGS

Jan 11th and 12th, at Pennington
Jan. 24th and 25th, at Trenton.
Jan 31st and Feb 1st, at Lewisville.

No doubt, if you keep the great matter of the free will offering constantly before the brethren, they will all respond to the earnest appeal for assistance

No more at present, but remain

Yours fraternally, WM MOORE.

NOTICE

Will the citizens or ministers in Jersey City, N J, or on the Circuit, have the kindness to make inquiries of my lost brother, who was taken from Baltimore Md, in 1858 by his brother-in-law, John Travis, and supposed to have left him with his cousin, by the name of John Cornish, he, the boy, was about ten years old, bright complexion, has a large brown mark on the stomach, answers to the name of William Henry Emry

Signed, SARAH A TRAVIS

Please direct said information to my address, No 1411 Spruce Street, Philadelphia

THE WAY TO HEAVEN

A CONVERSATION IN A COTTAGE

A clergyman was visiting an old couple in a distant part of his parish The wife was unwell and the old man had no work to do that day; so they were sitting together by the fire The minister, after some conversation, opened the Bible at the 7th chapter of Revelation, and read from the 9th verse, beginning, "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude," down to the end of the chapter The old couple listened with great attention When he had done, the minister turned to the old man and said:

"That's a beautiful passage, Master Hill"

"Ay, sir, it is indeed"

"I hope *you* are looking that way with all your heart, and your wife too"

"I hope we are, sir, I'm sure, both of us. It's time we should"

"Tell me, what it is you look to, to bring you to that happy place?"

The old man seemed a little confused by the question; but in a few moments he answered:

"Well, sir, I must do as well as I can"

"And do you think *that* will save you?"

"I hope so, sir. I don't know as I can do any more"

"I'll tell you what, Master Hill," said the clergyman, very solemnly, "you'll never get to heaven so That was not the way those happy people got there of whom I have been reading You'll never get there so"

The old man looked as if he saw he had said something wrong, but he knew not how to mend his answer; so the clergyman said, 'Let me read part of it again,' and once more he read as follows 'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb'

"There is nothing there," continued he, "about having done as well as they could; they did not get there so"

"No, sir, no I see it better now They got there by the blood of the Lamb. It says they did"

"Yes, by the blood of the Lamb, the Lamb of God, Jesus Christ They had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; *therefore* they were before the throne of God, safe and happy forever They had lived on earth once as we do, and had been sinners like we But they had repented of their sins, and gone to Christ for pardon. They had not looked to be saved by doing as well as they could, or by being no worse than others They had felt themselves to be sinners, with no help and no hope in themselves, and had fled to Jesus to save them They looked to be saved because Jesus had died for them, and on that ground alone Thus they were saved. Thus they got to heaven. They never could have got there in any other way. Try and remember this; try, both of you, never to forget, from this time, that the way to heaven is to wash your robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb—that is, go to Christ with all your hearts, seeking pardon through his blood. Treasure this up in your hearts It is the happiest thing you can think of, that the way to heaven is by the blood of Christ—that his blood has been shed for sinners, and that you have but to wash and be clean. It is freely offered to you, 'without money and without price.' In all your thoughts, in all your prayers, remember this. Cast away all thought of being saved by your own doings, and take Christ for your all in all Now let us kneel down together." And they knelt down, and the minister prayed that God would teach their hearts by his Spirit, and cause them all to see and know Christ, and bring them, through his precious blood, to be happy with him forever And so he took his leave.

It was plain that no Gospel-light had ever before shone into that old man's heart He had never, up to that moment, seen the way to salvation. Yet he was constant at church, as far as age and distance would allow And seldom in that church was a sermon preached, in which salvation through Christ was not plainly set forth He was dark in the midst of light.

It is to be feared that there are many such—many who hear the Gospel for years, and yet get no light as to the way of salvation—still dark, though living in the midst of light.

Reader, perhaps you are dark too. If so, look well at these blessed words, these words of God; and may they bring light to your soul. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God"

Here are some, you see, safe and happy forever; how did they reach that blessed place? They washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb They repented, they fled to Christ, they placed all their hopes on his precious blood that was shed for sinners That is the way for *you*, that is the way for *me*—the only way. Do not talk about doing your best, or doing nobody any harm, or doing this, or doing that. Do not trust to your church going or your chapel going All this will never, never save you Trust simply in *the blood of Jesus* Think it not enough to hear of it, or even to understand it Knowing the way will not take you to heaven; you must walk in the way Understanding about the blood of Christ will not save you; you must seek it for yourself. Pray that you may know and feel this Pray that the Holy Spirit may be given you, to teach you. Come now, with all your heart, to Jesus Christ. Pray that you may be made clean forgiven, reconciled, and accepted in him; and then see, oh! see what God has in store for you

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters. and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

IRON-CLADS

In these days of iron-clad ships, the following item from the *Messager du Midi* is of interest:

"The laying up of the frigate La Gloire in the Castigneau dock has disclosed three unexpected phenomena; first, that the contact of the copper lining and the submerged iron plates had established a galvanic current, which produced the effect of a voltaic pile, and was completely deteriorating the armor of the frigate in the parts below the water line; secondly, that a species of shell-fish, hitherto unknown, was afterwards discovered among the millions of mollusca by which the hull was covered, apparently produced under the influence of the same galvanic current; and, lastly, in the hold of the vessel 22,000 litres of wine were found to be transformed into vinegar, it is not known by what influence"

THE Paris *Moniteur* says. "The Imperial library has been authorized by Imperial decree to accept the donation made to it by the Duke de Luynes, of his magnificent collection, composed of 7800 coins, 373 cameos, engraved stones, and cylinders; 188 pieces of jewellery in gold, 301 bronze statuettes, 13 suits of armor and ancient arms, 85 Etruscan and Grecian vases, a great number of monuments of different kinds, a superb head of a Roman statue in bronze, and an admirable torso of Venus in Grecian marble The learned world will appreciate the great importance of this donation

APOSTROPHE

Unceasing care! endless unrest!
To struggle daily 'gainst the ever [illegible] tide!
Laboring to keep a firm and steady hold
On honor, virtue and integrity
Midst envy, malice, hatred, [illegible] spite,
And the [illegible]
To watch [illegible] truth!

Such is my [illegible]
To shield their [illegible] arrows at!
Yet, at this post of duty will I stand,
Steady, unyielding, as the firm set earth,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

J J

HOW KNOX AND LUTHER PRAYED

During the troublesome times of Scotland, when the popish court and aristocracy were arming themselves to suppress the Reformation in that land, and the cause of Protestant Christianity was in imminent peril, late on a certain night, John Knox was seen to leave his study, and to pass from the house down into an enclosure in the rear of it He was followed by a friend; when, after a few moments of silence, his voice was heard as if in prayer In another moment the accents deepened into intelligible words, and the earnest petition went up from his struggling soul to heaven, "O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!" Once more all was voiceless and noiseless, when, with a yet more intense pathos, the thrice-repeated intercession struggled forth, 'O Lord, give me Scotland, or I die!' And God gave him Scotland, in spite of Mary and her Cardinal Beaton, a land and a Church of noble Christian loyalty to Christ and his crown How could it be otherwise?

So Luther when Germany and the Reformation seemed to be lost, and human help was none; this was the prayer which that second Moses went and laid down at the foot of the eternal throne, "O God, Almighty God everlasting! how dreadful is this world! behold how its mouth opens to swallow me up and how small is my faith in thee! If I am to depend upon any strength of the world, all is over The knell is struck Sentence is gone forth. O God! O God! O thou my God! help me against all the wisdom of the world Thou shouldst do this. The work is not mine, but thine I have no business here. The cause is thine, and it is righteous and everlasting. O Lord, help me O faithful and unchangeable God! I lean not on man My God, my God, dost thou not hear? My God, art thou no longer living? Nay, thou canst not die Thou dost not hide thyself Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it. Therefore, O God, accomplish thine own will. Forsake me not for the sake of thy well beloved Son, Jesus Christ, my defence, my buckler, and my stronghold"

But he had not done Once more the tide of emotion and importunity burst forth, 'Lord, where art thou? My God, where art thou? Come, I pray thee; I am ready Behold me prepared to lay down my life for thy truth For the cause is holy It is thine own I will not let thee go,—no, nor yet for all eternity! My soul is thine! Yes, I have thine own word to assure me of it My soul belongs to thee, and will abide with thee forever Amen! O God, send help! Amen."

The history of the salvation and sanctification of human souls hitherto is the history of such praying as this, in spirit, if not in these or any uttered words Such holy earnestness and familiarity never offends the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who through him is the God of all grace and consolation

The Family Treasury.

SALVATION

BY DR JOHN M MASON.

I. Salvation confers deliverance from guilt The punishment to which our fallen nature is liable, is commonly styled the penalty of the law—is death, in the widest signification of the word, and is the just award of sin; for the wages of sin is death With this death Adam was threatened in case of disobedience, when God enjoined abstinence from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, as the pledge of his fidelity. Now since he stood in a federative character, and neither the precept nor its sanction was confined to the person of Adam, but embraced, in him, those who should spring from him, it follows, that "all his posterity, descending from him by ordinary generation, sinned in him, and fell with him, in his first transgression" So saith the scripture: In Adam all die —By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned; and by one offence judgment is come upon all men to condemnation. Therefore, our deplorable condition is, that we are, by nature, children of wrath. Born under a broken law, eternal justice attaches our persons, and binds us over to all the evils which the curse of that law contains. And till we become the sons of God by faith in Christ Jesus, the actions of every day augment our guilt, and in the same proportion our wo But the salvation of the gospel delivers us from the curse It dissolves forever our connexion with the law as a rule of life: it dissolves this connexion by bestowing upon us a justifying righteousness: a righteousness in which we are complete; a righteousness, which Jehovah himself will pronounce unblemished; a righteousness not wrought out, indeed, by ourselves, but by our surety. Our rejoicing is that Messiah has magnified the law, and made it honorable, and therefore, that "Jehovah is well pleased for his righteousness' sake." The Father made him to be sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him: and in accomplishing this work, the amazing work which was given him to do, he has redeemed them from the curse of the law, and forever perfected them who are sanctified.

God is angry with men, not because they are finite, but because they are wicked. It is sin which renders them the objects of his abhorrence If, then, a righteousness which provides at once for the safety of the criminal and for the glory of the Lawgiver; which pays to justice her full demand; which repairs the indignity done to the law, blots out every aspersion upon God's character, and vindicates the rights of his government: if such a righteousness can be imparted to the sinner, and can be pleaded by him, his guilt is removed, and with it must be removed the Lord's holy displeasure The gospel-salvation, therefore, in procuring for sinners a justifying righteousness, procures

2. Reconciliation with an offended God.

The necessity of such a reconciliation has been felt by the consciences, and owned by the practice of men in every age This invaluable blessing was typified by all the expiatory sacrifices, and by all the sacerdotal employment of the Levitical economy. This enviable blessing, Christ, the apostle and high priest of our profession—Christ, the author of eternal redemption, has obtained: he has made peace by the blood of his cross: he has made reconciliation for iniquity: and God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them It is in Christ, that the Father considers the heirs of salvation Accounting the work of Christ as theirs, and the satisfaction of Christ as theirs, he says of them, they are all fair, there is no spot in them. This benefit of the covenant, sealed upon the heart by the Spirit of promise, delivers from the terrors and the misgivings of an unappeased conscience, and fills with that divine peace which passeth all understanding. By virtue of this reconciliation, we can view with composure the high demands of the violated law, we can look forward with confidence to the tribunal of our Judge The Judge is our friend, who has blotted out with his own blood, the black and heavy accusation which was marked against us. Thus reconciled, we, who were once afar off are brought nigh unto God, and joy in him, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have received the atonement

This doctrine of justification and acceptance, by which Christ is declared to do everything, and we to do nothing, is reprobated by many as encouraging sloth, and promoting immorality. Were it possible, indeed, to be freed from the condemnation of sin, and yet to remain under its power, there can be no doubt that man would be induced to commit all uncleanness with greediness, and the doctrine which should assert a deliverance of this kind, would unquestionably lead to licentiousness, and would be supremely execrable, but let it not be forgotten, that with freedom from guilt and reconciliation to God, is inseparably connected, in the

3d place, The restoration of our nature

God can be pleased with nothing but excellence; and there is no moral excellence but what resembles himself The restoration, then, of our nature, termed in scripture the being born again,—the being renewed in the spirit of our minds,—the being created anew in Christ Jesus, consists in the recovery, by Christ the moral excellence, (the divine image, which we have lost in Adam) What that excellence (what that image) is we can be at no loss to determine, when unerring truth has declared that the new man is, after God, created in knowledge, righteousness, and true holiness In knowledge, that we may discern the true end of our being, the true source of our happiness, the true value of things temporal and things eternal In righteousness; not that righteousness which justifies the sinner This is widely different from the righteousness which forms in believers a part of their Father's image This latter is purchased by the former: the one, that by which we are justified, is a righteousness imputed, the other is a righteousness implanted The one is a righteousness without us; the other is a righteousness within us The one is absolutely perfect; the other is not, cannot be, perfect, till that which is in part is done away It is, properly speaking, a rectitude of nature; a rectitude which expresses and exerts itself in sanctified acts and sanctified habits, and these acts and habits are what the apostle terms true holiness Let it not then be wondered at, that they who live under the influence of the belief, that there is, that there can be, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, are most afraid of sin, and most adorn in all things the doctrine of God their Saviour This fact, (and let men argue as they please, it is a stubborn fact which no ingenuity can explain away,) this fact is an inexplicable riddle to the worldling: but the easy solution of it is, that they have another nature; and holiness is as much the element of the new creature, as sin is the element of the old. The name Jesus was given to the Mediator because he saves his people from their sins Sin, says the apostle, shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under the law, but under grace: and he that is born of God sinneth not, because his seed abideth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God

Heaven is the proper abode of innocence and holiness It is the abode which Christ hath prepared for them who love him. They, therefore, who are delivered by his righteousness from the guilt of sin, whom he has reconciled to God, and whose nature the Spirit of truth has renovated and restored, must enjoy,

4 As a part of their salvation, a sure title to everlasting life.

For these (favored ones) there is reserved in heaven, an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away This is the record of God, that he hath given to us eternal life; and this life is in his Son He, therefore, who hath the Son, hath eternal life. Eternal life! how big the expression! Eternal life! Who can tell, who can think, its glories? If it is desirable to be forever free from fears and fightings, from sin; and pain, and sorrow; if it be a comfort to have all the graces of the Divine Spirit, which at best can but bud in this cold and frozen clime; to expand in their native soil; to shed the fragrance, and bloom in the beauty of Paradise—If it be pleasant to mingle in familiar society with holy angels and holy men; to admire with them the countless wonders of creation and providence; and the superior wonders of redeeming love—If it be delightful to be honored with the unclouded communion of a triune Jehovah; to taste pure streams from the fountain of uncreated joy flowing perpetually into the gladdened soul; if these things can constitute bliss, blessed is the son of adoption; blessed is the heir of Christ; he has eternal life, and eternal life comprehends them all!

LIFE BY FAITH.

The Rev Dr. McGill, Professor in Princeton, preached a sermon on Living by Faith, before the Synod of New Jersey at its late meeting The discourse was deemed so pertinent to the troublous times on which we have fallen, so full of sustaining truth most clearly and forcibly expressed, that the Synod appointed a Committee to publish it and spread it widely through the country. Its length precluded us from giving it entire to our readers, but Mr Bidwell has published it in the *National Preacher*, and the Committee are distributing it in pamphlet form. Such a passage as the one below comes home to the Christian heart, and we are sure that hundreds of thousands of our readers might find strength in its perusal:

There was never since the world began, a problem for our faith to solve, so hard as that which tries American believers at this time We trusted that this model and mighty republic had been it which should have redeemed the world from the curse of despotic rule, and the turbulence of incessant revolution. We trusted that a mission of millennial glory had been the reserve for which the bright evangelization of this continent was long preparing, and that the tie of the nation's heart with British nationality, in its aims of enlightened faith and freedom for the whole race, which had just been restored, was the very league that God's anointed would ordain to guaranty the world's salvation But alas! how suddenly and horribly has all this hope and trust been dashed to pieces! The most peaceful realm beneath the sun has become already the most bloody battle-ground on the face of the earth And Edomitish envy, aristocracy, and greed, all at once forget the league they courted, and cry out against the hated republic: "Rase it, rase it, even to the foundation thereof" Hostile camps which frown defiance at each other with such a bitter hate that scarcely a sentinel can live between them, are hostile prayer-meetings also; and the Lord of Hosts himself is held by a wrestling faith, which seems strong enough on each side to remove mountains Faith against faith fights, as if even Christ were divided, and the elements of this fratricidal strife would go up to mingle in the censer which burns in the most holy place of the highest heavens.

How can faith live through this deadly duel? How escape the ruin of a house divided against itself? Or persevere when all the promises on which it lives and feeds are made themselves a common object of rapine and plunder?

Hard as the problem may be to reason, there is no great difficulty in the exercise of faith; it never claims that prayer must be answered in the very form, and at the very time, the anguish of the heart may dictate, and feels that prayer is well requited, when faith alone is strengthened, and some other boon of visible or invisible mercy is given, as much better for our best welfare, as God's wisdom is greater than ours Blind and bewildered as we are, in all the calculations of sense, there is chart enough in the volume of inspired and uninspired history, to guide us in believing "Shall I go up again to battle against the children of Benjamin my brother?" said the weeping multitude of the children of Israel, when they asked counsel of the Lord, after having lost twenty two thousand men before the gate of Gibeah, notwithstanding all their overwhelming advantages "And the Lord said, Go up against him" Faith obeyed; and was again defeated, with the loss of eighteen thousand men, who all drew the sword Again they came to the oracle of God, with weeping and fasting, burnt offering and peace-offering, and said: "Shall I yet go out to battle against the children of Benjamin my brother, or shall I cease? And the Lord said, Go up, for to morrow I will deliver them into thy hand"

Such was the agony of faith in that great civil war, which desolated the Hebrew commonwealth in the morning of its greatness Such the piety and persistency of its life, until a peace was conquered by the extermination, almost, of one tribe of Israel; yet the beauties of Old Testament religion follow that war with a brighter effulgence than ever; as the Spirit of inspiration has given its pages to our faith We have Ruth, and Samuel, and David, in quick succession; we have the magnanimity of all the tribes, effacing the rancor of Benjamin, by taking the first of their kings from this diminished tribe; and excepting the sin of asking for a king at all, we have all the lustre of that theocratic empire in the sequel: its consolidation, its renown its greatest benefit and blessing to the nations of the earth

History hardly affords us another parallel so near to our condition, unless it was when the Puritans under Cromwell, and the Presbyterians of Scotland were marshalled against each other and each camp was like a Bethel, for praying and preaching. Terrible tribulation followed that quarrel at the restoration of Charles the Second, which it speedily accomplished; and both parties were punished, until the whole theatre of their unnatural and unseemly feud became a threshing floor on which Almighty wrath seemed intent on crushing liberty, religion, and morals in a comtion d struction But at length " handful of corn," thrust out in the extremities of persecuting violence, and trampled in the ground by [illegible]-house and his dragoons, came up to "shake like Lebanon," giving to Great Britain the principles of her best revolution, and to America the seed of ours, and to the world a rich inheritance of regulated freedom

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PLYMOUTH BRETHREN

We notice that in the English papers much is said in regard to the operations of the *Plymouth Brethren*, or as they are otherwise called, "Darbyites." They seem to be giving trouble to some other bodies, especially to the evangelical party of the Church of England, and numerous pamphlets and newspaper articles have been levelled at them. There are a few of this persuasion in Philadelphia, and as we chanced to be present at one of their meetings a short time ago, we will give a brief statement of what we saw and heard.

The room in which the service was held was a large hall, and the congregation numbered, we suppose, one hundred and fifty. When we entered, the leader of the meeting was praying, and we were instantly attracted by the propriety and solemnity of the prayer. The petition which we always love to hear was used—"May it please Thee, O Lord, of thy gracious goodness, speedily to accomplish the number of thine elect, and to hasten thy kingdom." We heard no singing in this part of the service; and immediately after the prayer, the leader arose and began a discourse. He spoke with great readiness and ease, and his enunciation was so clear and fine, as to give great attractiveness to his speech. He read the parables of the mustard seed, and of the leaven hid in three measures of meal. These he proceeded to expound as intended to exhibit the evil side of the Church; instructing his hearers that the mustard seed represented the Church, which at first was small, but grew by the time of Constantine to greatness; and then, that the emissaries of Satan, represented by the fowls of the air, came and lodged in it, and that the leaven represented the corrupting influences which speedily spread through the Church, and made it unworthy the name of the Church of God. The religion of the present day, the speaker said, was *Churchianity*, and not Christianity, and in both the form in which it appeared, Papal and Protestant, it was equally erroneous, and equally deleterious. The discourse here degenerated into what seemed to us to be railing accusations against all Christian churches and people, and so ended. The spirit of reprehension and sharp accusation of all unlike them, seems to be the dead fly in the precious ointment of this people. The purely devotional parts of the service were very pleasant, and we enjoyed them greatly, but the sermon, discourse, or lecture, or whatever they call it, dashed all our pleasure. It is, however, the ungracious task of every new sect to be forced to justify its own existence, by protesting constantly against the errors and weaknesses of all who have gone before it.—*Presbyterian.*

* * *

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Rev. Robert Travis, an aged and superannuated minister of the New York East Conference, called at this office the other day to give us the following narrative: A cousin of his eleven years ago, when seventeen years old, became a member of his family, and soon after connected herself with the Jane street M. E. Church in this city. Five years afterward, through the persuasions of a family with whom she formed an acquaintance, she connected herself with the Romish Church and deserted him. Although she had a good education she was induced to enter the "Sacred Heart," that she might become more accomplished. Here she was treated kindly for seven or eight months, when she was enticed to Montreal on a pleasure trip. At this city she was placed in a convent, and persuaded to remain. Becoming dissatisfied, however, she expressed her wish to return to her friends, but was sternly denied permission. When she stated her determination to do so, whether allowed or not, she was informed that she could neither escape nor obtain the means to leave. Anxiety preyed upon her, and she was taken sick and brought near to death. In that condition, when unconscious of what she was doing, she was forced to take the black veil. In February last she wrote a letter to her friends disclosing her feelings and her situation, and confided it to an acquaintance, who promised to post it; but she betrayed her and gave it to the priest. At confession she was rudely charged by the priest with being a Protestant at heart, and in proof of this her intercepted letter was referred to. An altercation ensued, in which she became excited and charged the priest with falsehood. She subsequently implored the mother superior to allow her to return to die among her friends, but her solicitation was of no avail. She was narrowly watched and her clothes and writing materials were kept from her. After having been five years in the convent, one evening, seeing the gate left open to accommodate an ecclesiastic, she disguised herself, inverted her hood, and made her escape, passing the priest as he entered sharply eyeing her. She went to the house of a Baptist minister, who, assuring her that his house was not a safe refuge, sent her for safety to Rev Mr. Roussey, the superintendent of the Grand Ligne Mission, where Mr Travis found her in a state of destitution. Before she left this city her priest declared to her that Romanists were allowed to read the Bible; that the assertion of the contrary was a Protestant slander; but when she entered the convent the priest forbade her the use of the Scriptures under pain of excommunication and the damnation of hell. During her stay at the institution she never saw any part of the Bible except the New Testament. The young woman is now with Mr Travis, at 106 Hammond street. We took the above statement from the lips of Mr T., omitting some particulars, taking care to keep within the truth, and to employ some euphemism.

* * *

(Correspondence of the New York Observer.)

RELIGIOUS AWAKENING IN MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, Dec. 24, 1862.

DEAR SIRS:—Will you kindly give insertion to your columns to a few lines respecting a work of grace which is now in operation in this city? A few weeks ago, the Rev. J. H. Boner, of the American Presbyterian Church, invited the Rev. K. P. Hammond, then laboring in Hamilton, C. W., to visit Montreal. Mr Hammond arrived on the 13th inst., and the next day preached twice in Mr. Boner's church. Since then, from three to four meetings have been held daily: two for children, who flock to hear Mr Hammond in crowds; one for prayer, and one in the evening for preaching to adults. Some of these meetings have been held in another church, the largest Protestant place of worship in the city. In this building, on Sabbath afternoon, from three thousand to four thousand souls were assembled, whilst several hundred Christians of all denominations gathered in the lecture room for prayer.

The results of these efforts thus far are delightful. There are supposed to be upwards of a thousand inquirers, and it is to be hoped that hundreds have found Christ. Some very remarkable cases of conversion have taken place, and Christians are rejoicing that the reviving of the Lord's work here, for which some have been praying for years, has commenced. Ministers and laymen of all the denominations are uniting in prayer and in labor, and going among the many awakened souls and pointing them to the cross and to Him who died there for. For several days there was a feeling of mistrust in some minds, but those who from timidity or for reason, at first stood aloof, are now found heartily at work. In fact, several ministers have been forced to take part, for many of the members of their congregations were awakened and some converted. I am sure, Dear Sirs, that your selves and numerous readers will rejoice at this good news from the "ends of the North." I heartily trust that we in Montreal may soon hear similar news from the South. G.

In the Austrian war budget, now under consideration, there is one item in which rats and mice are supposed to have figured, as a sum of [illegible] is recorded for [illegible] of rats in th[illegible] kept in the victualling magazines of the army.

FRIENDS CAN BLESS FRIENDS IN THE ARMY

It seems as clear as day, that giant VICES will ruin our Armies and our Armies ruin us, unless we use measures which God shall bless to prevent it. "Keep up," said an aged General, "keep up correspondence with friends in the Army and save them from camp vices. There is nothing like home influence."

We thank God for the United States Mail in this terrible crisis. A letter goes with steam speed from our extreme North, to some soldier in the extreme South. It contains a Tract against the wasting sins of armies—it glows with affection—it binds a heart there to a heart here, with a cord of love, and saves a husband, a brother a son from the abyss of vice—from a drunkard's grave!

We publish more than twenty different Tracts on the [illegible] and sins of our Army and Navy, and the Lord blesses our humble enterprise.

Our Tracts are short. God has given us one talent, which is to tell all we know in a few words. Our Tracts are readable. Soldiers read them, because they are short and soldier-like in style.

Satan and SIN in camps and elsewhere are bold. Our Tracts are bold. We write them, we spread them, on our own responsibility. Hence we can rebuke sin boldly. We have nobody to please but God, and a few honest souls who send us a little money and bid us use "great boldness of speech."

The tracts spring essentially from one heart and mind—hence they do not quarrel among themselves nor with Tract Societies. They execute their mission; they battle the common enemy with but little pomp and parade.

They are not expensive. Printed on light paper—they are light artillery, and can travel cheap. We enclose half a dozen, together with a letter, in a three cent envelope, and a half dime covers the whole cap use.

Reader, we beg you to write, and write [illegible] to your friend fighting our battles. If you are too poor and find this a burden, then do the next best thing.—Once every few days send him a friendly Tract. The postage will be one cent. The Tracts will be nothing should you apply for them, and should a Gracious God continue to bless us, as He will, with here and there a generous friend who will send funds to meet such demands.

We have a glorious Army and Navy, and it will be an "everlasting shame" if brave men, ready to die for our nation, shall perish by the hellish vices of War through neglect of friends at home.

Fitchburg, Mass. GEO. TRASK.

* * *

EXPULSION OF AN OLD SCHOOL MINISTER FROM ST. LOUIS

OFFICE OF PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL,
DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI,
ST LOUIS, MO., Dec 19, 1862.

Whereas, on account of unmistakeable evidence of sympathy with rebellion on the part of Rev Samuel B McPheeters, pastor of the Pine Street Church, certain loyal members of his congregation, about six months since, urged him to avow his sentiments openly, and to take a stand in favor of the Government, which he has refused to do, and has also published and circulated two letters within the last two weeks, in which he not only refuses to avow himself a friend to the Government, but also refuses to declare whether he is in favor of the success of the authorities of the nation in their efforts to put down a cruel and desolating rebellion, and has failed to remove a wide-spread and increasing impression that he desires the success of the rebel cause; and whereas, the said McPheeters, acting with others of the same denomination, has used all the influence of his ministerial character to prevent the body of the church with which he is connected from declaring or manifesting its loyalty to the Government, and has refused to observe, in the obvious meaning and intent, the recommendations of the President of the United States to the various churches, and has allowed the influence of his wife, his brothers, and his intimate associates to seduce him from an open and a manly support of the Government into active sympathy with the rebellion, whereby the influence of his ministerial position has greatly encouraged the enemies of the Government in their wicked schemes for its overthrow, and is still exerting an injurious influence, especially among the youth and other members of his congregation, leading them to believe that he sympathises with the rebels, and justifies their cause, and to adopt sentiments of hostility to the Government and to become active rebels; and whereas, in his course of unfriendliness to the Government, and sympathy with, and favor to rebels, the said McPheeters has been stimulated and encouraged, if not led on, by his wife, who openly avows herself a rebel, whereby the said McPheeters and his wife have forfeited their right to the protection and favor of the Government to their present position, and have become promoters of rebellion and civil discord. Therefore, it is ordered that the said McPheeters and his wife leave the State of Missouri within ten days after the service of this order, and that they take up their residence within the free States north of Indianapolis, and west of Pennsylvania, and remain there during the war; and that said McPheeters cease from this date to exercise the functions of his office within the State of Missouri, and that he deliver to the Clerk of the Session of Pine Street Church all books, records and papers belonging to that church.

It is further ordered, that the church edifice, books and papers, at the corner of Eleventh and Pine streets, be placed under the control of three loyal members of Pine street church, namely, George P Strong, James M Corbitt and John M Ferguson, who shall see that its pulpit be filled by a loyal minister of the Gospel, who can invoke the blessing of the Head of the Church upon the efforts of the Government to re-establish its authority.

By command of Major-General Curtis
F. A. DICK, Provost Marshal General,
Department Missouri.

Domestic Items.

The Army of the Frontier—A Difficult and Daring Raid Made by the United States Forces—Capture of Van Buren, Ark

Fayetteville, Arkansas, December 29th.—One of the most difficult and daring raids of the war has just been made by a part of the Army of the Frontier.

On Saturday Gen. Herron started with a portion of his cavalry and infantry forces for the other side of the Boston Mountains. Gen Blunt left Cane Hill at the same time by another route—the two columns being about 5,000 strong.

They started in light marching order, with six days' cooked rations, and marched forty-[illegible] miles without stoppage.

General Herron took with him two batteries without caissons. The artillery and baggage wagons were drawn across the mountains by twelve horse teams.

At daylight yesterday morning the two commands joined at Lee's Creek, three miles south of the mountains, from whence the cavalry and artillery, numbering two thousand men, started for Van Buren, leaving the infantry to follow as fast as possible.

Two rebel regiments of cavalry were encountered at Dripping Spring. After a sharp skirmish they were put to flight, leaving seven killed and a number of wounded on the field.

Our forces immediately followed, the rebels fleeing to Van Buren, where a splendid charge was made by Gens. Blunt and Herron in person, resulting in a complete victory over the enemy.

The rebel cavalry rushed aboard some steamboats which were lying at the wharf, and escaped to the other side of the river. Two of the steamers, with over a hundred prisoners among them, were captured. A third boat was run ashore, which, with the others, will be destroyed.

A large quantity of corn, camp equipage, transportation, and a number of mules and horses were also seized. The full extent of the capture is not yet known.

When the messenger left, the infantry and artillery were about eight miles in the rear, hastening forward as fast as the nearly impassable roads would allow.

The people of that section were taken entirely by surprise and were terribly frightened.

Gen. Hindman is on the other side of the river with his whole force, unable and unwilling to engage us.

Local Affairs in Richmond.

[From the Richmond Examiner, Jan 2.]

GREAT ADVANCE IN SUGAR AND MOLASSES.—From some cause, unknown outside the circle [illegible] in one of sorts, the two staple commodities of sugar and molasses have taken an alarming rise within the past two or three days, and prices have reached figures never before attained since the war gave an ruinous and unhealthy value to everything that afforded a speculative turn.

Brown sugar sold yesterday at 95 cts. per pound by the barrel, and molasses at $6.18@25 per gallon, wholesale. The same commodities were retailing—sugar at $1@1 10 per pound, and molasses at $7 50 and $8, and upward, per gallon.

Parties who profess to know attribute the advance to the active aggressive operations of the enemy in the South and Southwest, which may ultimately result in the destruction of communication with Richmond for a time. This, and the real reason, will serve well for an excuse, and the speculative mania that will now certainly ensue, will run up prices beyond the present rates, if the matter be not taken in hand by the Government or the people.

THE HIRING SEASON.—Yesterday the negro hiring season reached its climax in Richmond. The offices of the hiring agents were crowded with masters and mistresses hunting negroes and all ages and conditions.

No sooner was [illegible] the black man overflowed into the street, and [illegible] along the sidewalks and gutter, waiting to be hired, while expressions such as "Hab you been hired yet?" "What's your massa this year?" were heard, occasionally interrupted by a "breakdown" upon the pavement.

Stimulated by the spirit of extortion which has come to pervade all transactions in which money is concerned, the "negro" in commercial parlance, may be quoted as off, and holding firm above former quotations considerably.

Those who, being free, have the hiring out of themselves, imitate the master of slave-labor, and hold themselves up to the highest bidder with an amount of assurance and impudence that deserves to bring him a "knock-down" at least.

The number of negroes hiring in Richmond and vicinity is greater than at any former season, from the fact that hundreds have been sent here by their owners from the counties to prevent their falling into the possession of the enemy.

MARKET REPORTS, Jan 31.—The general business of the city will not be fairly resumed before the end of next week. The warehouses, mills and manufactories are all still closed.

The "almighty nigger" and the exorbitant price of his hire is everywhere the topic of conversation, and the endless source of wonderment. Adult negroes, male and female, are hiring for two hundred and two hundred and fifty dollars. Boys between 12 and 15 bring seventy-five dollars.

Government is hiring a great number of negroes, and is regulating the price. The present offers a fine opportunity for persons who have been driven from their homes by the enemy to dispose of their negroes for the year.

Nothing has advanced so much in price within the last twelve months as alcoholic liquors, and the prospect is that they have not yet touched the top. The vilest whisky, which before the war a gentleman would not give to his negroes, is now eagerly sought after and bought at from $25 to $30 a gallon. French brandy is worth from $40 to $45.

Apple brandy is now the best and cheapest liquor to be had in the market, but even that has within the past two days advanced as many dollars. We quote it to day at $20 a gallon. The small quantity in this market, and the impossibility of bringing on a further supply in the entire absence of transportation, must send it up still higher in a very short time. We should not be surprised if it should advance to twenty-five dollars by the close of the week.

"NEGRO EQUALITY" IN RICHMOND.—STRANGE SCENE.—On Wednesday evening, as the congregation of the Broad Street Methodist Church were about being dismissed, the egress was barred by the appearance at the door of a negro wedding cortege, men and women, in flashing attire, who pressed into the church and compelled the congregation to remain themselves promiscuously among them. It was a perfect negro surprise—no one in the congregation, and not even the minister, being previously apprised of the object of their visit. It was soon made known, however, and two sable couples, who had taken each other "for better or for worser," were ranged before the altar. The Rev. Mr. Doggett adjusted the matrimonial fetters upon the one pair, and the Rev. Mr Nolly hotly coupled the other pair. The negro retinue then retired from the church, and the congregation—spectators to the ceremony against their will—were permitted to return to their homes.

Some of the members of the congregation are very indignant at this usurpation of their sanctuary, and contend that as the negroes have churches and ministers of their own accredited them, such ceremonies should be confined to their appropriate sphere. Negro assumption and assurance has reached a pitch, indeed, when, without invitation or warrant, they storm into the midst of a worshipping white congregation, interrupting the exercises, and instituting a mock ceremony of their own.

Official Despatch from Gen. Rosecrans.

Headquarters of the Fourth Army Corps,
Department of the Cumberland, in front of
Murfreesboro', Jan. 3, via Nashville, Jan 4.

To General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

On the 26th of December we marched from Nashville in three columns—McCook's Corps by the Nashville pike; Thomas' from its encampment on Franklin pike, via Wilson pike, and Crittenden's on the main Murfreesboro' pike. The left and centre met with a strong resistance, such as the nature of the country; rolling or hilly routes skirted by cedar thickets and farms, and interspersed by small streams with rocky bluff banks, forming serious obstacles.

McCook drove Hardee's corps a mile and a half from Nolansville and occupied the place. Crittenden reached within a mile and a half of Lavergne. Thomas reached the Wilson pike, meeting with no serious opposition.

On the 27th, McCook drove Hardee from Nolansville, and pushed a reconnoitering division six miles towards Shelbyville, and found that Hardee had retreated towards Murfreesboro'. Crittenden fought and drove the enemy before him, occupying the line of Stewart's creek, capturing some prisoners, with slight loss.

Thomas occupied the vicinity of Nolansville, where he was partially surprised, thrown into confusion and driven back. Sheridan's Division repulsed the enemy four times, protected the flank of the centre, which not only held its own, but advanced until the untoward event, which compelled me to retain the left wing to support the right, until it should be rallied and assume a new position.

On January 1st, the Rebels opened by an attack on us, and were again repulsed. On the 3d, there was skirmishing along the front, with threats of attack, until about three in the afternoon, when the enemy advanced on a small division thrown across Stone River to occupy commanding ground.

While reconnoitering the ground occupied by this division, which had no artillery, I saw a heavy force emerging from the woods, and advancing in line of battle three lines deep, they drove our little division before them after a sharp contest, in which we lost seventy or eighty killed and three hundred and seventy-five wounded, but they were repulsed by Negley's Division and the remaining troops of the left wing, headed by Morton's Pioneer Brigade, and fled far over the field and beyond their intrenchments, the officers rallying them with great difficulty. They lost heavily, we occupied the ground with the left wing last night. The lines were completed at four in the morning.

The 3d was spent in bringing up and distributing provisions and ammunition.

It has been raining all day, and the ground is very heavy.

W. S. Rosecrans,
Major-General Commanding

Official Announcement of the Victory by General Rosecrans

Camp near Murfreesboro', Jan 4, 1863. To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief.—Following my despatch of last evening I have to announce that the enemy are in full RETREAT.

They left last night. The rain having raised the river, and the bridge across it between the left and centre being incomplete, I deemed it prudent to withdraw that wing during the night.

This occupied my time until four o'clock, and fatigued the troops.

The commencement of the retreat was known to me at seven o'clock the morning. Our ammunition train arrived during the night.

To-day we engaged in distributing the ammunition, burying the dead, and collecting arms from the field of battle.

The pursuit was commenced by the centre, the two leading brigades arriving at the west side of Stone river this evening.

The rear-guard [illegible] was saved, but in what condition is not known.

We shall occupy the town, and push the pursuit to-morrow.

Our Medical Director estimates the wounded in the hospitals at about [illegible],000, and our dead at 1540.

We have to deplore the loss of Lieutenant-Colonel Garesche, whose capacity and gentlemanly deportment had already endeared him to the officers of the command, and whose gallantry in the field of battle excited their admiration.

(Signed) W. S. Rosecrans,
Major-General Commanding

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND, Jan [illegible], 1863. To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief.—We have fought one of the greatest battles of the war and are victorious.

Our entire success on the 31st was prevented by a surprise of the right flank, but we have, nevertheless, beaten the enemy after three days' fighting.

They fled with great precipitation on Saturday night. The [illegible] of their columns [illegible] ing. Their loss has been very heavy.

Generals Rains and Hanson are killed. Generals Chalmers, Adams and Breckenridge are wounded.

W. S. Rosecrans,
Major-General Commanding

LOUISVILLE, Jan 6.—Headquarters are advised that prisoners to the Murfreesboro' fight a large portion of the Anderson Troop mutinied at Nashville, and refused to advance.

The remainder, about three hundred in all, went into the fight under Majors Rosengarten and Ward, and behaved gallantly. Notice has been sent along the line for the arrest of a large number, reported to have deserted, and their return to Nashville in irons.

Colonel Bruce captured at Clarksville a very large amount of valuable army stores from the Confederates.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 6.—Four hundred Rebel privates and one hundred commissioned officers were brought in this evening.

Unofficial report states that cannonading has been heard some ten miles from Murfreesboro', in which direction our troops are pursuing the Rebels.

Bragg may make a stand at Tullahoma.

Our wounded is about 7000, and our whole loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, will not reach 10,000. The Rebel loss is double ours. The wounds of our soldiers are mostly slight. The best buildings in Nashville have been taken for hospitals, and the wounded will be well cared for.

The news from the front is meagre and unimportant. The river is four feet on the Shoals, and rising. The weather clear and cold.

Loss of the Monitor, with two Officers and thirty-eight men.—Washington, Jan [illegible].—The following despatch has been received at the Navy Department from Rear Admiral Lee:

FORTRESS MONROE, JAN 3, 1863.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy.

The steamer State of Georgia reports that the Monitor foundered on Tuesday night, south of Cape Hatteras, with the loss of two officers and thirty-eight men—names not known—belonging to the Monitor or the Rhode Island, or both.

Guerillas Routed.—Sullivan, with 6000 men, attacked Forrest on Thursday morning, at Hunt's Cross Roads, twelve miles from Lexington, Tenn.

The engagement was severe, lasting all day. The gun-boat patrolled the river, and prevented the Rebels from crossing.

The latter fought desperately, but were finally routed with a loss of 1400 killed and wounded and 400 captured.

We also took three hundred and fifty horses, nearly a thousand stand of arms and a battery of six guns. The Union loss was eight hundred killed and wounded. These losses may be exaggerated, but it is certain that they were very heavy.

Department of the Gulf—Farewell Address of General Butler to the Citizens of New Orleans—General Banks' Address on the Emancipation Proclamation.—New York, Jan 1.—The steamer S. R. Spaulding, from New Orleans, with dates of the 24th ultimo, arrived this evening. Among her passengers is Major General Butler and staff, excepting Colonel James A. French and Captain John Clark, who remain.

General Butler, prior to leaving New Orleans, gave a reception at City Hall, where hundreds of citizens and officers waited on him.

General Butler also issued a farewell address to the citizens, in which he says that he leaves with the proud consciousness of carrying with him the blessings of the humble and loyal, under the cottage-roof and in the cabin of the slave, and is quite content to incur the sneers of the saloon or the curses of the rich. He concludes by saying that "months of experience and observation have forced the conviction that the existence of slavery is incompatible with the safety of yourselves or of the Union."

The Missouri Legislature is in session; the members are divided into two parties—Emancipationists and anti-Emancipationists. The former have a decided majority, and seem to be thoroughly united. It is the first session of the Missouri Legislature for two years, its predecessor having been deposed by a Convention, as it seemed determined on the overt act of secession. In his message to the Legislature the Governor strongly advocates emancipation, recommending that the children of all slaves born after the act be declared free, but remain apprentices to their masters until they arrive at a certain age. All the indications are, that slavery will be abolished as speedily as possible in Missouri.

The long-talked-of expedition down the Mississippi left Memphis on the 23d ult., their destination being Vicksburg. The fleet of steamers numbered one hundred and fourteen, and conveyed from Memphis Generals Sherman's, A. J. Smith's, Hurlbut's, McClernand's, and George W. Morgan's divisions; and from Helena, General Hovey's division—in all about fifty thousand men. Seven gun-boats accompanied the fleet as convoys, although others had preceded the fleet several days previous. This expedition only sailed by daylight, and lay by at nights, so that they could not reach Vicksburg before Tuesday or Wednesday of this week.

The Latest from Vicksburgh

A despatch has been received by the New York *Tribune*, from Helena, Ark., dated Jan 2d, via Cairo, Jan 7th, which says the battle is still raging at Vicksburgh, with no decisive results. Our forces took the main battery and rifle pits of the rebels, on Monday, but were afterwards repulsed.

The rebels have concentrated all their forces from Jackson and Grenada, and along the line of the railroad, amounting to 65,000 men, at Vicksburg.

General Sherman had fought to within two miles of the city, when he was attacked by a superior force of the rebels.

On Sabbath the fighting was desperate, forts being taken and retaken many times. Nothing has yet been heard from the forces below, and it is believed the gunboats have not yet taken any part in the action.

There was some fighting on Tuesday morning after Sherman had fallen back, but General Sherman, it was thought, could hold his position.

This news is not as favorable as we could have wished; but as soon as our forces below get up, all will go well. Perhaps by this time Vicksburg is ours and the great outlet for the West open once more, never to be closed again. We hope to announce this in our next.

* * *

Married.

BY REV. WM HEARNY,
Of the Borough of Chester

On the 30th of July, 1862, Mr. EDWARD HAGSTONE to Miss ALICE TRUXAN, both of Chester.

On the 25th of September, 1862, Mr SAMUEL JOHNSON to Miss REBECCA LEWIS, both of Chester.

On the 27th of December, 1862, Mr. LEWIS THOS F. ASHTON, to Miss REBECCA WEBSTER, of Upper Chichester, Delaware Co.

On January 1st, by Rev Joseph H Smith, of Burlington, Mr JOHN HUDSON to Miss ANNA PRAUS, both of Burlington, N Y

* * *

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS MARTHA COLLINS,
730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, also Singing upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS'
DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, AND TRIMMING STORE,
No. 815 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Mrs. H. calls the attention of her friends and patrons to a new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Delaines, Calicoes, Flannels, Muslins, Drills, Shawls, Balmoral, and Hoop Skirts.

S. H. Regalia and Dress Trimmings still on hand. All will be sold as near the old prices as possible. Call and see.

SHROUDING.

Mrs JANE JOHNSON & Mrs ANN WEAVER

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past, and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

No. 618 South Eighth Street, Philada.,

and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

TERMS MODERATE. 1y

WARDALE G. McALLISTER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
[illegible] WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows.

From Garnet Union No. 4 D. of T., from Phoenix Union, No. 8, D. of T., from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T., Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa., from Dr. Ross' Union, of Carlisle, Pa., from Mount Olive Union, No. 19 D. of T., from Vanbrockle Union, No. 15, [illegible] T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Barris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubbart; Grand Chaplain Sister Hall.

U. P. P., Sister E. Roberts,		G. P. P. Sister Anderson,	
"	" E. Bowen,	"	" J. F. Riggs,
"	" M. H. Leary,	"	" K. A. Trone,
"	" E. Newman,	"	" White,
"	" S. Davis,	"	" S. Ra[illegible]

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

The STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

Mrs. SARAH CHAVEN,
President

Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY

OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books Sabbath School books of various kinds, Question Books; Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

THE DEATH BED OF THE REV JOHN WESLEY

Wanted Canvassing Agents for this splendid large engraving, [illegible] of all admirers of that great and [illegible]. The most liberal inducements offered to those selling this print. Send for [illegible] and instructions.

WM. SMITH, Publisher,
[illegible] South Third Street, Phila.

WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. Reference as to ability can be given. Apply to
J. W. A., 1041 Helmuth St.

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING,

OF THE LATEST STYLES,

Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike.

JONES & CO.,
Dec25 1y 604 MARKET STREET

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress-makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to owners of sewing machines, store keepers and large families, [illegible] the printed directions [illegible] how to [illegible] Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sack and Over-coats.

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address REV WM. BRADLEY,
[illegible], Bucks Co., Pa.

Or apply to Mrs. Mary C. Weaver (wife of the Editor of this paper) 619 Pine St., Philada., Pa. Jan[illegible] 1y

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Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

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☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

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The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

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COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

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Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

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PHILADELPHIA.

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EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general and those afflicted in particular—and having had [illegible] article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 16, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of suffering in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.

RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis: Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.

Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.

Mrs. EVELINA ORMOND

PROVIDENCE, Dec 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PHEBE A. MORSE

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 10, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 20, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES

SEEKONK PLAIN, Sept 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis: I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing, also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.

Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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TO WHOM ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.
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NOTICE

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as this enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed,) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward,
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

For the Christian Recorder

BUCKS COUNTY SS. TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson, formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket, and after careful examination and mature reflection I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and I further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Hammond (now preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Kinsons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings (church exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson, and the said [illegible] places, on affirmation of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed } her
Before me May 8th, [illegible] } Emily Johnson
Wm. Blakey J. P. } mark

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We hope, that brethren of our connexion and friends will send orders, accompanied with the cash, for such works as they themselves ought to study—also the Sabbath Schools—so that our Depository may have an upward, and not a downward tendency.

I remain, your humble and obedient servant,

ELISHA WEAVER,
General Book Steward.

F. CHAMPION'S

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CLOTHES MADE TO ORDER.

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[illegible] Coal Oil and Variety Store,

No. 47 South Street, Philadelphia.

NEARER.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee.
Before our eyes
Dark mists arise,
And veil the glories from the skies;
We are too far from Thee.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee.
Fierce pains oppress,
Dark cares distress,
Made darker by our loneliness;
We are too far from Thee.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee.
Dark waters roll
Above the soul,
Striving to reach the heavenly goal:
We are too far from Thee.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee.
Alone, afraid,
Our path is laid
In darkness; send Thy heavenly aid:
We are too far from Thee.

We are too far from Thee, our Saviour,
Too far from Thee.
E'en if Thy rod
Bring us to God,
In meekness be the pathway trod,
If it but lead to God.

Draw us more close to Thee, our Saviour,
More close to Thee.
Let come what will
Of good or ill,
'Tis one to us, dear Saviour, knowing still
Thou drawest us to Thee.

* * *

LONDON.

London has increased more rapidly in population during the last sixty years than any other city in the world. By the census return it is divided into five districts; the Central, the East and the South are the districts of trade and commerce, while the North and West are the districts of residents who either do business in these districts or in the other districts and parts of the country adjacent to the city.

The grand Central district shows a decrease of population amidst a most extraordinary increase about the great centre. This may be accounted for in the fact that there is no more room for building, and that many small houses and inferior structures have been demolished in widening streets and for the purpose of other public improvements.

The increase of the Eastern Districts during the last ten years is 85,636. These localities form the seat for the principal traffic of the port of London, and include the sub-divisions of Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, White Chapel, St. George-in-the-East, Stepney, Mile-end, Old Town and Poplar.

The Southern Districts show a greater increase than even the Eastern. They embrace everything on the south side of the Thames, from Greenwich up to Wandsworth. In 1851 the population was 616,635, while now it is returned as 773,175, giving the large increase of 156,540.

The North District being distant from the river, is much better adapted for residence than trade. It has rapidly increased, the population now being 618,210, against 490,396 in 1851. Mary le bone, Hampstead, St. Pancras, Islington, and Hackney are favorite residences of mercantile, professional and thriving tradesmen, whose business places are in the more central portions of London.

The Western Districts—the "West End" of London exhibits a very great increase. In 1851 they contained 376,427 inhabitants, and in 1861, 463,388. Kensington, Chelsea, St. George, Hanover Square, Westminster, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and St. James', constitute a large portion of these districts. Here are the most fashionable squares and streets of London. Here the principal parks, the Houses of Parliament, and the Queen's magnificent palaces.

The following table exhibits the decennial increases of London during the present century. The population of London at each decennial period of the present century, has been as follows:—

1801	958,863
1811	1,138,815
1821	1,378,947
1831	1,654,994
1841	1,948,417
1851	2,362,236
1861	2,803,989

The amount of increase at each of these periods will be seen from the following table:

1801 to 1811	179,952
1811 to 1821	240,132
1821 to 1831	276,047
1831 to 1841	287,390
1841 to 1851	406,205
1851 to 1861	441,753

Adding these sums together, we have an aggregate increase in sixty years of 1,845,126, raising the population of the metropolis at the latter date to 2,803,989. If we take the population of the metropolitan London police district, we find that it contained, in 1861, 3,222,717 inhabitants, dwelling in 434,529 houses.

The area of the Metropolitan districts of London is 77,997 acres. In 1861 the number of inhabited houses in the metropolitan districts was 359,421, the number of uninhabited houses was 15,774, and the number of houses building was 4027. The population, as already mentioned, amounted in 1861 to 2,803,989 persons, of whom 1,307,781 were males and 1,496,208 were females, the females being thus in a majority of nearly 190,000.

The number of public institutions for benevolent and useful purposes amounted, on the 8th of April, 1861, to 243, affording relief or accommodation to 58,090 persons. The number of persons on board vessels in the port of London on the same day was 8084.

The number of inhabited houses within the metropolitan and city of London police districts, in 1861, was 434,529, and the population was 3,222,717. The metropolitan police district extends over the whole of Middlesex (inclusive of the city of London) and the surrounding parishes in the counties of Surrey, Kent, Essex, and Hertford, of which any part is within twelve miles from Charing Cross, and those also of which any part is not more than fifteen miles in a straight line from Charing Cross. The area of the district is 439,770 statute acres, equal to 687 square miles. The city of London, in the midst of the district, is 1-18 square miles.

* * *

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it hath it not.

The pebbles in our path weary us, and make us foot-sore more than the rocks, which only require a bold effort to surmount.

* * *

PRISON ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

This is one of the most useful and active of the benevolent institutions of the state. A pamphlet containing a brief statement of its objects and results has just been published, from which it appears that in the seventeen years of the society's operations its members and agents have visited in prison 50,750 persons. It also says:

Five thousand two hundred and sixty-two detained prisoners—three hundred and nine annually—either innocent or very young, or manifestly penitent, have been discharged on the recommendation of the association, and the children restored to their distressed and anxious parents or friends. Seventeen thousand six hundred and five complaints—one thousand and thirty-five yearly—have been carefully examined. Four thousand four hundred and fifty-three complaints—a yearly average of two hundred and sixty-five—have been, at the instance of the association, discontinued, as either frivolous or the result of passion or prejudice. Six thousand nine hundred and seventy-three discharged convicts—an annual average of four hundred and ten—have been aided with money and clothing. Two thousand five hundred and seventy-eight discharged convicts—one hundred and fifty-one per annum—have been provided with situations where they could earn, and where most of them are actually earning an honest living. Less than five per cent of these have ever been recommitted to prison; and more than three fourths have been reclaimed and restored to a career of virtuous and useful industry. Seventy-one searching inspections of prisons—state and county—have been made, by which a great mass of valuable information has been collected, and the condition and workings of our penal institutions clearly shown, and their government and discipline materially improved. During the last year the agent of the association has visited one thousand one hundred and fifty persons, comparatively poor and helpless, in our city and detention prisons; examined one thousand three hundred and thirty-eight complaints, giving counsel and aid to the persons against whom they had been made; procured the withdrawal and abandonment of four hundred and sixty-one complaints, most of which were either trivial in themselves, or the result of passion or prejudice; procured the discharge from custody of five hundred and six persons, either young, clearly innocent or manifestly penitent, and resolved to sin no more; assisted with board (from the treasury of the association) and aided to reach their friends or employment remote from the city, six hundred and seventy-six discharged convicts; supplied with clothing, less or more, one hundred and fifty-two others of the same class, and procured work, in town or country, for two hundred and forty-seven released prisoners. This is proof enough of the zeal and efficiency with which the association prosecutes its useful work.

* * *

GOVERNMENT HORSE CORRAL

A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* thus describes the government horse corral in that city.

There are few people in Washington, and still fewer outside, who know of the great amount of business done here in the buying of government horses. Away beyond the President's House, and south of the enclosure devoted to Washington's equestrian statue, known as "the circle," and adjoining the Observatory grounds, in the First Ward of the city, is an immense series of shops, yards, and stables, called the "Government Horse Corral." Here that business is transacted, and the concern has grown from small beginnings until now it is one of the great government industrial works, of incalculable benefit to the country.

At this place all the army horses and mules are brought and inspected; sick and worn-out animals put in hospital; wagons repaired, and teams furnished the army and the commissaries who send supplies to it; and every thing done necessary to furnishing adequate quartermaster's supplies. The whole is under the control of Colonel Buckner and Captain Dana, of the Quartermaster's Department, though Mr. C. H. Snow, the Superintendent, is the man who keeps the machine in motion; and Messrs. J. E. Allen and Grimon, his subordinates, superintend the repair shops and wagon parks.

There are over 8000 men employed in these shops, and the cost of labor and material is nearly $400,000 a month. There have been as many as 11,000 horses and mules in the corral at one time, and the daily average is 15,000. Over 1300 teams are kept constantly at work hauling supplies to the forts near Washington, and to General Burnside's army.

In wagons and harnesses the place does an immense business. It keeps the entire army of the Potomac supplied. Old wagons and harnesses are brought to the place and repaired, being sent out as good as new. A dilapidated team coming to the corral is at once recruited. The horses and mules are sent to hospital; the harness is repaired by the saddlers; the wagon is mended, the wheels re-tired, new pins, bolts, and cover given it, and the teamster leaves the corral with a complete outfit. There are 100 saddlers employed in repairing harnesses, and, before Mr. Snow put this establishment in operation, all the material on which these men work was wasted. Three hundred carpenters and wagon makers are employed, and over 600 men ply hammer and tongs in the blacksmith and horse-shoeing shops. In repairs alone it is estimated that $10,000 are saved monthly; 46,000 horse shoes are made and put on in the same length of time!

When a contractor brings a drove of horses or mules to the establishment, they are brought to one of the outer yards to be inspected, and each one passes under the experienced eye of one of the best judges of horse-flesh in the country. About one-half of each drove is rejected, the contractors endeavoring to foist all sorts of stock upon the government. The animals which are accepted are then sent away to the shoeing shops, and thence to the stables, where they are divided into three herds—one containing those suitable for artillery, another cavalry, and the third teams. From these herds they are served out as the wants of the army demand them.

* * *

A MINISTER'S ESCAPE.

In a Philadelphia prayer meeting, last week, a clergyman from the South gave an account of the horrid cruelties practised on him, and his final escape. We copy from the *Standard:*

The Rev. Mr. Aughey said:—There are various means and ordinances which God uses for the purpose of salvation, and you should be devoutly thankful that you enjoy them in such abundance and peace. I have been preaching in Central Mississippi for ten years, but now the churches and Universities there are turned into hospitals, and the schools are suspended. As reference has been made to my case by the pastor of this church in introducing me to the meeting, I may be allowed to glance at my recent history. At the beginning of the rebellion, as I saw the dark clouds gathering, I warned the people to be faithful to the Government and obey the existing powers as ordained of God. Soon I found myself in the hands of a self-constituted Vigilance Committee, who, finding me unwilling to abandon my loyalty, warned me to leave the neighborhood. I removed to the northeastern part of the county—a county, by the way, which at the election gave a majority of 1,450 for the Union. After the battle of Pittsburg Landing I had the pleasure of entertaining Gens. Rosecrans and Pope at my house. No minister in that section who is in favor of the Government can get a church, and all without charges were subject to conscription. I was summoned four times to enlist, but refused, and at length made my escape. One day, as I was riding out, I was arrested, taken to a blacksmith shop, where heavy irons, so warm as to pain me, were put around my ankles, then hurried away to the military prison. There I found 80 other prisoners, incarcerated for the same reason. We had only flour, with no lard or butter to bake it, and nothing to lie on but the bare floor. Occasionally we were sent into the hospitals and streets to do menial work. One day I managed to get off, but by the use of bloodhounds I was captured, taken back, and fastened to the floor of a cell. Judge Walker entered one day and said I was to be tried on the day following. I asked him what was the necessity for a trial, when he replied that it was desirable the world should know I was guilty. I had said that, if Gen McClellan's army was defeated, the North would soon raise a larger one, and this was considered evidence of disloyalty. I was told that I must die; there was no hope for me; I would be executed the next Wednesday. I asked if they would not allow me the privilege of having a minister present at my execution; to this they consented, and the Rev. Mr. —— was telegraphed for. I determined to try to escape. I had preached to the prisoners, and it was sad to see the number continually reduced, as some were taken out almost every day, made to sit on the brink of a hole dug in the ground, and then have three bullets lodged in their heads and three in their hearts. The prisoners, with an old knife and one or two tools, took off my heaviest irons, whilst some were entertaining the guards.

I managed to get off. For days and nights I wandered in woods and swamps, living on berries and green corn. One day I felt so faint that I thought I must lie down and die. Just then I saw a house, and determined to approach it, whatever the character of its inmates might be. Fortunately, they proved to be in favor of the Union. By their kindness I was enabled to reach the Federal lines. When I saw the stars and stripes I wept with joy. I was sick for some time, and the Surgeon of the 47th Illinois Regiment attended me. The Generals of our army called upon me, and through their intervention, my family was brought to me. Thus has God marvellously and mercifully preserved my life, and I am determined to consecrate it to His service with more zeal and diligence than before.

* * *

DEATH OF GENERAL COBB.

The Southern papers announce the death of General T. R. R. Cobb, of Georgia, brother of Howell Cobb, formerly Secretary of the Treasury. General Cobb was killed at the late battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia. He was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church at Athens, Georgia, and will be remembered by some of our readers as a prominent member of the General Assembly which met some years ago in the city of New Orleans. He was well known throughout Georgia as a leading lawyer and prominent public man, and was as widely known as a consistent, warm-hearted Christian. In the wide circuit which he travelled in the practice of his profession, his coming was hailed by the ministers and the people of God as a blessing. Conspicuous in the contests of the forum by day, he could be found at night wherever a prayer meeting was held, exhorting the brethren, and pleading with sinners to be saved. Oftentimes, in the street or the wayside, men here felt his hand laid gently upon their arm, and heard his voice so earnestly beseeching them to come to Jesus, that their hearts yielded to his entreaties, and they went with him to the house of God, and joined him in the love and service of Christ. In other good works he was also abundant. Having lost a favourite daughter by an early death, he erected as a monument to her memory, a handsome building, in the town of Athens, and gave it as a Seminary for the instruction of young girls. It is known now as the "Lucy Cobb Institute"—a memorial of the love of a father, and the benevolence of a Christian citizen. It is one of the saddest things connected with this sad war, that a man so endowed, and capable of such extensive and permanent usefulness, should perish in the midst of the deadly strife of the battle-field, and fall with his hand uplifted against the rightful government of the land.—*Presbyterian.*

* * *

THE MARVELS OF A SEED.

Have you ever considered how wonderful a thing the seed of a plant is? It is a miracle. God said: "Let there be plant yielding seed," and it is further added, "each one after his kind."

The great naturalist, Cuvier, thought that the germs of all past, present, and future generations of seed were contained one within another, as if packed in a succession of boxes. Other learned men have explained this mystery in a different way. But what signify all their explanations? Let them explain it as they will, the wonder remains the same, and we must look upon the reproduction of the seed as a continual miracle.

Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is enclosed in a single little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little one, the smallest of a poppy or a blue-bell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about the air invisible to our eyes. Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds. Consider their immense number, the perfect separation of the different kinds, their power of life and resurrection, and their wonderful fruitfulness.

Consider, first, their number. About 150 years ago the celebrated Linnæus, who has been called "the father of botany," reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But, 100 years after him, M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described 40,000 kinds of plants, and supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

Well, let me ask you, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and on the way drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell, unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flock of the valley and their shepherds may rest in the shade.

Consider, next, the wonderful power of life and resurrection bestowed on the seeds of plants, so that they may be preserved from year to year, and even from century to century.

Let a child put a few seeds in a drawer and shut them up; sixty years afterwards, when his hair is white and his steps tottering, let him take one of these seeds and sow it in the ground, and soon after he will see it spring up into new life and become a young, fresh and beautiful plant.

M. Jouannel relates that, in the year 1835, several old Celtic tombs were discovered near Bergerac. Under the head of each of the dead bodies there was found a small square stone or brick, with a hole in each, containing a few seeds, which had been placed there beside the dead by the heathen friends, who had buried them, perhaps, 1,500 or 1,700 years before. These seeds were carefully sowed by those who found them. What was seen to spring from the dust of the dead? Beautiful sun flowers, blue corn flowers, and clover bearing blossoms, as bright and sweet as those which are woven into wreaths by the merry children now playing in our fields.

Some years ago, a vase, hermetically sealed, was found in a mummy pit in Egypt by the English traveller, Wilkinson, who sent it to the British Museum. The librarian there, having unfortunately broken it, discovered in it a few grains of wheat and one or two peas, old, wrinkled, and as hard as a stone. The peas were planted carefully under glass on the 4th of June, 1844, and, at the end of 30 days, these seeds were seen to spring up into new life. They had been buried probably about 3,000 years ago, perhaps in the time of Moses, and had slept all that long time, apparently dead, yet still living in the dust of the tomb.—*Gleaner.*

* * *

HINTS ON WASHING THE HANDS.

Some "philosophy" is useful in even so simple a matter as washing the hands. If any lady doubts it, let her, with a microscope, examine the surface to be cleansed by water, and she will be interested, at the discoveries made. Instead of a smooth surface of skin, presenting when unwashed a dingy appearance, there will be seen a rough corrugated surface, with deep, irregular furrows, in which the foreign particles are deposited like earth among the rough paving stones of a street. If they lie loosely, it would be an easy matter to dislodge them with a little cold water; but the pores, the waste pipes of the body, are continually discharging into these open drains perspiration and oil, which by evaporation becomes a cement to hold the particles of dust, &c., and to remove them requires both chemical and mechanical action. Warm water softens this cement, expands the furrows, and makes the skin pliable; so that by rubbing, the soil is disturbed and partially removed. But chemistry must aid a little before the process is complete; soap is therefore added, the alkali of which unites with the oily matters, and the whole is then easily disposed of. The towel is useful, because its soft threads of fibres work down among the furrows like so many little brooms, sweeping them out; hence it should be soft and pliable. Flannel is preferable to cotton for this purpose, and a sponge is best of all. Harsh, strongly alkaline soap should be avoided as it abstracts all the oil from the upper layer of the skin, and makes it chap or crack. Cold cream soap is best, being neutral. Where a sponge is not obtainable, a very neat and serviceable wash-cloth may be knit of soft cotton twine, either with crochet or with coarse wooden needles, knitting backwards and forwards, as garters are knit. A mitten knit of this cotton with the crochet needle is very handy for this purpose, and makes a neat article for the wash-stand. The washing cloths may be had of most perfumers.

* * *

SINGING SANDS AND SOUNDING MOUNTAINS

Thousands of years ago, the pillars of Memnon were famed for giving musical sounds. Sounds like those of bells have been heard at different localities, to come from the depth of the ocean and now we hear of musical mountains, and singing sands.

Five such localities are already on record. The first is Dschebel Nakus—Bell Mountain—upon the peninsula, Sinai, on the shores of the Red Sea, north westward of the city of Tor. The celebrated traveller, Seetzen, of Oldenburg, was the first European savant who ascended it. He found it consisting of a brittle white sand stone, covered on two sides with loose sand. This sand, when brought into motion, produces the sound. The traveller, when ascending, passed over this region of loose sand, and he soon discovered that the noise it made in gliding down the slope became by degrees louder and louder. When he reached the summit, such a frightful sound was heard that it shook the whole mountain, and he himself became excited in the highest degree.

Some time afterwards this same mountain was visited by Mr. Gray, of Oxford, and more recently by Mr. Ward, both Englishmen. They give very nearly the same account of this phenomenon. All ascribe the cause to the fact that the sand glides down the bare mountain sides. Ward heard at first only a feeble tone, like that of the flute; suddenly it became strong, like that of an organ, and the whole hill began to vibrate. The sound became louder in proportion to the quantity of sand set in motion by the steps of the traveller.

Alexander Burns visited, in 1837, a similar hill. This was the Rey Rawan—the moving mountain—which is also about four thousand feet high. Its ascent is an incline of about forty degrees, covered with a layer of sand, surrounded by a still deeper border of lime and sand-stone. Gliding down on this sand, it emits a loud, hollow tone, similar to that of a great drum. This was already known in the fifteenth century. A third mountain of this kind is the "El Bramador," the yelling, barking mountain in Chili, in regard to which Charles Darwin made similar observations.

Charles Mayer, in his book "Toward Sacramento," mentions another to exist in California, and recently a fifth locality of this kind has been discovered by Hugh Miller, upon the small Island Eigg, on the western coast of Scotland. According to Miller, a geologist of great renown, a stratum of oolite exists on the island. This substance, when reduced to sand, becomes a white, mealy mass. Miller observed, that on every step he took, the sand gave a peculiar musical sound. It is, however, not proven that oolite sand alone produces sounds. The above-mentioned Mr. Ward says that the friction of the sharp edged grains of siliceous sand, exposed to the rays of a tropical sun, caused the resonant quality of the sand. We must leave the investigation of this matter to scientific men, being confident that they will explain the mystery. To the musician, we hope it may be an interesting musical curiosity.

* * *

JUDGING THE AGE OF POULTRY

Few housekeepers, and fewer cooks, are as good judges of the age of poultry as they ought to be. We all know when poultry comes upon the table, whether it is tender or tough; and there should be no difficulty of knowing just as certainly whether a chicken, duck, goose, or turkey is old or young, when it is offered for sale. Now, the following is offered as a rule by which, if read over a few times, and then laid away for ready reference when needed, no person need purchase old, tough poultry unless from choice.

If a hen's spur is hard, and the scales on the legs rough, she is old, whether you see her head or not; but the head will corroborate your observation. If the under bill is so stiff that you cannot bend it down, and the comb thick and rough, leave her, no matter how fat and plump, for some one less particular. A young hen has only the rudiments of spurs; the scales on the legs smooth, glossy, and fresh-colored, whatever the color may be; the claws tender and short, the nails sharp, the under bill soft, and the comb thin and smooth.

An old hen turkey has rough scales on the legs, callosities on the soles of the feet, and long strong claws; a young one the reverse of all these marks. When the feathers are on the old turkey-cock has a long tuft of beard, a young one but a sprouting one; and when they are off, the smooth scales on legs decide the point, besides the difference in size of the wattles of the neck and in the elastic shoot upon the nose.

An old goose, when alive, is known by the rough legs, the strength of the wings, particularly at the pinions, the thickness and strength of the bill and the fineness of the feathers; and when plucked by the legs, the tenderness of the skin under the wings, by the pinions and the bill, and the coarseness of the skin.

Ducks are distinguished by the same means, but there is this difference—that a duckling's bill is much longer in proportion to the breadth of its head than the old duck. A young pigeon is discovered by its pale color, smooth scales, tender, collapsed feet, and the yellow long down interspersed among its feathers. A pigeon that can fly has always red colored legs and no down, and is then too old for use.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

* * *

Swallowed a Hole.—The other day Charlie, five years old, found one of those curious bone-rimmed circles, which I believe ladies have named eyelets, and while playing in the garden swallowed it. The family were in the house busily engaged on a work of entomology, when Charlie ran in with mouth wide open, and eyes distended to their utmost capacity.

His mother caught him by the arm, and trembling with that deep anxiety which only a mother can feel, inquired:—

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

The urchin, all agape, managed to articulate:—

"Water!"

It was brought him, when, after drinking copiously, he exclaimed:—

"Oh! mother, I swallowed a hole!"

"Swallowed a hole?"

"Yes, mother, swallowed a hole with a piece of ivory around it!"

Anecdote.—An Irish Roman Catholic once said to another, who had taken the pledge, and received a medal from Father Mathew, "And so you have signed the teetotal pledge, have you?" "Indeed I have; and I am not ashamed of it, either." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "So he did," said the teetotaler; "but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

All Moonshine.—"Josh," said his mate, "does the sun ever rise in the West?" "Never," said Josh. "Well, you won't catch me emigrating to the West if it's always night there. I've a cousin, a carpenter, out there, who is always boasting how pleasant it is in that quarter, but it must be all moonshine!"

Big and Little.—"Papa," said a bright eyed little girl to us one day, "I don't believe that mamma loves me so well as she does you." On that subject the father had private doubts, but had not the heart to deny the "soft impeachment." The little one thought it all over for a while, and then said with half a sigh: "Well, papa, you're the biggest, and it takes most to love you."

* * *

WATER CRESS

This is a fine relish in spring, and is proverbially healthy. In Paris, it is cried through the streets under the name of *la santé du corps*—the health of the body. In its natural growth, it is found along water courses, but is also raised in artificial ponds. These ponds are bottomed with several inches of rich soil in which plants are then set out, when the water is allowed to flow over them. They start soon, and grow rapidly.

* * *

A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of concerning his occupation, said he kept a hot-house.

Family Circle.

SABBATH IN A CHESTNUT TREE

One clear, frosty morning in November, two children, Ben and Maggie, after hurrying with might and main to get dressed, ran into the dining-room to catch their father before breakfast, for he was going out of town to spend the day.

"You ask, now," said Ben, just as they were opening the door.

"Father, Ben and I want to go chestnutting dreadfully; won't you let us go with you and stop somewhere? You know we're used to the country," said Maggie, nervously, afraid lest she should hear "no" before she had finished.

"Chestnutting!" replied their father in a surprised tone, that sounded just like no, before he had said anything else, "Why, there's no chestnuts within fifty miles of us!"

Maggie walked to the window to hide her disappointment, while Ben tried to look as if he didn't care much about it; though in fact, they had both been planning it ever since they had been awake. But their father went away in a little while, and no more was said about it. But as they walked to and from school that day, in the warm November sun, they longed sadly for the leafy hollow they knew of, where last fall, they had gone nutting with their cousins and schoolmates.

"I used to think I'd never get tired of seeing the toy-shops," said Maggie. "I'd rather see one of the little red ground squirrels again, running about after nuts, than all the toys that ever were made!" These were country children, and no wonder the city could not satisfy them.

At night their father returned; and after tea, as they gathered around the fire, he said, "So you made up your minds to go nutting this fine day, did you, children?"

"We talked about it up stairs, and we thought may be we could go a little ways out of town, and you could leave us somewhere and come for us again," said Ben.

"There's no chestnuts in this part of the state," replied their father. "However, I wish you might go. I guess I shall have to tell you a story about nutting. Did I ever tell you how I went chestnutting on the Sabbath, when I was a little boy, and what came of it?"

"No; tell us, do," said both children at once.

"One Sabbath morning, when I was about nine, my brother Tom and I were straying round the door-yard, trying to pass the time till church time. It was rather hard work, for we had no Sabbath school, but I believe we were tolerably good boys in general. At any rate, we had never broken the Sabbath openly and publicly, though I fear we did not love it very much, for it was not made attractive.

"It was a sunny day, after a white frost like this and presently it occurred to me there would be lots of chestnuts down that morning. I said so to Tom, and asked him what harm there would be in just walking over to Uncle Seth's lot (that was a wood lot where there were three splendid old trees) and to pick up a few. Tom agreed 'twas no worse than going to the orchard for apples, and father allowed us to do that. So, after a little debating we concluded to go. We did not feel so bold as lions, as the righteous do. We said there was no harm in it, and yet took pains to go out the back way, through the garden which was out of our way. Uncle Seth didn't mind the chestnuts, we knew: he made all the boys free to get them; yet our hearts misgave us as we walked along, and we almost expected something to happen to us. Sabbath-breaking was new business to us. Soon, however, we reached the trees, and forgot our scruples in the eager search for the ripe, open burs that lay strewn among the leaves.

"We forgot everything, till, after a few minutes, we heard a fierce barking close behind us. There was Uncle Seth's great black Newfoundland dog making fiercely after us, and the old man himself, not far off, setting him on. We both took to the tree at once, and in a minute were safe in its branches. The old man laughed a little as he watched us, and looked as if this was just what he expected. He only said: 'Nutting on the Sabbath is bad business, little boys,' and then walked away. Not so Towser; he understood his business which was to keep us treed. After we saw Uncle Seth fairly at home, and seated in his front porch in full sight of us, we undertook to get down. But this seemed likely to be dangerous. Towser was as fierce as a lion, and we were afraid of him. We saw we were in a trap. Next we tried to make friends with the dog; but he understood his business, and was not to be tempted to betray it by us. He would frisk and play about for us while we sat still; but the moment we tried to get down he was ready to fly at us. All that was now left was to wait for him to get tired. We had to wait a long time. He was a faithful fellow, but I fear I didn't admire his faithfulness much then. The morning wore to noon, and yet there we all were—we in the tree, Towser at our feet, and the old man watching us from his distant seat. He did not go to church that morning. We could see all the people going up the church hill, so we amused ourselves watching them and trying to make them out. But how guilty we felt when we contrasted ourselves with the happy children walking along with their parents. What would our father and mother think? was the thought that troubled us most. By-and-by they all came out again, and then the bell rang for afternoon service, and still we were in our prison. Then we grew hungry. We had eaten all the nuts we had in our pockets long before, but we could not reach any more—they grew too far out upon the boughs. Soon after church was in, in the afternoon a troop of very rude boys came along the road near us. We knew they were a bad set of boys, notorious Sabbath breakers. How we dreaded lest they should see us; that would be the greatest disgrace of all! They were shouting and swearing, and had evidently been nutting. By good fortune, however, they did not spy us, but passed down a lane in the opposite direction. That was a relief, but we were almost in despair; for the sun sank lower and lower, and there we were, prisoners, cold and hungry. No one came near us and Towser did not show the least signs of giving out.

"Finally, just as the sun was going down, we saw Uncle Seth come out at his gate and walk over towards us. When he came under the tree, he looked up and laughing just as he did at first, and said, 'Chestnutting on the Sabbath is bad business for little boys,' and then he called off the dog.

"Two more crestfallen boys never came out of a chestnut tree. We hurried home and confessed all to our mother. She wisely thought we had been sufficiently punished, and said but little. We tried to have a grudge against old Uncle Seth, but after we had eaten our supper, and found that nothing worse happened, we agreed between ourselves that we would not say much about it. We had found out that the way of transgressors is hard, and we learned our lesson well. He was a wise old man, and knew how to preach children's sermons."

"Why didn't your mother send after you?" asked Maggie.

"The old man stopped her on her way home from church, and told her all about it, and she agreed to let us alone."

"Was he your uncle?"

"No, we called him uncle, he was no relation to us though."

"Tell us another story, please," said Maggie.

"No. Too late now. Good night."

* * *

MORNING THOUGHTS

Night is over, light is coming,
Through my window panes 'tis come,
And the sun's bright rays are beaming
On my own dear, happy home.
God has watched me through the night,
God it is who sends the light.

Night is over—some poor children
Have been homeless, cheerless, ill,
God has let me rest so sweetly
In my nursery, warm and still.
Lord, I thank thee for thy love,
Raise my morning thoughts above.

Night is over; heavenly Father,
I would bend my knees and pray;
Help my weakness, guide me safely,
Watch and keep me all the day.
Take away my love of sin,
Let thy Spirit rule within.

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first page missing.

we may undertake. Darkness, the veil, is being withdrawn, that hid from us the light of the sun, and no more will we have cause to say that slavery is a barrier against our moral, intellectual, and physical development and improvement. We will be able to have a purer religion, unchained intellect, and the right of going wherever we please, in our country. Start, young man, and young woman; be up and doing; look about thee, and see what you can do for self improvement; study out a plan by which you can advance your own interest, and the welfare of others; acquire by practice, or study, some trade or profession. If you cannot get any one to teach you, teach yourself: for remember the word, and neither was Rome built in a day. Work with the patience of a stone cutter. Also, remember that the origin, the rise and progress of the arts and sciences came from self taught men. Their successors, by study and practice, improved them, and they resulted in the comforts and conveniences of a civilized life.

Now, I say, let us have a share in producing all these comforts and conveniences; let us be producers as well as consumers; let us become of some interest to the community in which we live. Allow the time to come, when we shall be reckoned of some account among its farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, professional men, and merchants, as well as other people. The question, How is this to be done with concerted action? seems to be uppermost in my mind.

Now, Mr. Editor, the idea of holding a national fair for the exhibition of works of industry, is a grand and sublime one; it is one that should be responded to by every colored person in the country, who is able to do so.

This exhibition should cause all the professional men, mechanics, and others to assemble together to unite, without distinction of society or sect. They should lay down, and forever cast in oblivion, all prejudice, and unite in one cause for the attainment of one object, viz., to promote and encourage the acquisition, (by self tuition or otherwise) of trades and professions in their respective cities and towns. This could be done by holding not only a national exhibition, which requires or solicits contributions from every town or city, but by holding a town or city exhibition of industry and art which requires and solicits contributions from every ward or district therein. A city exhibition would have as much influence, and produce as much good as a State or National Exhibition would. In fact, there are some who are not able to encounter the expense of bringing their productions to a national exhibition, but if they had an exhibition in their city, then they could, without further expense, deposit it there.

This is not said to take away the importance of the national exhibition. We are very much in favor of it, but it seems to me that the committee and their agents are neglectful, or don't understand or know how to work up the minds of the people to the necessities and the importance of the affair.

Now, there should have been agents appointed in every town or city, and he should be a mechanic, or belong to some profession. This agent should be directed to call all the mechanics and others together, and to endeavor to persuade them to form an association for the purpose of aiding and encouraging one another to contribute to this Exhibition, works of Art and Industry. Those who could not do so as an evidence of their skill and ingenuity, could send specimens of Natural History from their different localities.

The people being thus aroused may see the importance of the National Exhibition, in its effort to make alive the dormant powers of the individual, and to collect the evidences of the chained intellect and genius of our people.

Mr. Editor, please excuse the rambling and disconnected remarks, but I shall continue them in some other form, and in better order, and perhaps they may be better appreciated by the people.

J. B.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—EXCOMMUNICATION OF DR. FORBES.—The following "official" announcement of the excommunication of Dr. Forbes, who recently returned to the Episcopal Church, has been made by Archbishop Hughes:

NEW YORK, Dec. 29, 1862.

It is more than twelve years since that the Rev. John Murray Forbes, D. D., as he was then commonly designated, applied to the undersigned for admission into the communion of the Roman Catholic Church as a mere layman. His request was complied with, but no inducements held out to encourage him except those which, in his estimation, were connected with the salvation of his soul.

He subsequently petitioned to be admitted into the ranks of the Priesthood, and to be ordained, under the authority of that Church in which he had just made his profession of Faith.

He was ordained accordingly, and for several years exercised the holy ministry as a Catholic Priest. During all that time he was treated with a kindness and forbearance by the undersigned of which he often spoke in praise, but never, so far as the undersigned is aware, in terms of complaint. Having, as he professed, scruples about accepting the title of Doctor of Divinity from a communion which he had forsaken and repudiated, the undersigned procured for him from the Pope himself, Pius IX, the title of Catholic Doctor of Divinity, which he used, and probably still uses.

Owing to the peculiarity of his state when he entered the Priesthood, being a widower, and having a family, his case was made exceptional among the Catholic Clergy of New York. There was nothing which it was possible for the undersigned to do for him that was refused him at any time.

He has finally renounced his Priesthood, so far as legitimate jurisdiction is concerned. He has made shipwreck of the Faith which had been communicated to him by the mercy of God, and sanctioned by the outward authority of the Church.

He has, so far as order is concerned, carried his Priesthood with him into his apostasy, so that he is no longer a layman, as he was before, but a Priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedec.

Under these circumstances, the undersigned, after mature reflection, and an appeal to the Holy Spirit for light and guidance, has felt it to be his painful duty to excommunicate and cut off from the communion of the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman Church, the said John Murray Forbes, which solemn act of excommunication took place at the high altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Saturday, the 27th inst., in presence of the undersigned witnesses. The fact is hereby made known for the information of all concerned.

JOHN HUGHES, Archbishop of New York.
WILLIAM STARRS, V. G.
THOMAS S. PRESTON, Chancellor.
FRANCIS MCNEIRNY, Secretary.

STATISTICS OF THE JESUITS.—From a book lately published in Austria it appears that there are at present 7,2[illegible]1 Jesuits. Of these there are 349 in Austria, 265 in England, 513 in Belgium, [illegible] in France, 157 in Gallicia, 561 in Germany, 120 in Zealand, 742 in Spain, 216 in Maryland, [illegible], 19 in Mexico, 408 in Missouri, 206 in the kingdom of Naples, 201 in Holland, 277 in the province of Turin, and 220 in that of Venice. There is not one in Russia.

MOVEMENTS AMONG THE BEDOUINS.—It has been the device of the Bedouin tribes roving between Syria and the Euphrates to impede cultivation in every possible way, with the view of securing pasture for their increasing herds. The desert thus came gradually to overlap the tillage of Syria, and its advance has lately been pushed as far west as the banks of the Orontes. With a view to arrest these inroads of desolation, and to restore the original borders of the desert, Her Majesty's Consul at Aleppo, Mr. Skene, conceived the noble project of inducing the Bedouins to exchange their predatory habits for agricultural pursuits. This scheme has been carried out to an incredible extent. The Weldi, Fedaan Shemmer, Lehep, Hanadi, Shawaya, and Tekmeshh tribes have betaken themselves to the cultivation of the soil. Respecting one of these tribes, already living in neat and comfortable cottages, the Rev. R. Grant Brown gives this testimony: "The Fedaan, about five hundred tents strong, are an encouraging example of a tribe recently localized, and their prosperity is likely to produce a good influence on those tribes who are almost persuaded to give up the nomadic life. As they were not long ago leading a wandering and predatory life, one of them said to me, 'We were stoppers of the road,' (that is, plunderers of caravans,) 'but now by the help of God, and the protection of the consul, we have become agriculturists.' An old man, looking at my watch said, 'I had two like that, of gold.' 'Where did you get them?' 'I won them on the road,' he said, explaining himself by the gesture of striking with a spear. Their former habits are a striking contrast to their present occupations and dispositions. You will be glad to hear that, though the crooked furrows proved very inexperienced ploughmen, their crops are such as to induce them to continue the experiment. No sooner had this marvellous change been wrought in the habits and pursuits of these children of the desert than they appeal for Christian instruction, and to prove their sincerity in this extraordinary appeal, the settled tribes volunteered to contribute £12 per annum in kind to each individual teacher sent among them by the Society."—*First report of the Moslem Missionary Society.*

THE NESTORIANS

OPPRESSION AND PERSECUTION.—An American missionary, the Rev. E. Bliss, writes: "These poor people have long been under a heavy yoke, but of late it has become more grievous than ever. The Khans, who hold to them something like the relation of feudal lords, grind them to the very dust, and plunder them of almost everything, without regard to any principle of justice or mercy. In one large village the people lately told one of these Khans that if he would give them their bread and clothing he might take all the rest. But he, knowing that his rapacious plunderings, made without license, brought him a richer revenue, would not consent to the proposal. Not only are the Nestorians subject to these arbitrary exactions, but their very lives are in the hands of these petty rulers, who are entirely irresponsible, and against whose wrongs there is no redress. Nearly thirty of their wives and daughters have been snatched away by Mussulmans, and no redress has been obtained. Is it strange that these oppressions are making the people mad? They have waited long, hoping that their own government would do something for their relief; but they see no light in the horizon, and they are becoming desperate. It is said that there has been an earnest discussion among them during the past winter of what they were to do. At one time there was a talk of a general exodus of the whole people into Russia as the nearest and most promising asylum. Late accounts indicate that this state of things has been made known in Russia, and that the emissaries of the Greek Church are aiming to take advantage of it. . . . They have made propositions of a formal character to the Nestorians to enter the Greek Church, promising salaries to the ecclesiastics, and new churches, bells, images, and church ornaments, and the payment of all their taxes for two years to the entire people who will accept the terms."

MISSIONS IN BURMAH.—A Baptist missionary in Burmah sends to the *N. Y. Chronicle* the following statistics of the missions in that great field, which has been so signally blessed of God: Burmah, 11 churches, 600 members; Sgau Karen, 250 churches, 15,000 members; Pwo Karen, 31 churches, 1,008 members; Bghai Karen, 78 churches, 2,189 members: total, 370 churches, 18,852 members.

Personal.

The Commander of the "Alabama."—Raphael Semmes is a native of Maryland, and entered the United States Navy 1st of April, 1826. He passed in April, 1832, number three in a class of thirty-seven, and was made a Lieutenant in February, 1837. In this interval he read law in Cincinnati, and was admitted to the bar of Ohio, and subsequently married a daughter of Mr. Spencer, of that city, by whom he had two daughters, yet single. As a Lieutenant he did very little duty, always avoiding it. He served about two years in the West India and Gulf Station, under Commodore Dallas, in 1838 and 1839. Within this time he had two temporary commands, the first a river steamer, which he lost very stupidly on the oyster banks at the entrance of the Withlacoochie, in Florida.

His second command was the unfortunate brig Somers, in which the Slidell-Mackenzie tragedy was enacted. This brig was capsized near Vera Cruz, in a norther, while under a cloud of canvass. Many of the wretched crew perished in sight of the Mexicans on the mole at Vera Cruz.

Subsequent to this, for years, Semmes was a resident of Mobile, eking out a precarious subsistence by sharp practices, so familiar to the scamps now in general termed "Tombs lawyers."

For a long time he remained unemployed, the Navy Department refusing to place him on duty.

During Buchanan's administration, through the influence of the arch traitor, Senator Slidell, Semmes was appointed Light House Inspector at Mobile, and when the head of that department was sent to command the Paraguay expedition, Semmes was transferred to Washington as Secretary of the Light House Board. Associated in all the pilferings concocted by Slidell and an equally dishonorable comrade employed in the department, the three succeeded in abstracting large sums from the United States Treasury. Secretary [illegible] discovered the thefts, and dismissed Semmes and his clerical confrere, and both left Washington forgetting to pay their debts, representing themselves as being unable to do so, when it was well known they carried off large sums of gold. Semmes, while in the United States Navy, was regarded as a lazy, shirking officer, whose fondness for money caused him to appear in habiliments not over cleanly or respectable. His wife and daughter still pass most of their time in Cincinnati.

Acquittal of General Fitz John Porter.—We learn that the court martial of Fitz-John Porter have concluded their deliberations, sealed their verdict and sent it to the Secretary of War. It unanimously acquits the General.

The King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands were confirmed at the [illegible] Reformed Catholic Church on November 28th. Bishop Staley and other English missionaries performed the ceremonies.

The Richmond Dispatch of the 31 inst., says, "Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, has sailed from a Confederate port for Europe, to procure Bibles. The Virginia Bible Society has authorized him to procure 35,000 Bibles and Testaments."

Domestic Items.

The Attack on Vicksburgh.—Cairo, Jan. 11.—An arrival to-night, from the mouth of the Yazoo, brings authentic accounts from Vicksburgh.

General Sherman's repulse was complete. The entire force, under the direction of Gen. McClernand, re-embarked on Saturday on the transports, pursued by the Rebel advance, which, coming in range of the gunboats, were driven back with severe loss.

At the last accounts, the entire fleet of transports, with the troops on board, had arrived at Island No. 82, on the way to Napoleon.

The engagement was less general than heretofore reported. The principal fighting was done by the centre under Generals Smith and Blair. The conduct of the latter is highly spoken of. Our loss, as near as can be ascertained, was 600 killed, 1500 wounded, and 1000 missing.

Rebel Capture of Galveston, Texas.—Purser [illegible], of the Clifton, [illegible] by the arrival of the gun-boat Clifton, at Southwest Pass, on the evening of the [illegible] inst., [illegible] that early on the morning of the 1st inst. the Rebels made an attack by land and water on the Federal forces at Galveston. Our gun-boats were attacked by five Rebel steamers, protected by double rows of bales of cotton and loaded with troops armed with rifles, muskets, etc.

"The Harriet Lane was captured by boarding, after about all her officers and men, including Captain Wainwright and Lieutenant Lee and the crew, one hundred and thirty all told, had been killed by musketry from the Rebel steamers. My informant states that but one or two of the officers and twelve or fifteen of the crew escaped death.

"The gun boats Clifton and Owasco were engaged and escaped, the former having no men, and but one wounded. The Owasco had one killed and thirteen wounded.

"Two barques loaded with coal fell into the hands of the enemy.

"The flag-ship Westfield being ashore in another channel, her crew were transferred to the transports, and Commodore Renshaw, fearing that she would fall into the hands of the Rebels, blew her up.

"By some mismanagement or accident the explosion occurred before he left, consuming Commodore Renshaw, Lieutenant Zimmerman, and the boat's crew got away, and they consequently were blown up with the ship.

"The crew of the Westfield arrived at New Orleans in transports, and the remaining troops are on their way back, as they did not arrive until the place had been evacuated. All the fleet is on the way to New Orleans."

The Rebel force is estimated at 5000, under General Magruder. Our land force, under the command of Colonel Burrell, of Massachusetts, probably did not exceed 300, the residue not having arrived, or not having disembarked at the time of the fight.

Our loss is estimated at 100 to 150 killed, and 200 taken prisoners, the navy suffering most.

It is thought the Rebel loss is much more than our own, as our guns were firing grape and canister continually in their midst.

The Rebels had several batteries ashore.

The Federal troops were on the long wharves of Galveston, and it is said repulsed two charges of the Rebels before they surrendered.

The Rebels Repulsed at Springfield, Mo.—St. Louis, Jan. 12.—Late last night Gen. Curtis received despatches from Colonel Crain, commanding at Springfield, stating that the Rebels were repulsed at every advance upon that place, and that his troops still hold the town. Our loss was seventeen killed, the number of wounded not being known. We buried thirty-five Rebels, and many more were taken off the field. They left a large number of wounded in our hands. But little of the town was destroyed, and that by our own troops. The telegraph is almost wholly destroyed between Springfield and Sand Spring. General Curtis has three columns of troops in pursuit of the enemy.

United States Senator from Illinois.—Springfield, Ill., Jan. 12.—W. A. Richardson was elected United States Senator this afternoon. The vote stood as follows:

Richardson, - - - 65 | Yates, - - - 37

General Butler in speaking in Philadelphia of the execution of Mumford, said:

Again, sir, feeling the utter worthlessness of the man that treason had attempted to exalt into a patriot, I was inclined to spare him, but that was not permitted me. The Thugs, rowdies, and gamblers assembled before the execution and resolved that he should not be hung. It became a question whether they ruled New Orleans or the commanding general of the United States. [Applause.] and from that day there never was any question upon the subject. [Applause.]

Commercial Treaty With Liberia.—The President has received, and has transmitted to the Senate for ratification, a treaty of commerce and navigation, between the United States and the Republic of Liberia, concluded at London between the Plenipotentiaries of the two Powers, Charles Francis Adams, United States Minister at the Court of St. James, and Stephen Allen Benson, President of Liberia. The treaty is very brief, guaranteeing reciprocal freedom of commerce between the two Powers, and stipulating that the citizens of each contracting country shall enjoy in the other all the rights and privileges which are, or may be, granted to any other foreigner, citizens or subjects of the most favored nation.

Kentucky Legislature—Message of Governor Robinson.—Frankfort, Jan. 9.—The Legislature of this State assembled to-day, and the message of the Governor was received.

Governor Robinson recommends that Kentucky reject the President's Proclamation, and protest against any interference with her State policy as unwarranted by the Constitution. He thinks the Proclamation giving freedom to the slaves in the rebellious States, inflicts upon Kentucky a fatal, though indirect blow.

He says, the saddest fact of the Proclamation will be to fire the whole South into one burning mass of inextinguishable hate, destroying all hope of restoring the Union, which is only possible by adhering to the Constitution as it was.

He further says, that the most alarming aspect of the Proclamation is the usurpation of the powers of the Government by the President, under the plea of military necessity. He advises the Legislature to place on record their protest against the Proclamation.

Valuation of Slaves in Maryland.—A prominent citizen of Maryland says the average value of slaves in that State, as fixed for purposes of taxation, is $158, and that the real value is considerably less.

The Raid in East Tennessee.—Official Despatch.

Headquarters, Cincinnati, Jan. 7, 1863.

To Major General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

I have just received a despatch from Major General Granger, that the cavalry force of about 1000 men which he sent to East Tennessee, on the 21st ult., by my order, under the command of Brigadier General P. Carter, to destroy the East Tennessee Railroad bridges, &c., has been heard from.

General Granger has just received a despatch from General Carter at Manchester, Kentucky, on his return, stating, that on the 30th he entirely destroyed the Union and Watauga bridges, with ten miles of railroad; 550 rebels were killed, wounded and taken prisoners, 700 stand of arms, and a large amount of flour, salt, and other rebel stores, were captured. Also a locomotive and two cars were taken and destroyed.

A brisk skirmish took place at the Watauga bridge, and another at Jonesville. We lost but ten men.

This expedition, as characterized by General Granger, has been one of the most hazardous and daring of the war, attended with great hardships and privations, owing to the almost impassable nature of the country, the length of the route being nearly 200 miles each way, and the inclement season.

The important results of this expedition can hardly be overrated, severing, as it does, the main rebel artery of communication between Virginia and the Southwest. General Carter, his officers and men, deserve the thanks of the country.

Great credit is also due to Major General Granger, under whose immediate supervision the expedition was fitted out, and whose long cavalry experience was a guarantee that nothing tending to its success would be neglected or forgotten.

(Signed) H. G. WRIGHT,
Major General Commanding.

RESPONSE OF GEN. HALLECK.

Washington, Jan. 9, 1863.

To Major General Wright, Cincinnati:

The daring operations and brilliant achievements of General Carter and his command, are without a parallel in the history of the war, and deserve the thanks of the country. This expedition has proved the capacity of our country for bold and dashing movements, which, I doubt not, will be imitated by others.

(Signed) H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

Reunion of South and North.—What Stonewall Jackson's Father-in-Law says of it.

Rev. Dr. Junkin, father-in-law of Stonewall Jackson, recently, in considering the subject of a reunion of the States, is reported as having said:

"But it may be asked, Do you think it possible that the North and South can ever come together as Christians? Often, often, as I asked this question, about the time I left Virginia, and my answer always has been and now is, yes, assuredly yes. It is not in the nature of war, even civil war, to change permanently the natures of men, and especially Christian men. Two individuals quarrel, and do all possible harm to each other, and afterwards return to each other with friendly feelings. They whip each other into mutual respect. So it is with nations. * * * * * *

"Then there are divided families. The dearest ties of kindred have been broken by this most wicked of all conspiracies and rebellions. Now my hope and expectation and belief are that these strong bonds of blood and spirit will be renewed. I expect to live until God shall do this. The spirit of this wicked rebellion will not always triumph. The day will come when the loved ones, whom Satan has so long separated, will be brought together. God will take away the veil and show them to each other as brethren in Christ, and they will rush into each other's arms in the warmest embraces as Christians, in Christian affection, when they will stare in each other's faces and wonder how the fiend—our enemy—could have prevailed to make them enemies."

The venerable [illegible] patriot closed his address in these words:—

"But now, my friends, the [illegible] bright [illegible] of hope cannot be [illegible] but [illegible] long, [illegible] and united prayer. The church and the nation must get down on their knees before the mercy seat. [illegible] *as Jacob to wrestle with God.* We must learn to seize the promise with a death grasp and tell the *Hearer* of prayer 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me.' Nothing [illegible] will do all that [illegible]."

Important Despatches Taken.—Our blockading fleet has just captured some very important despatches from Jeff. Davis and his Secretary of State to Mason, Slidell and others in Europe. These despatches give the strongest statements of the desperate straits to which the rebel leaders are reduced, and show that unless they can quickly get relief, either by European interference or by dividing the free States, and thus paralyzing the efforts of the government, they must give up their bad cause for lost.

Foreign Summary.

The Workingmen of Manchester have held a meeting to express sympathy with the North in their efforts to suppress the rebellion in the United States, and a congratulatory address to President Lincoln on his course was adopted.

The English revenue accounts show an increase during the year of £2,092,000.

The London Times thinks that this proves conclusively that Cotton is not King, and it would be far better for England to keep all her cotton operatives on public provision till they were absorbed in other trades, than to vary one point in her national policy.

The Theatre of Ephesus.—This structure has recently been examined and measured. It must have been the largest ever erected. Its diameter was six hundred and sixty feet, sixty feet more than the major axis of the Coliseum. Allowing fifteen inches for each person, it would accommodate fifty-six thousand seven hundred spectators. Drury Lane will only contain three thousand two hundred, and old Covent Garden held two thousand eight hundred. This edifice was the scene of one of Apollonius' miracles; it is memorable for the uproar described in Acts xix., when the Ephesians accused Paul and the Christians in this very building. To this building the writer to the Corinthians alluded, probably, when he said, "If, after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me?"

Canal Across the Isthmus of Corinth.—A letter from Athens says: "A company has been formed in Greece for cutting through the Isthmus of Corinth, and thus avoiding the long and dangerous coasting of the shores of the Peloponnesus. From the earliest times the immense advantage of a canal joining the two seas has been admitted. The width of the canal would be 112 feet, and its depth about 30. Its length would not exceed three miles and three quarters. For vessels on their way from Marseilles and the Mediterranean to the Piraeus, the distance would be shortened by 180 miles. The saving of time to vessels coming from the Adriatic would be still more considerable."

A live Male Gorilla has just arrived safely at Liverpool. He was brought from Africa on board a mail steamer, and appeared docile. His skin is of an olive color, and he is yet very young, only slightly covered with hair. He is remarkably fond of good living and appears to have an especial relish for beef-steak and mutton chops and fruit.

Married.

On the 8th of January, 1863, at Frankford, by the Rev. Henderson Davis, Mr. THOMAS H. W. HAWKINS, of New Jersey, to Miss CATHARINE W. MORRIS, of Frankford, Pa.

Church Directory
OF PHILADELPHIA

FIRST (COLORED) PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Seventh Street, below Shippen.

PREACHING.
Morning, - - - - - 10½ o'clock.
Afternoon, - - - - - 3 o'clock.

LECTURES every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the BENEZET HALL, Seventh Street, below Lombard Street.

JONATHAN C. GIBBS, Pastor,
107 North Fifth Street.

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Lombard Street, below Ninth.

SERVICE.
Morning, Prayer Meeting, - - - 10½ o'clock
Preaching, afternoon, - - - 3 o'clock
Preaching, evening, - - - 7½ o'clock.

LECTURE every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.
JOHN B. REEVES, Pastor,
Residence—907 Lombard St.

A. M. E. UNION CHURCH—Coates Street, below Fifth St.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.
Preaching at - - - - - 10 A. M.
" - - - - - 3 P. M.
" - - - - - 7 P. M.

Class Meeting on every Thursday evening
Class on Sabbath, at 12 o'clock, M.
" Monday evening, at 7 o'clock
" Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

SABBATH SCHOOL.
Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M., and at half past 1 o'clock, P. M.
REV. HENRY DAVIS, Minister in Charge.
Residence—No. 818 Wood Street.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. MARTHA COLLINS.
730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS'
DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, AND TRIMMING STORE.
No. 510 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Mrs. H. calls the attention of her friends and patrons to a new stock of Felt and Winter Goods, consisting of Delaines, Calicoes, Flannels, Muslins, Drills, Shawls, Balmoral, and Hoop-Skirts.

N. B. Regalia and Dress Trimmings still on hand. All will be sold as near the old prices as possible. Call and see.

SHROUDING.
Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR,

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

No. 818 South Eighth Street, Philada.,

and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

☞ TERMS MODERATE. 1y

ENGLISH, SWISS AND AMERICAN
WATCHES.
FINE GOLD,
CORAL, PEARL, ONYX, JET, &
OTHER JEWELRY.

A large assortment of RINGS, BRACELETS, ARMLETS and THIMBLES.
Also the latest styles of Silver Forks, Spoons, Ladles and other Silver Ware.

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.
for sale cheap at
JOHN S. WILSON'S,
1808 MARKET STREET, PHILA.
nov29-3m

TO THE FRIENDS
OF
OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

Repeated applications having been made to the subscriber to establish a branch of his business in the vicinity of the late battle fields, with a view of reducing the cost of bringing home the bodies of the dead, he respectfully announces that he has now established a branch at Hagerstown, Md., and is prepared to attend to the business at greatly reduced rates. Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

The Burial Casket

furnished by me is equal to any other in use with regard to security, economy and entire absence of any of the unpleasant circumstances which generally surround other articles. Wherever used it has given entire satisfaction, and the subscriber challenges comparison with any Casket now before the public.

Much complaint has been made of the extortions practised by unprincipled [illegible] in this business, which the subscriber will honestly avoid.

JOHN GOOD, Undertaker.
No. [illegible] Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1862. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T., from Phoenix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T., Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 10, D. of T., from [illegible] Union, No. 15, T. of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubbart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Boscare, G. P. P. Sister Ambrosson,
" " S. Bowen, " " J. F. Brown,
" " M. H. Brady, " " E. A. Cuiss,
" " S. Sembers, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

Mrs. Susan Chavers,
President.
Mrs. L. R. Seymour, Sec'y.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connection with our other books, Sabbath school books of various kinds; Question Books; Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY.

Wanted Canvassing Agents for this splendid large engraving, which should be in every house of all admirers of that great and good man. The most liberal inducements offered to those selling this print. Send for catalogue and instructions to
WM. SMITH, Publisher,
702 South Third Street, [illegible]

WANTED. The charge of a Public School. Reference as to ability can be given. Apply to
J. W. A., 1041 Rehnuch St.

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING,
OF THE LATEST STYLES,

Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One-Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike.
JONES & CO.,
Dec 25-1y 604 Market Street.

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to owners of sewing machines, store keepers, and large families,—[illegible] Boys and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets, Sacks and Overcoats.

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

Address [illegible], Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa.

Or, apply to Mrs. Mary C. Weaver, (wife of the Editor of this paper,) 619 Pine St., Philada., Pa. Jan.—1y

JAMES DOWNS,
DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
No. 225 South Second Street.
Nov. 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas burning as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale foundries, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand.
WM. STILL.

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute.)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

"UNION COTTAGE,"
ATLANTIC CITY, NEAR THE INLET.

The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

TERMS:

Board per week,	$6 00
" " day,	1 25
Single meals,	50

S. H. WAILES, *Proprietress.*

BOARDING
IN BROOKLYN

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING

Mrs. AMEY WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banaker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banaker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. 1 m

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &C.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of the business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM. STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia.

REFERENCES

J. M. McKim,	Dr. Caspar Wistar,
Samuel Rhoads,	James Mott,
Dillwyn Parrish,	Thomas Williamson,
Prof. C. D. Cleveland,	W. H. Furness.

WANTED.

One or two respectable colored men in a quiet and respectable family to lodge, where they can secure all the comforts of a home, with a furnished room.

INQUIRE,
No. 424 South 7th St., Phila.

WM. H. LONGFELLOW,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 1128 Rodman Street,
Between 11th and 12th and Lombard and South Sts.
PHILADELPHIA.

Every department of Dentistry attended to.
Persons waited on at their residence if desired.
Nov. 4.

REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS'
FAMILY LINIMENT
IS PREPARED WITH GREAT CARE,
EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

Its composition is very simple, containing nothing that is injurious in any form, and there is no danger in its use from exposure to the weather. No family should be without it. Having a wish to benefit mankind in general, and those afflicted in particular—and having had recourse to the article in several cases of rheumatism, bunions, chilblains, and other lameness, it proving to be a remedy in every case—I therefore recommend it to the public.

CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no cure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs.
Rev. GEORGE A. RUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost.
ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 18, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.
RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions.
SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.

Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which affected a cure. I recommend it to the public.
Mrs. EVELINA DEMOND.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 16, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved.
Mrs. PHEBE A. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 10, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints.
Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him.
Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

[illegible], Sept. 2, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed.
Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment which relieved me successfully.
Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.
Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

MANUFACTURED BY
REV. LEWIS S. LEWIS,
No. 115 Meeting St., Providence, R. I.,
TO WHOM ALL ORDERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.
PRICE, 25 CTS. PER BOTTLE.

☞ *Sold in Newport by Mrs. MARTHA J. RANDOLPH, No. 1 Spruce Court.* 1y

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MRS. H. S. DUTERTE,
General Undertaker and Furnisher,

Respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she still continues the Undertaking business at the old establishment, No. 634 Lombard St., and being thankful for past favors, hopes still to obtain a share of the patronage of the public.

Ready made Coffins always on hand. Also a handsome Hearse and Carriages, with careful drivers, to attend funerals on the most moderate terms.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
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OLIVE SOAP,	SPERM CANDLES,
YELLOW "	ADAMANTINE "
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WHITE "	BARNETT'S "
CASTILE "	WAX,
HONEY "	TALLOW,
PALM "	SAL SODA,
FONCINE "	SOFT SOAP.

March 2—1y.

FINE CAKE BAKERY.
CONFECTIONERY AND ICE CREAM SALOON,
No. 801 South Street.

Ellis J. Peer would announce that he keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of all kinds of Cakes, Creams, Jellies, and Pastries.

Festivals, Balls, and Private Parties served upon the shortest notice, and warranted to give general satisfaction. Jan 16—1m.

NOTICE

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as truly worthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward,
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

For the Christian Recorder.

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson, formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hank, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket, and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney, and I further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Emmons, local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Charles Emmons (class leader) and Benjamin Cummings (who is exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson, and the evidence, or affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed } her
Before me May 6th, 1862. } Emily Johnson
Wm. Stokey J. P. mark

THOMAS CHARNOCK,
GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER
NO. 427 SOUTH FIFTH ST.,
Second door below Bethel Church.

OUR OWN BOOK-STORE!

Catalogue of Books for Sale at the Book Depository of the A. M. E. Church located at No. 619 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Horne's Introduction to the Bible,	
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The Poet Preacher,	
Saints' Rest,	
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Defence of our Fathers. Bishop Emory,	
Life of Wesley,	
Cole's Dictionary of the Holy Bible, S. S.,	
Cole's Concordance,	1 00
The Christian Maiden. Priestly,	75
Our Friends in Heaven,	60
The Sacred Hour. Rev. M. P. Gaddis,	75
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THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE

You say there's wrinkles in your face,
But I can see none there.
Ah! why should Time his record trace
Upon a page so fair?
You call them wrinkles, love, but still,
In this we don't agree;
For you may call them what you will,
They *dimples* seem to me.

That youth doth swiftly speed away,
Has oft been said and sung;
Ah, me! it seems but yesterday
Since you and I were young.
Then, graceful was your youthful head,
With glossy dark brown hair;
You say there's many a silver thread
Old Time has woven there.

Well, well! what matter, dark or gray,
Thy smooth or wrinkled brow?
Thou wert not in thy palmiest day
More beautiful than now.
For still is thine the winning grace,
The gentle spirit thine,
That sheds o'er young or aged face
A loveliness divine.

* * *

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN FORT ROYAL, SOUTH CAROLINA.

The first day of the New Year was spent in great glee by the negroes in this department. Speeches, flag presentations, barbecues, dancing, and prayer-meetings, were the order of the day and night. The grand affair was celebrated at Smith's plantation with great enthusiasm. The following address of Gen. Saxton issued some days since, attracted to the beautiful grounds of Camp Saxton a crowd of nearly three thousand people:—

A HAPPY NEW YEAR'S GREETING TO THE COLORED PEOPLE IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH.

In accordance, as I believe, with the will of our Heavenly Father, and by direction of your great and good friend, whose name you are all familiar with, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, on the first day of January, 1863, you will be declared "forever free."

When in the course of human events there comes a day which is destined to be an everlasting beacon-light, marking a joyful era in the progress of a nation and the hopes of a people, it seems to be fitting the occasion that it should not pass unnoticed by those whose hopes it comes to brighten and to bless. Such a day to you is January 1st, 1863. I, therefore, call upon all the colored people in this Department to assemble on that day at the head quarters of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, there to hear the President's Proclamation read, and to indulge in such other manifestations of joy as may be called forth by the occasion. It is your duty to carry this good news to your brethren who are still in slavery. Let all your voices, like merry bells, join loud and clear in the grand chorus of liberty—"We are free," "We are free,"—until, listening, you shall hear its echoes coming back from every cabin in the land—"We are free," "We are free." R. SAXTON,

Brigadier General and Military Governor.

The steamers *Flora* and *Boston*, laden with a heavy freight of dusky humanity, arrived opposite the landing at Smith's at noon. A procession was soon formed, and, with the band of the Eighth Maine Volunteers at its head, marched to the spacious live oak grove in the rear of the plantation mansion. Here a stand was erected, on which were seated General Saxton, Chaplain French, Colonel Higginson, Collector Severance, Dr. Brisbane, Dr. Peck, and numerous other prominent personages. The ceremonies were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Fowler, Chaplain of the colored regiment, after which an original ode, composed for the occasion, by Prof. Zachos, of Antioch college, was sung. The proclamation of the President and General Saxton's address were next read.

A set of colors—the gift of Dr. Cheever's Church, in New York city—was then presented to the regiment by Mr. French, Colonel Higginson receiving the flags in behalf of the regiment, and calling upon Sergeant Rivers and Corporal Sutton, to whose care he intrusted them, for speeches. They were given with great animation, and were received with tumultuous applause. Speeches were also made by General Saxton, Mrs. Frances D. Gage and others, and the crowd then adjourned to the eating ground, where a barbecue, consisting of twelve roasted oxen and numerous barrels of molasses and water, was soon disposed of. At four o'clock, the negroes re-embarked for their homes, having participated in the celebration of the happiest New Year's day that has ever dawned upon them.

* * *

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

For a short distance either side of the Lo-wan Pass the wall is constructed of brick with rubble in the centre; but farther away it is composed almost wholly of stone; in fact, whatever materials were closest at hand would appear to have been made use of; thus, as at the spots we visited, granite abounded in greatest profusion, so in the construction of the wall was it made the principal ingredient, and for miles the wall consists of large, shapeless masses of granite, smoothed only on the outside. We observed but one tower built entirely of stone—they being, with this exception, composed of brick, with foundations of hewn stone. The height of the wall from the top of the parapet is about seventeen feet ten inches at most parts, though occasionally, where the parapet is highest, it measures eighteen feet six inches; its breadth is thirteen feet, and the height of the parapet five feet four inches. The towers are thirty-one feet three inches high, and twenty-eight feet one inch broad. The parapet is both crenelated and loop-holed, and the towers are pierced for the discharge of some projectile. From an elevated site the scenery well repays one for the trouble of ascent; clear streams are seen meandering down the passes, whilst on every side, and looming far in the distance, are a succession of brown hill tops, with small patches only under cultivation. Droves of pack asses are seen going and returning, the former unladen, and the latter bringing a small kind of brushwood, which the borderers burn instead of the millet stalk in use on the plains, whilst in wild abundance are scattered innumerable ash, poplar, and fir-trees.

Offshoots branch out from the wall in occasional places. For their construction it is difficult in every case to assign a reason, the little town of Lo-wan Ee is completely encircled by one, and on the opposite side a double wall winds upwards with the portions in nearly parallel lines.

A visit the following day to the Pass of Cha-pow, distant about twenty-one lee from that of Lo-wan, confirmed our surmise that in the erection of the wall the contractors, if such they were, availed themselves to any extent of the building materials closest at hand. We noticed several guns, most of which were partially imbedded in the earth or rubble forming the centre of the wall; one bore an inscription recording that it was cast in the reign of Wan Lee, the last Emperor but one of the Ming dynasty, it must therefore have been upwards of 260 years old, and was evidently fashioned after a European model. A great many of the towers were in a decayed state, and the interiors of some of them, having been cleared of *debris*, were converted into gardens and granaries.

The Chinese speak of the wonderful structure as the 10,000 lee old wall, and appear to consider it extremely natural that strangers should desire to visit it; the sight amply repays one for the trouble and difficulties of the journey, and when the fact is realized that for thousands of miles the extraordinary products of masonic art pursues its serpentine course, all other so called wonders of the world fade by comparison with this lasting memento of a despot's folly and the involuntary labor of a submissive people.—*Once a Week.*

* * *

DESCRIPTION OF FAMILIAR MEN

The celebrated John Foster thus describes a fanatic: "He sees religion, not as a sphere, but as a line, and it is on a line which he is moving. He is like an American buffalo—sees right forward, but never on the right or left. He would not see a legion of angels or devils at the distance of ten yards on the one side or the other."

A PEEP AT HOLLAND

BY NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

We are standing on the top of the great square tower of the High Kirk of Rotterdam. The day is bright and breezy. We have ascended the endless screw stairs and wooden ladders, and passed far above the solitary home of the town clock, where day and night it swings its huge pendulum, and with many a whirr and click solemnly and conscientiously divides time, which is dividing all things, and which also, during the last fifteen minutes, has almost divided our own breath from the body in this ambitious striving to overlook the world. But now that we are up, the view is worth all the trouble. So every one, at least, protests.

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE TOWER.

Below is the city of Rotterdam. Like all continental cities, it burns wood only and is therefore free from smoke. You can count every red tile in the housetops, far down, or the stones in the street lower still with the innumerable ants, or black dots like men and women who are crossing to and fro accompanied by their shadows. There is nothing in the town itself very attractive to the eye—a mass of brick and tile houses, with green trees, and a few steeples here and there to break the sea of red. But there are some other features of the view eminently characteristic. See those canals!—everywhere taking the place of the streets in other cities, the streets here being on each side of the canals. Notice that sweeping river to the south, losing itself far off in the plain. It is not what it once was, and feels the contrast so acutely that, as if ashamed of itself, it has changed its name. Here it is called the Maas, for who would believe that a thing now so flat and stale, so humble and quiet, as it glides in its old age to "the unfathomable gulf where all is still," should be that imperial river, or even an elder branch of the once lordly Rhine, which in its youth thundered from the Alps, roaring in foam and rainbow mist over Schaffhausen, and in its strength and glory gathered to its lofty sides the pomp and chivalry, the poetry and song, the learning and literature of Deutschland; and—if teetotalers will permit the additional reminiscence of its history—wreathed its brow with the noble vines of the princely Johannisberg? Alas! no one knows what they may come to even in this world.

But if this allusion to alcoholic wines gives pain to any worthy hater of such dangerous fermentation, let him just turn his face from the Rhine and its vinous associations, and look to the north, and there he will see a country which might form the very paradise of water drinkers, if they were disposed to overlook the quality of the liquid in the largeness of its quantity. Take a sweep of the horizon along half a circle from west to east—all is as flat as the ocean; a green plain, with nothing whatever to relieve it except lines of white that indicate the ditches which divide the fields, and the windmills which drain them, with here and there a group of trees round a village, and the church spire that rises above it. Such is the scenery of Holland. The Atlantic, if dead calm and covered with grass, would be equally picturesque.

SMALLNESS OF THE COUNTRY.

The smallness of Holland is realized from the top of this tower. To the south is seen a patch of red with steeples, which notes the venerable old town of Dort, and which, coming from Antwerp, is passed in sailing to Rotterdam from Moerdyk on the Maas. Its Synod and articles are well known to all students of divinity; and the discussion carried on there in the seventeenth century between Arminians and Calvinists is continued still, and promises in some form or other to divide men's opinions till synods and articles are no more. That town is not far from the southern border of the kingdom. Look now along the line of railway which shoots to the north west straight as an arrow; that steeple a few miles off marks Delft, once the world's capital of crockery. A few miles farther on in the same direction are the steeples of the Hague. Let the eye follow the horizon until it describes a semi-circle sweeping inward to the right hand, ending due east of Delft, and the steeples of Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Utrecht can be seen in succession; and these are the chief cities of this pumped yet watery land. That village on the river to the west, and close to us, is Schiedam, from whence, for generations, gin flowed and smugglers sailed, to tipsify and cheat our ancestors.

INTERIOR OF THE HIGH KIRK.

And now, bidding farewell to the upper regions of the atmosphere, and the windy pinnacles of St. Lawrence, we may descend—no easy matter—to the earth. Let us look into the church in passing, for it is like every other in Holland. It is very large, and without any ornaments whatever. The pulpit is attached to one of the pillars, and the congregation are all boxed in within the nave, leaving the aisles free and a large portion of each end of the fabric. With the exception of the organ, all is as simple and unadorned as the most rigid Presbyterian could desire; for the Dutch, like almost all the churches of the Reformation, are Presbyterian in their forms of worship and church discipline. All the seats are furnished with Bibles of a uniform size—but such a size! They are the only things in Holland which fully come up to my preconceived ideas of Dutch size and capacity. Pocket Bibles in public seem unknown. Those we saw everywhere in the pews seemed to have reposed there since the days of Hugo Grotius. To carry them, racks, instead of pockets would be necessary.

CLEANLINESS OF THE DUTCH.

Now that we are again in the town, we may take a short stroll before the railway starts for the Hague. As we do so, we cannot fail being struck by some features common to all Dutch cities. First, of course, is the cleanliness and order everywhere visible. The streets, with their small red brick pavements, are scrubbed like an indoor floor, and the fronts of the houses are all subjected to a constant watering from syringe pumps, like those used by our gardeners. The vessels in the canals are equally clean. They are ranged, as if by a theodolite, in straight lines, and what is wanting in elegance or variety of form—for they are all the same in rotundity of build, looking so like drawing lessons—is made up in perfect cleanliness. Every bit of brass is beautifully scoured and polished. The sailors are constantly washing the oars or scrubbing the decks. At the stern may be seen small windows two feet square or so, with their white curtains tied up with ribbon, and probably a few small pots of flowers; and there live the whole family of the worthy master of the *Vrow Catherina*. Most people are annoyed by the cleanliness of the Dutch. Scotchmen are always so. They never, at least, praise it, but either express a mere sense of wonder at such a fuss being made about it, deplore the precious time wasted in securing it, or detract from the supposed virtue, giving "no thanks," because of the abundance of water close at hand. I heard a Scotchman say, when treading carefully over a scrubbed street, "Did any one ever see the like of this? I do believe that the heaviest punishment which you could inflict upon these towns would be to shake all the dust from your shoes and leave it with them!" This was pure envy. We must admit that Scotland and Ireland contain the filthiest villages in the world. "But that is the climate." No; look at Holland. Pray, my dear countrymen, do not excuse such habits, but whenever you can, lecture your village neighbors on the blessings of water and the beauty of soap, and tell them about the cleanly Dutch.

[illegible]

Now we must take a peep into the land of the Dutch, or the Ditch, for either term is appropriate. The *Spoorweg*, or railroad, whirls you in a single day from Rotterdam, through Delft, Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, to Amsterdam. The grand characteristic of all these towns is "silence where [illegible] may be heard." No doubt there are exceptions to this rule. In the most silent town the sound of human footsteps occasionally breaks upon the ear, and the whisper of human voices disturbs the air; while in some parts of the Hague and in most parts of Amsterdam, there are decided noise and evident bustle, such as one hears and sees in a quiet London street on Sabbath morning; but, generally speaking, the repose is profound. A carriage startles you. When the tread of a [illegible] is heard, every head is turned to see what it imports. The question is constantly forced upon the mind, What can all the people be about? How do they live? Where are the manufactories, the mines, the anything to produce food and clothing? But the echo answers "Where?" The windmills wheel in the silent air as if their wings were oiled. The barges glide along the calm and sunny canals, and the people appear to be well fed and clothed. The whole nation looks, in fact, like an old, respectable sea captain, who had made his money years ago by trading far away and who now sat upon his chest of dollars, smoking his pipe and gazing with a stolid face of quiet satisfaction upon all the world, as if saying, 'My money is made and my day is over; I am contented, and please don't trouble me with anything new. It's all right!'

Methinks I hear some well informed accurate statist correcting me with a frown, and saying, 'What! do you not know that the Dutch are the most industrious people in the world? Common sense, as well as more accurate information, might have told you that no nation could exist in such repose as you picture. Have you never seen their immense dykes, their drained lakes, their warehouses filled with the products of their flourishing colonies? Have you never heard of Java, Surinam, or Guiana? Have you never heard of that most charming book, Motley's *History of the Dutch Republic*?'

There is no necessity, astute friend, for any such catechism. My one reply is this, that I do not pretend to tell anything about the country except what meets the eye of a railway traveller.

* * *

SELECTING SEED WHEAT

We have before alluded to the experiments of Mr. Hallett, of Brighton, in England, in the selection of his wheat for seed, and the results which have attended it. It is an interesting and important matter with the farmer, and one which we desire to press upon the attention of our readers. Mr. Hallett commenced his experiments in Sept. 18[illegible]. He then planted one grain of wheat, and year by year selected most carefully the produce of the finest heads of seed for the next year's crop, and improving every successive harvest, he has at length more than doubled the size of the original heads, the weight of the product has largely increased, and he is enabled to sow much earlier than formerly. These are most important considerations.

It will be remembered that at the meeting of the Board of Agriculture last winter, Mr. Haines, of Aroostook, stated that he one year separated his seed wheat, so as to have the largest, heaviest kernels only, to sow. In this way he obtained about one peck from a bushel. A bushel and a half of this selected wheat was sown side by side in another field, with wheat unculled, and the former was four times as good as the latter, and the yield correspondingly heavier. The fields upon which it was sown were very uniform in character throughout, and this difference in the looks of the wheat could be distinguished as far as the field could be viewed so as to see the grain.

The benefits of careful selection of seed through a number of years, has become so evident that we think farmers can but profit from the experiments which have thus far been made in this direction; and there is this advantage in it, that the plan is open to each farmer alike, and with but a small expense attending the operation. To raise pure crops of every variety of seed, is of the greatest importance, and we wonder that it has so long been neglected.—*Maine Farmer.*

* * *

MOTTIER ON WINE MAKING

John E. Mottier, a well known vintner, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes as follows to the last *Horticulturist*:

In order to make good wine it is necessary to have a good cellar, clean casks, press, etc. First of all have your grapes well ripened; gather them in dry weather, and pick out carefully all the unripe berries, and all the dried and damaged ones; then mash and grind them with a mill, if you have a proper mill for the purpose. Be careful not to set your mill so close as to mash the seeds, for they will give a bad taste to the wine. If you wish to have wine of a rose color, let the grapes remain in a large tub a few hours before pressing. The longer time you leave the grapes before pressing after they are mashed, the more color the wine will have.

For pressing the grapes, any press will answer, provided it is kept clean and sweet.

After you have collected the must in a clean tub from the press, have it transferred into the cask in the cellar. Fill the cask to within ten inches of the bung; then place one end of a siphon made for that purpose, in the bung, and make it air-tight; the other end must be placed in a bucket containing cold water. The gas then passes off from the cask without coming in contact with the wine, which would destroy that fine grape flavor which makes our Catawba so celebrated. When properly made, the must will undergo fermentation. Keep the end of the siphon that is in the water fully four inches deep, so as to exclude the air from the wine. When it has fermented, which will be in fifteen days, fill the cask with the same kind of wine and bung it loosely for one week; then make it tight. Nothing more is needed till it is clear, which, if all is right, will be in January or February next. Then, if perfectly clear, rack it off into another cask, and bung it up tightly till wanted. If the wine remains in the cask until fall, about November, it will improve by racking it again. Be sure to always have sweet, clean casks. Do not burn too much brimstone in the cask; I have seen much wine injured by the excessive use of brimstone—generally by new beginners. For my part, I make little use of it.

You can make different qualities of wine with the same grape by separating the different runs at the same pressing. The first run is the finest, if you want to make use of it the first season, but it will not keep long without losing its fine qualities.

To make good sound wine that will improve by age, the plan is to mix all up together. The very last run will make it rough, but it will have better body and flavor when two or three years old, and will improve for a number of years. The first run will not be good after two or three years.

I have fully tested the different ways of making and keeping wines these last twenty-five years.

* * *

WATCHES BY MACHINERY

"The first impression, upon hearing that a watch is made by machinery is, that it must be rather coarse and clumsy. No machine so cunning as the human hand, we are fond of saying. But, if you will look at this gauge for instance, and then at any of these dainty and delicate machines upon the benches, miniature lathes of steel, and contrivances which combine the skill of innumerable exquisite fingers upon single points, you will feel at once that, when the machinery itself is so almost poetic and sensitive, the result of its work must be correspondingly perfect.

My friend [illegible] got the watch, but the watch maker—said quietly 'By your leave,' and, pulling a single hair from my head touched it to a fine gauge, which indicated exactly the thickness of the hair. It was a test of the twenty-five hundredth part of an inch. But there are also gauges graduated to the ten thousandth part of an inch. Here is a workman making screws. Can you just see them? That hardly visible point standing from the almost imperceptible hole is one of them. A hundred and fifty thousand of them make a pound. The wire costs a dollar, the screws are worth nine hundred and fifty dollars. The magic touch of the machine makes that wire nine hundred and fifty times more valuable. The operator sets them in regular rows upon a thin plate. When the plate is full it is passed to another machine which cuts the little groove upon the top of each and at [illegible] exactly in the same spot. Every one of these hundred and fifty thousand screws in every pound is accurately the same as every other, and any and all of them in this pound or any pound, any one of the millions or ten millions of this size, will fit precisely every hole made for this steel screw in every plate of every watch made in the factory. They are kept in little glass phials, like those in which the homeopathic doctors keep their pellets.

"The fineness and variety of the machinery are so amazing, so beautiful—there is such an exquisite combination of force and movement—such sensitive teeth and fingers, and wheels, and points of steel—such fairy knives of sapphire, with which King Oberon in the First night have been beheaded, had he insisted upon levying dew-taxes upon primroses without the authority of his elves—such smooth cylinders and flying points so rapidly revolving that they seem perfectly still—such dainty oscillations of parts with the air of intelligent consciousness of movement, that a machinery so extensive in details, so complex, so harmonious, at length entirely magnetizes you with wonder and delight, and you are firmly persuaded that you behold the magnified parts of a huge brain in the very act of thinking out watches."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

* * *

RAPID MARCHES.

The following are some of the most remarkable cases of rapid marches on military record:

Roman infantry marched frequently a distance of twenty miles in five hours, each soldier carrying from fifty to eighty pounds of baggage. Cæsar's legions marched four hundred and fifty leagues in twenty-three days. In 1800, Macdonald marched forty miles in a single day, crossing rivers and climbing mountains. Clausel, after most extraordinary efforts at the battle of Salamanca, retreated forty miles in twelve hours. In 1811, Napoleon marched his army, for the purpose of succoring Paris, seventy-five miles in thirty-six hours. General Crawford, in Spain, marched three thousand men sixty-two miles in thirty-six hours. In 1808, Wellington's cavalry in India marched sixty miles in thirty-two hours. Before the battle of Furruckabad, in India, the English cavalry, under Lord Lake, are said to have marched seventy miles in twenty-four hours.

* * *

TRUE COURAGE.—Horace, a disciple of Epicurus, said, "Neither the clamors of a raging mob, nor the frowns of a threatening tyrant; neither furious storms nor roaring thunder can move a righteous man, who stands firm to his resolution. The wreck of the world might crush his body to atoms, but could not shake his soul with fear."

Family Circle.

LITTLE LIGHTS.

Jesus bids us shine
With a pure clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness,
So we must shine
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine
First of all, for Him:
Well He sees and knows it
If our light is dim!
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine
Then for all around:
For many kinds of darkness
In the world are found.
There's sin, there's want and sorrow,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Little American.

* * *

THE EYES OF CHILDREN

Every one who has been much among children and young people, ought to have learned one thing about them:—that they are keenly observant. Few things escape their notice. They are something like that mystic being spoken of by the Hebrew seer, and described by him as being "full of eyes." They watch us when we little think it. People sometimes fancy it an easy thing to deceive the young. Alas! they make a fearful blunder. It is easier to hoodwink adults than juveniles. One sometimes hears folk talk, in an exceedingly "knowing" and confident style about "getting on the blind side of children." But the fact is that it is not, after all, a very easy thing to find the said "blind side," and often when we are deluding ourselves with the notion that we have found it, lo! there are a pair of large watchful eyes fixed on us all the while. Rest assured, it is a dangerous thing to presume too much on the ignorance of the young.

* * *

HONESTY.

I once saw a little girl who was so honest that she would not take a pin from her sister's cushion without leave. She had a cousin who was very different in this respect, for he would take what suited his convenience, without asking any one.

One day this honest little girl went home from school with her cousin. As it happened, no one was in the house when they arrived, though it was evident that some one must be near, for the baby was asleep in the cradle, and the doors were opened. 'I'm very hungry,' said Robert, 'and as good luck will have it, here is some nice-looking cake just taken from the oven. Come, Mary, I will give you a piece.'

'No, thank you,' said Mary; 'pray don't cut it, it would be stealing.'

'Stealing!' replied Robert, with a loud laugh, 'stealing, to take a piece of cake when I am at home!'

'Yes,' said Mary, 'it is stealing: because you would not do it if mother were here. You know that she would not allow you to eat a rich cake just from the oven.'

'Then I shall do it before she comes,' said Robert; and he buried a knife in the loaf, which fell crumbling to the table.

His mother was very angry with him, and called him a wicked and mischievous boy, but she did not tell him that these were the first steps towards being a thief. Perhaps that mother would be greatly shocked had any one called her by such a dreadful name; yet mothers, fathers, children, all, should know that nobody steals a great thing first. Where is the little boy who helps himself to what he likes, because no one is present to forbid him; who takes little matters for his play, and then excuses himself by saying that he did not know to whom it belonged? Let that little boy beware. It is sufficient for us to know that the thing without any apparent owner is not ours. Let us beware of the first step toward being a thief.

Where is the little girl who takes slily from the table or pantry what she would not take openly, or before the eyes of her friends, who watches the opportunity when mothers and sisters are absent, to take from drawers, work-basket, or closet, what she would not venture to take when they are at home? Beware, little girl, beware! this is the down hill path, which, if followed will lead you to infamy and disgrace. No matter how small the thing you take—a pin, a needle, a bit of thread, a lump of sugar, the smallest matter if taken slily is a theft. Neither is it any excuse to say that we are at home. There is right and ownership at home as well as in other places; and the child who does not regard the property of parents, brothers and sisters, will not be more scrupulous towards strangers.

Be honest, children, you need not fear being too much so. No matter who thinks you too particular. Honesty is a rare virtue, and an honest child will grow into an honest man or woman. Thus was it with little Mary. Her mother was a widow, and people called her poor, but it was soon found out that she possessed a treasure in this trustworthy little girl.

As she grew up, Mary became so noted for her fidelity and conscientiousness that she was placed at last in a very responsible situation which she filled with great credit to herself, and to the entire satisfaction of her employers. It was thus the good girl supported her mother when she was old, and educated her younger sisters.

Not so with Robert. His habit of helping himself was not long confined to the [illegible] and drunken [illegible] it became necessary to furnish the house with a new supply of locks, and even these were not effectual in guarding the property of his parents. He at last left his home with a large sum of money which he had stolen from his father's desk, and has not since been heard of.

What do you suppose will be the end of this boy, who began his downward race by helping himself without asking leave? Would you be willing to take his prospect of respectability and usefulness in this world, and of happiness in the world to come? No, I am sure that you would not. Then beware of his first steps.

Family Treasury.

* * *

COMING HOME

"Your father is coming home," said Mrs. Dunlap in a constrained voice, looking up from a letter which she had taken from an envelope. There was something unnatural in her manner, and an unusual paleness in her face.

Three children started from different parts of the room, and crowding around their mother, answered, in many joyful words, to the unexpected intelligence.

"I'm so glad! I'm so glad!" shouted little Andrew, five years old, dancing and clapping his hands.

"And I'm so glad," said Alice—grave womanly Alice, who had caught the sunlight of just ten summers in her golden hair. She was standing at her mother's knees, and looking into and reading her face.

"To-morrow we shall see him." Mrs. Dunlap tried, but vainly, to look joyful.

"I hope——" Alice faltered in her words; "I hope, mother, that he isn't——," she checked herself, and the hue of her mother's face was reflected in her own—"isn't sick or—or—wounded!"

A momentary shiver ran along the nerves of Mrs. Dunlap, rattling the open letter in her hand.

"He's been sick, dear," she replied, partly turning away, so that Alice might not read all that she knew was writing itself in her countenance; and, leaving the children, she went to her own room, and shutting the door, fastened it. Her face was white as she reopened the letter which she had half crushed in her hand, and read it for the second time. It was from an officer of the company in which her husband held the rank of first lieutenant, and stated, briefly, that he had been wounded in a recent battle, and was on his way home in a government transport. As to the character of the wound, nothing was said.

It was almost a year since Mrs. Dunlap had parted from her husband—parted with him in the flush of health, and in the vigor of manhood—and what a year of trial and fear it had been! He had taken part in many battles, bearing himself bravely always, and had passed from the ranks to a first lieutenancy; but now, after a year's absence, he was coming home. The long and anxiously looked for day was at hand. To-morrow she was to see him again. To-morrow! Ah, when the veil of to-morrow was lifted, and she stood face to face with the long absent—what then?

Mrs. Dunlap had borne up all day as calmly as possible for the sake of her children; but as the evening closed down strength began to fail, and she withdrew to one of the chambers, that she might be alone, and let the pent-up anguish of mind that was almost suffocating her, have unrestrained utterance in sobs and weeping. For a while body and soul seemed convulsed, then the overleaping floods drew back, and she felt calmer and stronger.

"Mother?" It was the voice of Alice. Mrs. Dunlap turned and looked into her child's face, that wore a strange, almost a stern expression.

"What is it, dear?" Mrs. Dunlap controlled her voice.

"Father is wounded!"

The mother started and shuddered. Then asked quickly:

"How do you know? Who told you?"

"No one told me; but I feel it, mother. Didn't the letter say he was wounded?"

Mrs. Dunlap was silent. Alice could bear the pressure on her feelings no longer. A strong cry as of one in sudden pain broke from her lips, and throwing herself upon her mother, she wept convulsively.

"Let us hope for the best. To-morrow we shall see him, and know all."

Pale and weak from suffering, Mrs. Dunlap on the morrow was sitting with Alice leaning against her, waiting for the return of her husband's brothers, who had gone down to the landing at which the transport bearing sick and wounded soldiers was expected to arrive. Nine, ten, eleven o'clock had come, but they were still waiting in suspense and anguish. For more than half of the morning they had stood at the window, eager to catch the first sight of a messenger, or of him in whom their hearts were bound up. How would he come? What would be his condition? Would he come at all? The wounded die. How fruitless questions and paralyzing fears wrought with them, bringing dismay and terror!

Mrs. Dunlap, and Alice, who had seemed to grow to womanhood in a few hours, sat thus alone, waiting, hearkening, suffering. Andrew and Mary, too young to comprehend the situation, were at play in the next room, that opened into the garden, out of which a gate led to the street. All at once they were still, and then Mary exclaimed, in a voice of glad surprise:

"Why, papa!" and Andrew echoed the word—"Papa!"

It seemed to Mrs. Dunlap that she was bound to the chair in which she sat. She made an effort to rise, but could not stir. A faintness and blindness came over her. Alice had bounded to her feet, and was already half way to the door which she gained an instant afterward. Stooping to Andrew and Mary, she saw her father. One arm was around both, and he was hugging them to his heart. The other arm was bandaged. He arose as she came forward. How pale and wasted he was! How bronzed his fine face; how deep in their orbits and changed in expression his beautiful eyes! "Father! O father!" she cried, giving way wildly to her feelings and springing toward him. He had lifted himself from his stooping posture at sight of Alice, and advanced to meet her, but in a weak way. She stood still, a pace or two distant, as if some invisible power had arrested her steps; then advanced, and laid her face gently against him, sobbing, "O father! Dear, dear father!"

Mrs. Dunlap heard all this, but she had no power to stir. She was in a kind of waking nightmare; and not until her husband entered, with the children clinging to him, was the spell of paralysis removed.

And so he had come home to her—come home with a shattered arm, and wasted by hardships and sickness not spoken of in the letters; come home a wreck in comparison with what he was, when at the sound of danger, he sprang up to his country's defence. Yet, as Mrs. Dunlap stood up and looked into his changed face, that bore so many lines of suffering and exhaustion, she said, "Thank God, that it is no worse!" And again as she laid her wet face against his bosom, "Thank God!" And yet again, with her hot kisses on his lips and cheeks, and forehead, "Thank God! thank God!"

It might have been worse. Alas! In how many thousands of instances has it not been worse. Ah, these comings home! Once, suggestive of joy, now of sorrow. From distant places, after a long sojourn, the beloved turn their faces homeward, and their welcome is in tears instead of smiles. They went forth strong, indeed and in the full vigor of manhood; they come back sick or maimed, or dead, bringing shadow instead of sunshine.

It is an evil tree that gives fruit to the people like this and we shall never dwell in safety while its roots strike into our soil, and its branches stretch over the land. Let it be hewn down and cast into the fire.

* * *

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And angels twelve, with holy mien,
At every gate.

The names of Christ's apostles, too,
Are graven there in open view
The bases on:
Near this, a messenger of seven,
Who seemed acquainted well with heaven,
Conversed with John.

"Come hither," said the man to John,
And "I will show thee," farther on,
"The heavenly bride:"
John yielded, and was carried high,
Up to a mountain, very nigh
The city's side.

The city, brilliant as a gem,
Has for its name Jerusalem;
And then its light
Reminds one of a crystal clear,
Or of a jasper stone most dear,
All pure and bright.

The glory, too, is there displayed,
Of Him, by whom all things were made,
Most perfectly:
John saw and heard these things, then fear
Came on him, for he felt most near
To Deity.

This city, which is just four-square,
Is built of substances most rare
And lovely too:
'Tis made of gold as clear as glass;
Its walls of jasper none surpass,
Are words most true.

John sought the temple, but found none;
For God Almighty and His Son
The temple are:
No light from sun or moon here waits;
But brightness from God emanates,
Which naught can mar.

He, who John to the mount did lead,
"Had in his hand a golden reed,"
To measure with;
He tried the city with the reed,
And found it very large indeed,
In length and width.

Twelve thousand furlongs, he did count,
As John looked at him from the mount,
And saw the plan,
By which he measured walls so strong,
So very wide, and high, and long,
And hard to scan.

Cubits of wall he then passed o'er,
And found one hundred forty-four
To be their sum:
John saw twelve gates, each made of pearl;
While to his sight views did unfurl
And plain become.

Within each gate by day enclosed,
Stands a bright angel interposed;
Who seems to say,
No entrance is allowed to men,
Who never have been born again,
Nor left sin's way.

The righteous though may enter in,
To this blest place, so free from sin,
And join the host
Of them who praise the Son of God,
Who bought their pardon with his blood,
And loved them most.

Jesus has sent his angel fair,
To bid his ransomed ones prepare,
And come on high;
"The Spirit and the bride say, Come,"
"And whosoever will," may roam
Above the sky.

All bodies in the heavens are
Humbler than Christ "The Morning Star;"
For he's most bright:
'Twas he who told all others, when
To spread abroad their lustre, then
To them gave light.

In Revelation it was said,
And chapter last, which I have read,
The fourteenth part;
"That they who his commandments do,
May walk the golden city through"
With joyful heart.

Companions dear, whom I love best,
In Jesus' name you're now addressed,
And bid to come:
Where heaven's resounding echoes ring,
To tunes which saints and angels sing,
In their loved home.

Perhaps some of you do desire,
To turn to Christ, and 'scape the fire
Which burns in hell,
To such I then would gladly say,
Christ Jesus is the only way,
He'll lead you well.

R. B. Jones.

Ashmun Institute, Jan. 10th, 1863.

WHAT THEN?

After the joys of earth,
After its songs of mirth,
After its hours of light,
After its dreams so bright—
What then?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary frame,
Only a conscious smart,
Only an aching heart.

After this empty name,
After this weary frame,
After this conscious smart,
After this aching heart—
What then?

Only a sad farewell
To a world we loved too well,
Only a silent bed
With the forgotten dead.

After this sad farewell
To a world we loved too well,
After this silent bed
With the forgotten dead—
What then!

Good thoughts are no better than good dreams if they are not executed.

LIFE OF ST CYPRIAN

THE AFRICAN BISHOP, MARTYR AND SAINT

CHAP. I.

Carthage His Birth City

To speak of the power and grandeur, of this, the greatest of all the cities of Africa, is to say.—Founded by the Tyrian Princess Elissa, more commonly known as Dido, on account of some supposed virtue possessed, or act performed, Carthage, the new city, soon took a leading position among the powers of the earth.

Situated as it was, in the spacious bay; formed by what are now known as Cape Bon, and Cape Zibib, and but a short distance from that other Tyrian Colony, Utica, from its very position, the birth city of our churchman became the commercial gate, through which must pass much of the wealth and resources of an inexhaustible continent.

It is not the licensed rhapsody of the poet, which makes him say, as he ponders upon the treasures of Africa:

"Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand."

For where is the mathematician that can compute its wealth in gems and precious ores? Where the economist that can calculate its almost infinite productions of all the necessaries and comforts of life?

Africa is as Jerusalem, with Solomon for king. "And the king made silver and gold as plenteous as stones."

Looking out upon the expansive Mediterranean, and by the waters of that sea, readily accessible to Europe and Asia Carthage, by pursuing a wise commercial policy, soon became the bargaining spot—the market of the nations.

To transport the immense quantities of production there collected, the Carthagenians must needs become a maritime people. True to their Tyrian instinct, and to the necessity laid upon them, they construct vessels and become proficient in the nautical science. In a brief period, we behold the Afric Tyrian nation, which by alliances, and treaties, and conquests, had absorbed all the petty governments in North Africa, from the tower of Euphrates in the east, to Gibraltar in the west, become the first maritime power of the earth.

In possession of great naval power, there was none to dispute with them the mastery of the sea; while the temptation to extend their sway presented itself.

Situated in the Mediterranean, there are a number of islands, beautiful in appearance, and rich in resources: fit jewels for a monarch's crown. These islands were charming to the eyes of these covetous Africans. To possess them they had both will and ability, which are as cause and effect with any nation wishing to extend its borders. Here we have no exception to the rule; and in a brief period, Sardinia, and Malta, Corsica, Sicily and the Balearic Isles, are ruled by Carthagenian sway.

In quiet possession of these islands, why should they not take another step, and land upon another continent? Spain, abounding in mines of silver and gold, attracts their attention. Ambition and avarice awake, and Spain, though inhabited by a courageous people, bows in subjection to African valor and skill.

In the meanwhile, a rival had arisen in the powers of the kingdom of Rome; and one too, that was destined to dispute with them the empire of the world. These two kingdoms, Rome and Carthage, jealous of the wealth and power of each other, and mutually ambitious, were soon to measure each other's strength. Each was dissatisfied with the position and action of the other. Ambition never tolerates an aspirant: much less an equal. The city of Messina, in Sicily, was destined to be the focus at which Roman and Carthagenian, European and African aspirations were to meet in the glowing heat of battle.

The popular determination at Rome, was that Carthagenian ambition must be stopped; and so powerful indeed was it, that it bore down the now prudent conclusion of the August Senate. War was declared, and at the head of the Roman troops Appius Claudius, the Consul, boldly crossed the straits into Sicily, and gives battle to the forces of Carthage. In this, the first engagement of the first Punic war, we have brought to view a perfect picture of the whole 118 years of alternate war and peace between these two powers; and which finally terminated in the complete overthrow and destruction of Carthage. Rome triumphs by the irresistible power of union, and not from superior valor or skill. Carthage fails, because in the body politic there is division, members of the same body spending their strength upon each other—the foot against the head.

After innumerable exhibitions of unparalleled bravery and devotion on the part of the inhabitants, the year 145, before Christ, witnessed the destruction of Carthage; when for seventeen days the lurid flames of the devoted city illumined its own bright African sky.

At the beginning of the Punic wars, this city was the receptacle of many of the productions of the master minds of that and other ages. Here could be seen the grandest exhibitions of architectural wisdom—temples, courts and palaces. Here the first specimens of statuary greeted the eye, while the productions of the artists upon canvass and the wall, were of the first order. All of which were seen and admired by the seven hundred thousand citizens.

But when these years of war had ended, that magnificent city lay in ruins. The indignation of the legions of Rome consumed them all, while the inhabitants, the honored Suffetes, the Senators, and the Tribunal of a Hundred were all swept away.

For awhile, desolation brooded over the spot, and the Roman nation pronounced the man accursed, who should attempt to build the hated city; and more particularly, those obstinate citadels, Byrsa and Megara.

African gold soon allayed the wrath of the Latins, and the Tribune, Caius Gracchus, despatches a colony of 6,000 from Italy, with orders to build again the fallen city. Time passed on, and several of the Roman emperors engaged in the selfish, yet laudable work of rebuilding and adorning it, so that in the days of Cyprian, Carthage was a city of no mean order. Let us recite a few pages in brief review of the religion of the Carthagenians.

Before their fall and subjugation, like their conquerors, they were confirmed polytheists.

(To be continued.)

For the Christian Recorder

SERMON

"Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. x. 32.

It ever has, and ever will be, truth of the first importance, that every disciple of Christ make a full, free, and open profession of his faith.

This statement has its foundation in the solemn truth, that the world is divided into two great parties, denominated in the Scriptures the friends of God and the enemies of righteousness. They have arranged themselves under two distinct leaders, God and Satan. Their ultimate objects, and purposes, together with their present employment, are fiercely antagonistic.

It is the legitimate business of one, no less than the other, to carry on a continuous warfare. Each party is desperately bent on the capture and overthrow of the other. The ambuscade, the night attack, the sudden alarm, the panic,—all are in turn attempted by each, and there is a full, free, and open profession of the standard under which they rally, that at once decides whether they are the friends of God or the allies of Satan. They occupy no middle ground. Neither party are contractors: they enter upon no compromises—they are, by the very nature of their respective professions, committed to an eternal hostility.

What though there is a seeming peace between the parties? What though comity and amicable relations do seem to exist? They are each watching to make an assault and capture the other. The Scriptures emphatically declare that the great Captain of our salvation shall lead captivity captive. And again, the exhortation of the Apostle is, to "put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil; and having done all to stand." He calls to mind the fact that we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but "against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Again, the arch enemy of all righteousness is described as a roaring lion, going to and fro, seeking whom he may devour. It is a fact in the natural history of the lion that his roar seems far off when he is close at hand.

The allies of the devil are as faithfully described as the friends of God, the soldiers of Christ. The Scriptures declare the one to be following after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness—to be fighting the good fight of faith, and laying hold on eternal life; and the other as the enemy of all good—filled with subtlety, corrupt, perverse, destitute of the truth, supposing that gain is godliness.

This being but a faint outline of the actual condition of the parties, how absolute the importance of the admonition, the warning contained in our text! It falls with fearful precision, with awful import, carrying hope, confidence, joy, to the soul, or causing it to have a fearful looking for of fiery indignation, that shall devour the adversaries of God. Listen, oh, ungodly men, at the precision of the warning. Listen, fainting, trembling, fearful Christian, and let hope spring anew. "Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven; but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny also before my Father which is in heaven."

We invite your attention to a single point, viz.: What we are to understand by a Scriptural profession of Christ.

The very first step that this examination suggests is, Obedience to the words and directions of Christ. There cannot possibly be any other way. Obedience thunders the law from Sinai, *perfect obedience*; obedience says the gospel dispensation; obedience cries out every act of God's dealing to sinful man. Our obedience and belief are inseparably connected. We will not be obedient to Christ unless we believe in him, and if we do not believe in him, we cannot confess him before men. However much men may dissemble about other matters, the world has never yet, no, and never will behold the spectacle of a men pretending to serve the devil. No one takes the devil's livery to serve heaven, but the reverse alas is too often true.

We confess Christ in the Scriptural sense, when we believe him to be the Son of God, and equal with him as the second person in the Trinity, and that in him dwells the fulness of the Godhead bodily. The Scriptures announce him as a divine person. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men." Here is a distinct recognition of His equality with God, his eternal existence and creative power.

He is also called the Son of God, the only begotten of the Father. The very idea of Sonship embraces the idea of equality, the indisputable right on the part of the Son to succeed to all the honors and privileges of the Father. The idea of Sonship embraces equality of existence and of power, and a right to demand the same obedience and respect as the Father, by virtue of his relation to the Father. It is true, a son may or may not be clothed with this power. Still this does not affect his right at all. Christ as the Son of God laid aside his *power*, but not his *right*; and was made lower than the angels in obedience to the Father.

Again, we must confess him as God manifested in the flesh, possessing a divine and human nature—recognizing the one in the story of his life, as well as the other. We recognize the fact of his human nature when he wept, when he was fatigued, when he slept—the divine when, arising from his sleep, he commanded the winds and the waves to cease, when he calls Lazarus forth from his grave, opens the eyes of the blind, and says to an erring mortal, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." These are prerogatives that could only belong to God, and no one, save his equal, could exercise them.

We must confess that he is the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world—the only ordained choice of Heaven to ransom guilty man—the Saviour of the world—he that shall save his people from their sins—confess the glory and moral power of his sojourn upon the earth, together with his full and perfect ability to complete our redemption, and bring us to a more glorious state of existence than that occupied by the tallest archangel standing in the presence of the burning throne of God to make us heirs and joint-heirs with himself—kings and priests unto God—partakers of that future glory that shall yet be revealed when he comes, sitting on a great white throne, and from whose presence the heavens and earth shall flee away.

Let us now examine the nature of this scriptural confession, and its effects upon the heart.

The belief which we before stated was inseparable from obedience, is not a mere assent to the truthfulness of his claim, as though it was an historical fact, in which we might possibly have an interest or not. The nature of this confession goes a deal further.

There are historical beliefs or astronomical or mathematical, which may never influence action on the part of the individual, to which he is ready to give assent at any time, and yet the moral character is not affected by it. It may be of little importance to my present or future good that I believe George Washington, Bolivar, Cromwell, or John Sobieski lived upon this earth, and performed prominent acts in the history of the world. I may believe it or not—just as it suits my peculiar notion or whim. I may deny all the evidence produced and stoutly assert the contrary, and still do no serious harm to myself or any other person; or I may live and die in entire ignorance of the facts. But the confession or denial of Christ, rests upon a far different basis—none other than the health and ultimate salvation of my soul. If I confess him, heaven is my reward, if I deny him, the pain of eternity.

The scripture declares it to be the absolute duty of all to confess him literally with the mouth and believe in the heart. Perhaps there is a philosophical reason why we are directed to confess him with one mouth. To enunciate our thoughts gives them form, and perfects or helps out memory. What we simply think about, without enunciating, is apt to pass quickly out of the mind; but what we talk of and repeat, we are most apt to retain.

The nature of the belief in Christ engenders a living active faith that shapes and moulds the entire life. It is a belief that purifies the heart and works by love. The effects are seen in the life, pursuit and objects of the recipient.

The Christian, humble and prayerful, confesses Christ in his obedience to the outward forms of the church, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. These are, in fact, the appointed means by which the Christian confesses Christ before men. This is not his whole duty, but it is an essential part of it; and we certainly think that no person can enjoy spiritual communion with God, who through carelessness or inattention forsakes these ordinances. It is not sufficient to say you are not prepared to be present. It is a solemn duty and each one is called upon to sanctify and prepare themselves by repentance toward God, and faith in his Son. There are advantages in a public profession of our faith; it strengthens us, and is an example to others; it makes palpable the distinction between the friends of Christ and his enemies.

Finally, Do you confess Christ by a godly walk! Are you living epistles, known and read of all men? Is Christ formed in you the hope of glory? Oh, remember that the time will come when this subject will present itself in all its awful reality, when you will know the advantage or disadvantage of having accepted or refused the advantages of the Gospel of the Son of God. Reader, if you are a stranger to Christ, be admonished. Hear his word this day. Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven.

Do you wish Christ to acknowledge you in the last day, when quick and dead will stand in his presence? Oh, fly then to the outstretched arms of bleeding mercy, turn from sin, and strive to perform every known duty, and God will bless you in this present life, and own you as his follower in that dread day when the world shall be on fire. Surrender to-day your heart to Christ, and from your penitent soul may this cry arise;

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come, I come."

Presbuteros.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

The aspect of things—Thomas Cross—Liberian treaty—Grand Celebration—Installation—Watkins—Weaver—Wayman—Hubert.

Mr. Editor:—We are still surrounded by transforming aspects. The news of the federal reverses which occasionally comes muttering athwart the horizon of our prospects, and for a while beclouds the sky on which we fancied the golden letters of freedom written in matchless splendor, and arched with the bow of irreversible success, becomes, not unfrequently, a matter of serious meditation. But we must remember that the car of liberty has an enormous burden to carry to the summit of conquest, and we must not feel discouraged when the ascending grade is such as to demand an additional supply of resources. God has made humanity, and placed him upon such a basis, and delegated to him such powers and functions, that his civil, moral, and religious destinies are suspended in the scope of his actions. And all great achievements must materially depend upon the outgoings of his own efforts, while he is often haggardly met by the stern rebukings of disappointments, and checked by the disagreeable joggings of adversity and internal distortions. We need never expect the triumph of civil and religious liberty, unless it is attended with severe trials and perplexities. This, it is true, is the normal condition of races, but he has been in an abnormal condition so long, that his replacement will call for no small degree of patience, accompanied with the mightiest demonstrations of effort. Let us then learn to trust God, rely upon him and the resources of our own actions, and in so doing we shall gain the day.

Mr. Thomas Cross, who was so badly injured by an assault made upon him at the festival, to which I referred some two weeks ago, has very nearly recovered.

The Senate confirmed or ratified the treaty with Liberia, a few days ago.

This treaty was drawn up, some months ago, but a certain clause which it contained, guaranteeing to every Liberian citizen, an equal protection in all parts of the United States, as are given to the most favored nations of the earth, somewhat staggered the Senate, for they could not see how they could grant this, as long as slavery existed in the union as a local institution. But President Benson would agree to no other terms, even if no treaty at all was made; so our Senate finally complied.

This hesitating upon the part of the Senate, did not arise from a wish of non-compliance on their part, but from a fear it would be violated.

A large representation of the colored people have agreed to celebrate President Lincoln's Proclamation, Thursday, 29th inst. They propose to have orations, speeches, singing, &c.

They held a preliminary meeting in Israel Church, Thursday, 12th inst., when some white rowdies came proposing to break them up; they threw a few stones into the windows, which caused a mighty rush to the door; great droves left the church and ransacked every imaginable place, and had they been found, they never would have disturbed any one else, for the colored people would have laid them down as cool as ice.

On Wednesday evening, 14th inst., I had the pleasure of being at the installation of the officers elect, of the Washington Island Literary Association. This association which meets at E. Street Mission Church, (Rev. Mr. Tanner's,) I referred to some time ago. It is composed of several of the most intelligent and erudite young gentlemen of that city. The variety of talent possessed by the members of the institution, are unquestionably equivalent to any literary or scientific task; if the labors assigned are not incompatible to the mental pre-eminence of the respective students. All, however, would not make rectors, writers, or linguists, &c.; but some out of the aggregate mass possess functions mentally adequate to any requirement in the scope of our responsibility.

The only fault which I fear (and of this I have no evidence) the association has, is, that its literary exercises are too much confined to debates and discussions, which acquaint the mind theoretically with a vast range of general principles, but never enables it to produce any thoroughly practical results, which most necessarily be done, before its development will command any respect in a country where there is so much literary competition as this. But if there has been one toleration of an idea so misconceived by the executives of the institution, the present chairman will be apt to remedy it, as he is a man of the most acute discrimination. I will now give a synopsis of the meeting as it was disposed of.

Rev. Anthony Bowen, chaplain, sang and prayed, roll called, minutes read and approved. J. F. N. Wilkinson read an annual report of everything appertaining to the finance of the previous year, which was approved, and in the absence of the Ex-President, introduced Mr. Wm. A. Taliaferro, President elect, whose inaugural address could not have been more concise nor eloquent, had he been going to preside in the nation's mansion. His language, manners, and gestures were so graceful; his attitude, delivery, and physiognomy so commandingly imposing, that I said to myself, *woe to you, if those talents are uselessly expended.*

Mr. William H. Bruce, Vice President, was next introduced. His remarks were short and became: he spoke of the devolving responsibilities of his position, and pledged his allegiance to the Constitution. He is a young man against whom I have yet to hear the first fault alleged.

Mr. J. F. N. Wilkinson, Secretary, was introduced, and after some discussion between him and Mr. Castin as to his course, declined any remarks further than a tender of thanks.

Mr. J. A. Gibson, Treasurer, next made some short remarks. Mr. I. W. Lee, Librarian, made quite a lengthy address, in which he displayed considerable judgment and power; he would make a better Judge than lawyer. Mr. G. H. Newman's assistance towered into the sublime; his address was very grand, with the exception of some lack of grammatical niceties.

Mr. Samuel Richards, Sergeant at arms, was next introduced, who soon vacated the speaker's stand, and took up his arms at the door, evincing a stronger fighting proclivity than of speech-making.

Mr. A. W. Winkfield, Ex Vice President, was introduced, and made some of the most eloquent remarks to which I thought I ever listened. He however, showed some lack of connexion in the premises, which are natural to all young speakers; but, as soon as he cultivates oratory a little more, the man who attacks him will feel him to the core.

But I have not time to refer individually to them all in this letter. The rest of the speakers, who delivered addresses, were James Bowen, Cato Ward, Rev. Anthony Bowen, C. R. L. I. Brooks, and John T. Castin, the latter of whom would have done honor to the Court of King James. The association, upon the whole, is an honor to our people, and the young men identified with it deserve all honor. I never felt more like speaking, than I did on that occasion, though I was aware of my incompetency to the occasion, and they were equally as well aware.

Mr. Wm. T. Watkins lectured, Monday evening last, before the Israel Lyceum. The lecture displayed the character of its author, who is known only to be admired.

Rev. Elisha Weaver, General Book Steward, arrived in the city yesterday. We found him full of life, and interestingly agreeable.

Rev. A. W. Wayman passed through here this morning on his way to Alexandria, Virginia, for the purpose of delivering some of his able sermons in the Rev. H. L. Tanner's Church.

We were informed by that old venerable lady, Sister Tanner, known to most of our ministers, that Rev. J. J. Hubert passed through here on his way to Virginia, but had returned and gone to his field of labor again.

H. M. T.

Washington, Jan. 17th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

TO MOTHERS

The Editor of this paper has for some weeks past been calling the attention of mothers to the importance of properly training their daughters to meet the responsibilities of life. No more important theme could engage his attention, than this very subject, and he has our earnest hearty sympathy.

It is to be feared that this subject has not had that cool dispassionate examination, which it really demands at the hands of mothers. Many are making the most lamentable mistake in making slaves of themselves, while their daughters are spending their time in comparative idleness, in an inglorious ease, that will yet cause both parties to shed many bitter tears when regret will be vain. Mothers, teach your daughters how to work. Bring them not up ignorant of household duties. They will leave your home in a short time, and enter upon the responsibilities of life for themselves. Many of them will marry men that will not make, on the average, more than 75 cts per day. How can you expect your daughter to be happy, to be thrifty and self-reliant, to be a true woman, to be a help-mate for a husband, if you neglect her home education? A knowledge of books is certainly important, but that your daughter should receive a proper home training is more important to her future well-being.

Many parents are thinking they are doing their whole duty by their daughters, when they have given them a mere superficial education. That is the rage of this day, which in reality will only hasten their ruin; a smattering of music and French, a flippant knowledge of the senseless gabble of the day, and no steady habits of industry, is a poor preparation for a young woman to start life with. Thousands, who this day fill houses of prostitution both white and black, are there because their mothers brought them up to no steady habits of industry, neglected their home education, and they are destined to fill up the shameful measure of their lives in sadness and gloom, and go down to the grave unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Observer.

For the Christian Recorder.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A Mother's Love! O, how strong, how unremitting, how deep, how soothing—how enduring! There is nothing on earth that can banish the cares and sorrows of life, and calm the weary heart, as the sweet whispering voice of an angel Mother. When the dark, appalling storms of life bow us down in tears and father Time leaves his vestiges on our fading cheeks, the sweet memory of the departed love, kindness, tears, forbearance and solicitude of a gentle Mother disperses the fears that cluster around our hearts, and fills our eyes with joyous tears. Oh, holy mother! best of mortals—who can forget thy sweet caresses, thy great love and thy burning kisses? There is nothing on earth that can quell the potent flame of the Mother's love. Degradation, dissipation, disrespect, imprisonment and theft on the part of the child, have no effect whatever in damping the Mother's love. It flows *forever* like a crystal stream—freighted with tenderness, gentleness, compassion, kisses, smiles and solicitudes. Father, brother, sister, kindred and friends will forsake us; but the Mother, ever glorious, angelic, holy, lovely and queenly in appearance, will still cling with unyielding tenacity, in sorrow, trials, disappointments, storms, and clouds. Yes, she will still cling with her love and tears—defying flames, streams, dangers, cannons and *death*, in her attempt to rescue her child from impending dangers. A mother once found her child playing near a yawning precipice, but unlike the father, brother or sister, who would have rushed on it in fright, she stooped down, unveiled her breast and called it by its pet name. The child, with its joyous prattlings, came immediately to its all—its mother. What presence of mind! The Mother alone is the shelter, guardian and protector of life, mankind and society: in a word, she is the fount—the abode of love, peace, happiness, gentleness, kindness, pity, loveliness, purity and every thing beautiful and holy in nature. What a blessing to earth are mothers! They are great shining lights to the world—guiding mankind to virtue, glory, fame, immortality and heaven! W. Menard.

Washington, Jan. 15th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder

NO I.

Washington, D. C., January 17th, 1863.

Mr. Editor:—It is pleasant to feel that we have the confidence of those with whom we are associated: to feel that we are regarded by them as persons of veracity. Illustrious rays of sunshine gleam about the pathway of the just. There is thus a powerful inducement to lead to deep thought, and it may be well to consider there is no peace to the wicked, saith my God. The crowning excellence of men is pure and undefiled religion. In many minds the impression seems to exist, that the contemplation of religion is a gloomy subject. Not so. Religion cherishes a spirit of confidence in God, a calm submission to his will, and thus tends to allay the excitement of passion.

Mr. Editor. It was my first intention to confine my subject to one denomination. But I have a particular friendship for others, believing God is in all his works and hoping that I may yet have the pleasure of listening to the eloquent language that shall flow from the lips of freed men at the bar in defence of innocence or pleading their country's rights or as ministers of salvation. But I ask your indulgent attention a moment longer. A word for the poor stricken hearted contrabands. Look up, and cheer! I see the quivering lip, I see the tears that gather in their eyes, running down their faces, and dripping upon their ragged coats—hungry, naked, poor, and thrown upon the cold charities of a selfish world. Yes, there is one who thinks of them; for if there be anything that touches my heart with sympathy it is the sight of these poor freed people, destitute of all the necessaries of life, deprived of education, in the countenance of many of whom shines through their degradation an interest that, one would suppose, would enlist the attention of the hardest heart. But the banner of emancipation is proclaimed, Jehovah triumphed, and his people are free, and God the mighty maker will trample beneath His feet all the powers of sin. They shall shine as a star upon this Continent; conqueror over slavery, their robes washed and shining in the atoning blood of this nation's national sin, and may the blessings of Israel's God dwell round about them forevermore. Hon. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, gave notice of a bill on the 13th inst. He introduced a bill in Congress, to raise additional soldiers for the service of the Government. The bill was read. The first section, after reciting that the term of enlistment of large numbers of their soldiers would expire, and that their places should be supplied by men of color, authorizes and requires the President of the United States to proceed immediately to raise, equip, and organize, one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, persons of color, or African descent, to serve five years unless sooner discharged by the government. They shall be organized as infantry, artillery, and cavalry, as the President may direct. The private soldiers shall each receive a bounty of five dollars when mustered into service, and pay at the rate of ten dollars per month and rations. Half of their pay shall be set aside for their families, where they have families, and where they have no families, shall be retained until their discharge from service. The officers and non-commissioned officers shall receive the same pay and perquisites as those of similar rank in the regular army. All regimental officers shall be white persons; company officers either white or colored, as the President may direct. Recruiting stations may be established in either free or slave states. The second provides that slaves as well as freemen may be enlisted and mustered into the service. Such persons may never again be slaves. But the United States shall pay such of them as belong to persons who have not been disloyal during the Rebellion. We are doing a great deal for the relief of freed men. The Rev. H. M. Turner is regarded as the Henry Ward Beecher among the colored people of Washington.

We are informed that the distinguished Joseph E. Williams, the proposed governor of Linconia, is engaged to be married to Miss Sarah B. Dunlap, daughter of the late Mr. George Dunlap of this city. Miss Dunlap is thorough-bred, highly esteemed, and a talented young lady; and by the way she is full of sense, feeling, and spirit, with a proud dashing air. In allusion to his reported engagement, I make it a point of honor to state, with a fondness for rank and title as a governess at all events, the moral of her life stands unimpaired by her weakness, and no one is better entitled to command it as fraught with virtue. I am also impressed that Mr. Joseph E. Williams is a man whose nature is large and luminous, and also by his very carriage and spontaneous tone; who, beginning life as he did, dependent on his own exertions, and the absolute [illegible] of concentrated industry, a definite purpose and above all, conduct dictated by common sense, as absolutely essential to give genius its value and its success. Magnanimity, heroism and self-sacrifice put forth for any cause, whether on behalf of virtuous friendship, or the honor of one's country, invests the character with a certain aspect of moral greatness, which must challenge the esteem of even an enemy. How strongly then must we feel this to be the case? while looking upon the condition of Mr. Williams as the author of the famous Central American Colonization Scheme. In my opinion, it is neither unwise nor unprofitable to take occasionally a view of passing events. We are taught, while with [illegible] memory recalls other days and other scenes, that all of earth is not joyous neither all sad.

"In truth that right is more than might,
And justice more than mail."

Our destiny of the future lies coiled in unforeseen turmoil out of which, if guarded by the ear of reason, joy and gladness, prosperity and peace may flow. Hoping you will pardon the liberty I have taken, I remain, &c.,

J. W. H.

(From the Lutheran and Missionary.)

THE REVIVAL THAT IS NEEDED

I believe it was the saying of John Angell James, "Through Luther the church had a revival of truth, through the Wesleys a revival of fervency, and that the want of the church now is a revival of Christian effort and liberality." This is the great want and lack of our churches in this generation. Before the church can go forth unto victory, there must be a large increase of devotedness, self-denial, and benevolence on the part of her membership. In spite of all teachings to the contrary, the great part of professing Christians look upon piety as something to be received alone, but not as something that is to give, and work, and even suffer for Christ. They look upon every collection for benevolent purposes as an unpleasant and unwarranted breaking in upon their religious joys and happiness, and as a thing that ought to be avoided. I know of one man who in every other respect is a model Christian, who suggested to his minister not to lift special collections on Sacramental occasions, as "it always destroyed the solemnity and good-feeling" of such seasons! And this is the idea of the mass of Christians. They love orthodoxy, admire sound reasoning and Scripture argument, they cannot speak too highly of fervency and warmth of feeling, but they shrug their shoulders at the mention of the word contribution or work. And the misfortune is that many cannot be made to believe that this is a necessary, yea, the chief part of religion. They look upon all this as a trick of ministers, taking advantage of their position, to extort money out of them for the support of institutions from which ministers only receive the benefits; or to extort labor and efforts out of them, which properly belong only to the ministry, and for which it is abundantly paid.

But, my friend, will you answer me one question? Why is God keeping you in this world, *after* you have been converted and have found Jesus? Why did He not remove you at once to heaven, when by grace your sins were forgiven and your heart changed? It is certainly not because you can have more joy and comfort here than there. The only reason is that there is a *work* for you to do in behalf of others, that must first be accomplished, before you are ready for glory. Having found Christ yourself, He continues you here that you may bring others to Him. And if you fail in this, do you not see how one great design in your conversion is a failure, and your piety lacking in an essential feature? Suppose you hire ten men to labor a day on your farm or in your store or office. You call them in to breakfast and they enjoy the meal heartily. Then they go and lie down beneath the trees or on your beds, and wait until dinner. How long would you bear with such? Yet this is what many Christians are doing, receiving and enjoying God's mercy and grace and blessing; and then *resting and waiting for more!* But never thinking that these blessings and grace were given that they might be strengthened for their *work*, and that they should *do* something for Him.

I am not surprised then that so little progress is made by the Gospel in the world. And never will the gospel be spread until we have a "glorious revival" of this earnest working and giving religion.

Many are praying for a revival of true religion, who never dream what true religion it involves. And I fear if they knew [illegible] such a genuine revival of practical [illegible] would tear open their purse-strings and push their feet into the alleys and highways and hedges of sin, to seek and save the abandoned and poor, they would no longer pray for it. But this revival is needed, and it cannot come too soon! Without it some of our churches will soon perish. Without it, the world, in place of being converted, will soon swamp the church! For this revival let the church pray, and give Him no rest until He sends His Spirit to breathe upon the bones that are dry. Her very life depends on a working, giving membership. She is in an enemy's land, and she can only live by conquest, and she can only conquer by ceaseless vigilance, labor and toil. To do this, she needs to be quickened anew by the Spirit of God. "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou South, blow upon my garden, that the *spices* thereof may flow out! Beta.

THE DEATH OF DR. JOHNSON

How solemn are the closing scenes of this dying man. He is styled the Moralist. Justice, truth, virtue, were the pillars of his character; at all times and in all places he was loyal to his convictions of duty, and reverent towards God. In the wide grasp of his clear, calm, comprehensive mind, he everywhere discerned a moral government, and recognized a righteous Governor; his conscience, unseared by passion or self-indulgence, spoke solemnly, and was heard; the fear of God was upon him; but now, as the curtains of death close around his brave heart and unclouded intellect, he lies helpless, wrestling for hope, panting for peace, raising his eyes with a fearful looking for of judgment into the eternal world. "The approach of death is dreadful," he exclaims. "I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid. It is vain to look round and round for that help which cannot be had; yet we hope and hope, and fancy that he who has lived to-day, may live to-morrow. No wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is going into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation, for however unhappy any man's existence may be, yet he would rather have it than not exist at all. No, there is no rational principle by which a man can die contented, but a trust in the mercy of God through the merits of Jesus Christ."

And yet when one said to him in an hour of gloomy despondency, "You forget the merits of your Redeemer," he replied with deep solemnity, "I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer, but my Redeemer has said, *He will set some on his right hand and some on his left.*"

"What man," he asks with mournful distrust, "can say that his obedience has been such as he would approve of in another, or that his repentance has not been such as to require being repented of?"

"Remember what you have done by your writings in defence of virtue and truth," urged his friends.

"Admitting all you say to be true," answered the dying hero, "how can I tell when *I have done enough?*"

An awful question, who can answer it?

At last he described the kind of clergyman whom he wished to see. Mr. Winstanly was named, and a note was despatched requesting his attendance in the sick man's chamber. Through ill health and nervous apprehension, the clergyman could reply only in writing. "Permit me, therefore," ran the note, "to write what I would wish to say, were I present. I can easily conceive what would be the subjects of your inquiry. I can conceive that the views of yourself have changed with your condition, and that on the near approach of death, what you consider mere peccadilloes, have risen into mountains of guilt, while your best actions have dwindled into nothing. On whichever side you look, you see only positive transgression, or defective obedience; and hence, in self-despair, are eagerly asking, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I say to you, in the language of the Baptist, 'Behold the Lamb of God.'"

"Does he say so?" exclaimed the anxious listener. "Read it again, Sir John." Upon the second reading, Dr. Johnson declared, "I must see that man, write again to him."

A second letter was the reply, enlarging upon and enforcing the subject of the first. "These, together with the conversation of a pious friend, Mr. Latrobe, appear to have been blessed of God," continues one in a letter to Hannah More, "in bringing this great man to a renunciation of self, and a simple reliance on Jesus as his Saviour; thus also communicating to him that peace which he had found the world could not give, and which, when the world was fading from his view, was to fill the void, and dissipate the gloom even of the valley of the shadow of death. The man whose intellectual powers had awed all around him, was in turn made to tremble when the period arrived when all knowledge is useless and vanishes away, except the knowledge of the true God and of Jesus Christ whom he has sent. To attain this knowledge, this giant in knowledge must become a little child. The man looked up to as a prodigy of wisdom, must become a fool, that he might be wise."

"For some time before his death all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith and his trust in the merit and propitiation of Jesus Christ," testifies Dr. Brocklesby.

"My dear doctor, believe a dying man," exclaimed Johnson, "*there is no salvation but in the Lamb of God.*"—*Life in Hall and Cottage.*

THE BIBLE

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God;" and this inspiration differing in essence and not in mere measure and degree, from any gracious influence by which gifted men are enabled by their writings, to commend truth to men's consciences. So that the Bible is not only incomparably the best of many good books, in that it is the one direct, infallible, authoritative communication of God's will to man; although we may in vain speculate on the precise limits or mode in which the thoughts of human penmen were guided and controlled. All that you need be convinced of is, that "*God* spake at sundry times and in divers manners," by the writers of the canon of Scripture; so that in it is contained whatever is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;" then "receiving with *meekness* the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls," follow with undoubting faith and unreserved obedience this law of God, which will be a sure light to your feet amidst the snares of false doctrine and evil living. Expect not, however, to do this without exposing yourself to some ridicule and opposition.

Be not, then, afraid of being pitied as the slave of old-fashioned prejudices and despised as a person of weak and contracted powers of mind, because you receive with deepest reverence and implicit faith every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Be not ashamed of counting the cross of Christ your glory, and of estimating the value of his blood-shedding as beyond all price."

THE DYING WISH

The following beautiful lines deserve a place in the scrap book of [illegible]

A little Sunday school girl, when dying, wished her mother to put no [illegible] round her head in the coffin and on being asked why not, said

"Because Christ's head was crowned with thorns."

The beautiful thought has been versified

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY

"Mamma," a little maiden said,
[illegible]
"Put no [illegible] around my head
When in my coffin dead I lie."
"Why not, my dear?" the tender [illegible]
"With flowers we wreathe a corpse adorning?"
"Mamma," the infant replied,
[illegible] with thorns."

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Jan. 24, 1863.

REPORT

Look here, brethren, read this: and remember it, too:—

The meeting of the Executive Committee, and their appeal to the ministers having the charge of circuits and stations, and to the members of the A. M. E. Church, is as follows:

Dear Brethren and Friends:—According to the authority vested in our Editor and General Book Steward, he called together the Executive Committee of the Book Concern on the 13th of November, at which time we had a very pleasant interview together in relation to the present flattering condition of the Book Concern, and the wants of the Church.

Brethren, let me tell you for once that the Book Concern is really in a prosperous condition—and how it is that our Editor and General Book Steward has so managed to keep the Book Concern and paper in the hopeful condition in which we find it, and with such scant means, we confess we are at a loss to know—and more especially in times like these, when many a firm and paper, with a much larger capital, have succumbed. But, brethren, in order to hold this position, and to keep up a growing interest throughout the connexion, there are means needed—first, there is a very great demand for hymn-books, in every direction in the connexion, and our Editor and General Book Steward has informed us there are only seven or eight in the store, and he has no more to bind up. Therefore, the Committee deem it advisable, in view of such a demand for our hymn-books, and especially in the Western country, to advise our General Book Steward to get out another edition, so that our people may be supplied. To do this, brethren, it will require about $500. This should be done without delay. We therefore recommend each elder, deacon, and preacher to properly lay this vital matter before their congregations, and to take up a free-will collection, and to forward the same to the General Book Steward and Editor, so that it may be in his hands forthwith to operate with—and he will give each credit through this paper. Now we ask our brethren, shall the Book Steward have the amount? We will answer for the Philadelphia district, our portion will be forthcoming. We also recommend to our Bishops, while travelling around, to speak of this matter.

William Moore,
W. H. Waters,
Stephen Smith,
W. D. W. Schureman,
Elisha Weaver, Com.

NOTICE

There are several pieces which will be retained for next week's paper, as we have quite a number of articles for this week. Ed.

NOTICE

Mrs. Julia Brown can furnish accommodation for two or three gentlemen boarders, at No. 912 Rodman St., near Ninth.

BANNEKER INSTITUTE OF PHILADELPHIA.

At the Annual Election held January 14th, 1863, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

President.—Jacob C. White, Jr.
Vice President.—Joel Selsey.
Recording Secretary.—St. Geo. R. Taylor.
Corresp. " Octavius V. Catto.
Treasurer.—William H. Minton.

Committee on Debates and Lectures.—Joel Selsey, Ch'rm'n, Parker T. Smith, and J. Wesley Simpson.

St. Geo. R. Taylor, Rec. Sec.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mr. Lewis Williams, Cape May, New Jersey	2 25
Mr. Joseph Banks, Richmond, Ind.	1 00
M. E. Warner, of Oswego, N. Y.	1 50
Mr. M. Menta, Bristol, Pa.	2 25
Mr. Peter Zeuenick, Byberry, Pa.	2 25
Mr. Johnson Mitchell, New Albany, Ind., per Rev. F. Myers	3 00
Rev. A. W. Wayman, Baltimore, Md., on account	10 00
Rev. W. R. Revels, Indianapolis, Ind.	2 00
Mr. Nicholas Johnson, Atchison, Kansas	2 25
Margaret Morris, Leavenworth, Kansas	2 25
Eliza Peck, " "	2 25
Lutta Jones, " "	2 25
Miss Mary Jordan, " "	2 25
Rev. John Turner, " "	2 25
Mary Slaughter, " "	1 00
Mrs. Elias Heath, St. Louis, Mo.	1 00
Lutie Johnson, " "	1 00
Rev. J. P. Shreeves, Providence, R. I., on act. for papers	2 00
Rev. W. M. Johnson, of Coxsackie, New York	2 25
Rev. William W. Grimes, New Bedford, on act.	1 00
Miss Frances Banton, "	2 25
Rev. T. Gould, Princeton, N. J.	1 00
Mr. Gideon H. Pierce, Bridgeton, New Jersey	1 12
Rev. A. Woodfork, Louisville, Ky	1 00
Mr. Theodore Coones, Moorestown, N. J., for papers sold	1 15

For the Christian Recorder

FALLEN AMONG THIEVES

General Forrest, of the rebel army, with a force of four thousand men, and twelve pieces of light artillery, attacked and captured five relief and store-ships, up the Cumberland River. Some of the boats contained wounded soldiers, who in jumping from them while burning, were shot in the water. The negro crews were stripped of their clothing, tied to trees, cowhided and left to starve on shore. The boats were all anchored in mid channel and burned after being robbed. The officers and soldiers were stripped of clothing, placed on shore, and paroled. These chapters of inhumanity ought to be retained as evidence against the rebels, for a day of reckoning will surely come.

* * *

I would rather choose to spend my life quickly than uselessly. He that lays out himself for Eternity, if he lose any portion of his time upon that account, is the sooner put into possession of an inexhaustible stock of it; whereas those who, that they may live long, meanly forego the ends of living, and seek by laziness to protract an insignificant stay on earth, would (should they reach their aim) add rather to their years than to their life.

Sir Robt Boyle.

LIFE OF REV RICHARD ROBERSON

No. 4.

CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.

In our last, we left off with Father Roberson's return from Hayti, to meet with his conference for the ordination of an elder. Imagine this conference in session. The brethren, for the first time in four years, meet with their Haytien Missionary—the Rev. Richard Roberson. See how affectionately they grasp his hand, their faces beaming with joy, and their hearts overflowing with gratitude to God for preserving their lives to meet once more in the capacity of an Annual Conference. The time was set for hearing the report of the Haytien Missionary, who had been laboring for the last four years, in a foreign field, for the spread of the blessed gospel of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The Conference was presided over by Rev. Richard Allen, the first Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America, whose whole soul was for the spread of the gospel among our poor, scattered, and afflicted people. God had opened up a way whereby colored skins could convey the gospel across the blue waters, and proclaim its blessed truths to those who were lying in heathen darkness; and the Rev. Richard Roberson was the first to convey it to the Haytiens, which he did in behalf of the African M. E. Church. We hesitate not to say that Bishop Allen felt proud that God had suffered him to live to see the gospel sent to a foreign land by the Church of which he had the honor of being the first Bishop. We imagine that we can see the sainted Allen, with his silver locks whitened with the frosts of many winters, sitting in his chair at the head of the conference, listening to the report of the missionary, Richard Roberson. Now the missionary has made his report—Conference receives it gladly, and orders it to be printed in their minutes. Next, the Conference makes a motion that the prayer of the Haytien Church be granted, which was to ordain Rev. Richard Roberson an elder, so he could attend to all the duties of a missionary—such as burying the dead, baptizing, and the consecrating of the Supper of the Lord. The motion to ordain was carried, and he, Roberson, was ordained an elder in the church of the living God.

Being now invested with the proper authority, he is bid by the Bishop, Rev. Richard Allen, to return in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to the Haytien mission, there to labor in pointing sinners to the "Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." He bids adieu to the brethren in separating for a season, expressing a hope, that should they not meet again on earth, they might meet in heaven—the celestial abode of God and angels—there to part no more. And thus he sets sail upon the waters, with a hope of seeing his wife Tamar, whom he had left behind in Hayti until he should return from America. The vessel in which he has taken passage is now making port, and Bro. Roberson is again permitted to behold the city of *Port au Prince*. They are all on the look out for his return to the city; he steps ashore, and makes his way to his Mission homestead. There is great joy with his family and friends. He is now recognised by them, for the first time in life, as an ordained elder.

(To be continued.)

For the Christian Recorder.

KANSAS CORRESPONDENCE.

Lawrence, Kansas, Jan 7th, 1863.

Mr. Editor:—I drop a few lines to you, to let you know how things are moving on, here in Kansas. Our Quarterly meeting came off on the 20th and 21st of last month. Elder Turner was present from Leavenworth City, and preached on Sabbath at 3 P. M., and 6½ P. M. We had a good time, the church was greatly revived, and one soul professed to obtain pardon of sins, and many seemed to be deeply concerned about religion, and are still seeking salvation. I have been doing all in my power for your paper, and I labor under great disadvantage on account of the most of our people not being able to read the paper. But I trust that will not be the case a great while, for they are anxious to learn, and since I last wrote, there have been three night schools taken up in the city for colored people, and there seems to be quite a move in the direction of education. I send you the subscription of Mr. R. W. White, and Rev. Lewis N. Johnson for six months on trial, and I feel confident that after they have taken it that length of time, they will not be without it. I have promise of several that inland sending pretty soon.

Pray for our prosperity.

J. M. Wilkerson.

For the Christian Recorder
Leavenworth City, Kansas.

Dear Brother:—I am glad that you and your committee have concluded not to lessen the size of our paper. I think it is just about as it ought to be, and I feel quite confident that there is scarcely any of its patrons who are not of the same opinion. You may rest assured that I will do all that lieth in my power in every possible direction to aid in sustaining the paper. It may be that I am a little selfish as it regards your success, in the Editorial position, owing to our long and intimate acquaintance, and being raised up in the connexion together. It may be interesting to some of the numerous readers of the Recorder to hear how we are getting along in the far west. I arrived in the city on the 7th of November, preached my introductory sermon on the 9th of November. Since that time we have had thirty nine accessions to the Church. We are holding a protracted meeting. The good Lord has been pleased to pour out of his Spirit upon the church and people, in this part of his moral vineyard. Sixteen have professed hope in Christ. A great many of our people have made their escape from the house of bondage, and have come to this city and elsewhere in this State. It is quite gratifying to me that I can truthfully say that a majority of our people here, are sober, upright, industrious, and enterprising. Quite a number have enlisted in the army. The first colored regiment of Kansas, according to information received, I suppose will be mustered in now, within a few days. The Conservative, one of the leading papers of the west, in speaking of the colored regiment of this State says, The colored regiment deserves the greatest praise for its patience and perseverance under the most unfavorable circumstances. They will have their reward. I am acquainted with several of the soldiers in this regiment, and some of the officers. William D. Matthews formerly of Baltimore, Md., is Captain of a company. I visited Lawrence on the 30th of December. The mission Church there is in quite a prosperous condition, with Rev. John M. Wilkerson, who is quite a talented young man to lead them on.

Rev. John Turner.

For the Christian Recorder

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

A. L. 5862, Philada., Dec. 27, A. D. 1862.

At the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge for the State of Pennsylvania, held the 15th instant, for the election of officers, and installed the same on the 21st instant at their Hall, (Union) No. 510, South Seventh Street, the following named brethren were re-elected officers for one year, to wit:

Bro. Joseph Wethington, M. W. G. Master
Brother Emory Tronlean, R. W. D. G. Master
Brother John Riton, R. W. S. G. Warden
Brother Jonathan Miller, R. W. J. G. Warden
Brother Isaiah Cropper, G. Treasurer
Brother Daniel Johnson, G. Sec.
Brother John Marothey, G. P. C. Sec.
Bro. Joseph Hart, S. G. Steward
Bro. Solomon Green, J. G. Steward.
Brother John Hutcheos, G. S. Bearer
Brother Ishmael White, G. Marshall
Bro. David Hall, G. Pursuivant
Bro. Daniel Murray, G. Tyler
Rev. Bro. Henry Pugh, G. S. Chaplain.
Rev. Bro. Wm. Parker, G. J. Chaplain.
Bro. John Rhoads, G. M. Ceremonies
Brother Wm. Winter, G. L. Master
Bro. Moses Wheeler, G. S. Deacon.
Bro. Thomas Faucett, G. J. Deacon.

The M. W. G. Master was pleased to announce the following appointments for the year:

Committee on Land-Marks—Brothers John Rhoads, Moses Davis, and Cyrus Black, Sr.

Committee on By-Laws—Brothers Emanuel Cohen, Sr., Randell Pleasants, Sr., and Henry Thomas.

Committee on Charity—Bros. Moses Young, Henry Harper and James Wilson.

Committee on Finances—Brothers John Brown, Wm. D. Cooper and Samuel B. Saunders.

Committee on Grievances—Brothers William Winters, David Waters, Dennis West, Jos. Hart and Thomas Vincent.

Daniel Johnson,
Secretary of the Grand Lodge for the State of Pennsylvania.

No. 508 Hurst Street.

For the Christian Recorder.

CORRECTIONS

Mr. Editor:—I notice in Bishop Nesbey's article of the last number, the following typographical errors, which do some injury to the sense designed to be conveyed. In the sentence, "Here we are giving a brief description of the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and some striking occurrence that followed," the word giving should have been given, according to manuscript. Again, in the third sentence to the last, where it reads: "Cry aloud, and spare not, lifting up their transgressions," &c., should read, "Cry aloud, and spare not, lifting up their voice like a trumpet, shewing the house of Jacob their transgressions, and the people their sins."

Yours, A. L. S.

CAN'T BE QUIET

We were told sometime ago by a man opposed to the policy of the administration, that the Government had been legislating for the negroes for the last twenty years; and as soon as this war was over, the negroes and abolitionists would have to leave—peaceably if they would, forcibly if they would not. If we are to take the following bill, reported and referred in the Pennsylvania Legislature, the colored man has a foretaste of what is to come if the party now struggling for power is successful.

NEGROES AND MULATTOES.

Section 1. No negro or mulatto shall be permitted to come into or settle in the State, under any pretence whatever, after the adoption of this amendment to the Constitution.

Section 2. All contracts made with any negro or mulatto coming into the state contrary to the provision of the foregoing section, shall be void, and any person who shall bring into the State such negro or mulatto, or shall hail or employ, or otherwise encourage such persons of color to remain in the State, shall be fined in any sum not less than $100, nor more than $500, and such additional penalty as the Legislature may direct.

Section 3. All fines which may be collected for a violation of the provisions of the preceding sections, or any law which may hereafter be passed for carrying the same into effect, shall be set apart and appropriated for the colonization of such negroes and mulattoes, and for the removal and colonization of all negroes and mulattoes who have come into the State previous to the adoption of this amendment, and since the commencement of the rebellion, unless it shall be proven that they are fugitive slaves whose masters are not actively engaged in the rebellion, when they shall be returned to their masters, who shall upon the return of such fugitives, pay all costs and expenses attending the same.

Section 4. The General Assembly shall have power, and is hereby directed to pass a law to carry out the provisions of this article, at the next session after its adoption, and to provide for the removal and colonization of all negroes or mulattoes who may be willing to emigrate.

For the Christian Recorder.

MY OLD GREY BREECHES.

Some sing of beauty, some of wealth,
And some of glorious witches,
But I will sing in charming stealth,
Of my old rusty breeches.

I'll sing what changes did befall
These same old rusty breeches,
And earnestly to mind I'll call,
The strength of all their stitches.

They once were glossy, sleek, and gay,
Like many other breeches,
But oh! stern duty wore away
Their beauty, by its twitches.

I've walked and ran, and jumped and sprang,
O'er many rales and ditches,
And yet whenever I did 'gang,
They never ripped their stitches.

Think of the rain, the dust and snow,
That oft has stained these breeches,
And then the keen descending blow
Of many cleaving switches.

The brush, the broom, the snapping shake,
Have [illegible] try their stitches,
When Sumter* with his [illegible] paws
Has sprung upon my breeches.

Oh say, my breeches, steady friend,
[illegible]
How many days can ye contend,
With dust and rain I walk in.

Oh must I to the tailor haste!
And buy some other breeches,
[illegible]
And you show stunning stitches.

Now straight to Sharp and Steel I'll go
To furnish me with breeches,
And see if Pilmer will consent
To put in double stitches.

Then, old breeches you shall rest
From rain, and snow, and witches,
From Sumter's claws and all the [illegible]
That come to old grey breeches.

[illegible]

For the Christian Recorder

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, in a recent speech against the policy of the administration, said that it was an effort to raise the dirty, filthy negro, to an equality with white men.

One of the commanders at New Orleans, writing from camp, speaking of the colored soldiers, said that they learn the drill very soon, and are more apt than the whites, and are also more cleanly in their tents.

How they would act under fire, he had yet to learn. The universal opinion is that good citizens make good soldiers.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH."

"Remember thy Creator now,
When youth and years are bright,
Ere evil days draw nigh, when thou
Shalt find them no delight.
Now, when the moon and stars above
Are pleasant things to see,
Now, when thy days are soft as love,
And all is joy and glee.

The voice of song and mirth must cease,
And Music's daughters die,
The bird's sweet voice be hushed to peace,
And earth's best beauty fly;
And almond buds shall blossom white,
Where now thy locks are dark,
To dim thy young eye's sapphire light,
Or hyacinthine spark.

Or ever then the silver chord
Shall loose the golden bowl,
Remember thy Creator Lord
With overflowing soul.
For dust to dust must mingle then,
And earth its earth shall claim,
And thy free spirit fly again
To God, from whom it came.

N. Y. American.

THE GORILLA CONTROVERSY.

Mr. W. Winwood Reade has written a letter from Loando, Africa, to the London *Athenæum*, in which he contradicts many of M. Du Chaillu's statements about the Gorilla. He says:

"Having spent five active months in the Gorilla country, I am in a position to state that M. Du Chaillu has shot neither leopards, buffaloes, nor gorillas; that the gorilla does not beat his breast like a drum; that the kulu-kamba does not utter the cry of *kooloo*, or anything like it; that the young gorilla in captivity is not savage; and that while M. Du Chaillu affects to have been 'a poor fever-stricken wretch!' at Caoma, June 1st, 1859, he was really residing in robust health at the Gaboon.

"I have gleaned the following facts respecting this ape of contention. The gorilla dwells only in the densest parts of the forests; he feeds exclusively on vegetable matter, and one kind of grass is a sure indication of his proximity; at noon and eve he approaches the village plantations for the sake of the plantains, occasionally uttering a wild kind of cry, but which in rage becomes a quick sharp bark. By day, he moves along the ground on all-fours, (as, having crawled for hours on their tracks, I can testify,) sometimes ascending the trees. By night, he chooses a large tree to sleep in. He is exceedingly wary and keen of scent. When the female is pregnant, he builds a nest, (as do also the kulu-kamba and the chimpanzee,) where she is delivered, and which is then abandoned. These nests, several of which I have seen, are simply rude layers of dry sticks, and of small branches evidently torn off the live tree by the hand. With regard to his ferocity, as a rule when missed or wounded, he will charge. His charge, from which the natives often escape, being themselves nimble as apes, is made on all-fours. Two things are at least certain, that the gorilla is less feared than the leopard; and the story of a man killed by a gorilla at Camma is a complete fabrication. Traditional accounts of such an incident exist, but nothing of the kind has happened within the memory of man. The tale of the gorilla assuming a boxing attitude, and beating his breast like a drum, originated from Quengueza, and was unanimously refused by all hunters from the Muni on the north, to the Fernand Vaz on the south. Thus in an obscure African village an old savage could tell a lie, which has blazed through Europe. I must do M. Du Chaillu the justice to confess, that from the same sources which afforded me proofs of his impostures, I learn that he is a good marksman; possessed of no common courage and endurance; that he has suffered many privations and misfortunes of which he has said nothing; that his character as a trader has been unjustly blemished; that his labors as a naturalist have been very remarkable; and that during his residence in Africa he won the affection of the natives, and the esteem of those who most merit to be esteemed—the missionaries. And a fellow-laborer, though an humble one, may be permitted to regret, that actuated by a foolish vanity or by ill advice, he should have attempted to add artificial flowers to a wreath of laurels which he had fairly and hardly earned."

M. Du Chaillu replies to this, asserting that five months spent in the gorilla region is not sufficient to warrant one in contradicting his experience.

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT

"O where are the pleasures that bless'd my bright morning,
When life's early dream was new!" Old Song.

"Whate'er sorrow awaits my future life,
The beautiful is gone—that comes no more."

They have faded away;—they have faded away,
Earth's brightest pleasures have faded away,—
The flowers that bloomed on my life's early day
Withered by sorrow have faded away!

The beautiful dreams of my earliest love,
As pure as the thoughts of the angels above,
Are broken and scattered, but sweet was the day
Ere their pleasing remembrance had faded away!

As the winter winds sigh through the dead, leafless trees,
And coldness and dreariness come on the breeze;
So comes the damp chill o'er my heart as I mourn
For the friends and the joys that can never return!

They have faded away, they have faded away,
Earth's dearest pleasures have faded away,
I mourn at the close of my life's fleeting day
That all its bright visions have faded away!

Of riches, and power, and honor, and fame,
I've tasted,—and know they are each but a name,
They may charm and beguile in life's sunshiny day,
But their dazzling allurements fall soon pass away!

Oh who would surrender the hopes of his birth
For the riches and honors, and pleasures of earth,
So heartless and empty, so fleeting and vain,
And so mixed with anxiety, sorrow, and pain!

But I look for the joys that eternity yields
To pluck the bright flow'rs that adorn the sweet fields,
To breathe the pure air of that heavenly shore
Where sorrow and sighing, and pain, are no more.

O when shall I see, 'mid the gloom of these skies,
The dawn of that blissful existence arise!
And hail the bright beams of that heavenly day
Whose pleasures, unceasing, shall ne'er flee away!

H. F. Q.

ON THE WANT OF SLEEP

"How defective we are in want of gratitude to God! I now blush that I cannot call to mind the time, when I thought that his having vouchsafed to me the power of sleeping, deserved a particular acknowledgment. But now I begin to see that 'tis *our* heedlessness not *their* needlessness, that keeps us from daily being thankful for a multitude of mercies that we take no notice of, though it be injurious that the very commonness, that heightens the benefit, should keep us from being sensible of the greatness of it. I confess I was very lately one of those who looked upon sleep as one of the inconveniences of human nature that require a consolation, and I very little apprehended that I should ever complain of *want* of sleep as a grievance, the *necessity* of it being what I always looked upon under that notion. But I now perceive that he was a wise man who said, that *God made every thing beautiful in its season*. And yet, when I consider the affinity betwixt sleep and death, whose image it is, I cannot but think it unlikely this life should be designed [illegible] happiness [illegible] almost half of it were an inaction."

[illegible]

MARRIED AND DIED ON THE SAME DAY.

What an affecting admonition of the uncertainty of life, have we in the following extract from one of our exchanges.

Married on Sunday, Jan. 4th, at 1 o'clock, P. M., in the Seminary Hospital, Georgetown, D. C., Captain *James Wallace* of the 4th Reg., O. V., and Miss *Henrietta Rebecca*, daughter of F. A. Schneider, Esq., all of Canton, Ohio.

Died the same day, about 7 o'clock, P. M., Captain *James Wallace*, aged 24 years, 4 months and 20 days.

This noble young man was the first to raise a company of volunteers in Stark County, Ohio, on the outbreak of the rebellion that is causing the land to pass through a baptism of blood—the blood of many of its best sons. He endured with safety all the exposures of the camp and the field, in West Virginia and among the mountains of that State, escaped from the malarious swamps of the Chickahominy and James Rivers. At length, however, while leading bravely on his command against the impregnable fortifications at Fredericksburgh, on the 13th of December, he fell, severely wounded in the knee, by a ball from an exploded shrapnel shell. After the battle, Captain Wallace was brought to Georgetown, where he received the best attention from friends, surgeons and others. At length it was found necessary to amputate the leg, which was very skillfully done, on the 31st of December. The case was a very hopeful one. About the same time he was visited by some relatives from Canton, including Miss Schneider, to whom for years he had been engaged to be married. Almost all appearing to regard his prospects for recovery very fair, it was agreed, that those who had long been married in heart should also be married in due form, so that the wounded patriot's devoted young wife, might, with propriety, remain with him, and as a loving angel, watch over him, and sweeten the cup of affliction.

At 1 o'clock, on the 4th inst., the marriage ceremony was performed. The Captain, that day, seemed unusually well and hopeful. The young bride and her friends remained with him till 5 o'clock, P. M., when they withdrew to their lodgings. At seven, the intelligence came to them that Captain Wallace was dead! An artery had opened, and in less than ten minutes he was a corpse! None of his friends were near. The vital fluid had escaped, the soul had winged its flight, and only the cold, pale, clayey tenement was left!

His remains were brought to Canton, and on Thursday, the 8th, followed to their resting place in the new cemetery by an immense throng. The funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church, of which Capt. Wallace was a member, the pastor being assisted by several other ministers of the city. The subject of the remarks on the occasion was the 4th chapter of Hebrews, the chapter which he had requested his young wife to read to him just a few hours before he died, being thus the last portion of the Divine Word that sounded on his ear before going to his final rest.

On Sunday evening, Jan. 11th, the pastor of the Lutheran church, of which the deeply afflicted young widow is an esteemed and cherished member, delivered a discourse on "The upright Centurion," from Acts x. 1, 2, 22. "*There was a man in Cesarea . . . a centurion, . . . a devout man, . . . a just man, and one that feared God, and of good report among all the nation of the Jews.*" The lamented Captain, James Wallace, was truly a partial reproduction of the noble Roman Centurion. Many of the beautiful graces that adorned the character of the former, have not been wanting in the latter. Both were pious, both were just, generous and honorable, both were of good report among all the nation, and both were military men.

Though a young man of fine abilities and attainments, having spent some years at the Military Academy at West Point, which he was obliged, on account of failing health to leave, his retiring modesty was one of the shining virtues that adorned his character. Though of sterling worth, he was unassuming and retiring in his manners. His warm-hearted humanity was brought out beautifully on the background of that other noble characteristic, during his career in the army. There it became evident, that the health and happiness of his men were matters of deeper concern than the supply of his own wants. He regarded them as brothers, rather than inferiors. And when death first invaded his band on the bank of the James River after more than a year's service together, the Captain's tears betrayed the affection and sympathy of a noble nature.

Not the least among the virtues that distinguished him, was his unflinching fidelity to his country, to his soldiers, and to his friends. In this, he also stands forth in beautiful contrast, with the fickleness and instability of the times. Others who entered the service of their country with apparent zeal, soon grew weary, and abandoned it. Not having all been made Colonels and Brigadier Generals, some deserted, and some resigned. Not so Wallace. The love for his country that induced him to proffer his services in the beginning, never ceased to burn and glow while the candle of life continued to burn in his body. He was ever ready for any service, until stricken down by the iron hail of the rebel foes intrenched on the heights of Fredericksburgh. In short, he possessed the characteristics of the man who is actuated by pure principle and unsullied patriotism, and not by caprice, or profit, or popular favor. Captain Wallace was one of the brave few young men of our community, willing publicly to avow themselves Christians, and bear the odium which unthinking men and ungodly companions might heap upon them. It was a delight to look into his large, earnest, honest eyes, as he occupied his seat in the sanctuary. His name will go down to future generations, fragrant with holy memories. A chaplain who conversed with him a few days before his departure, says of the interview: "His religious conversation was delightful."

When we recall the names of Lyon, of Baker, of the brilliant and magnanimous Mitchell, of Mansfield, of the noble-hearted Bohlen, of the gifted young Heyl, of our brave Wallace, and so many others whose blood has been poured out on the altar of their country: how can we conclude otherwise, than that from the seed of such blood we must reap a glorious harvest. I believe God will not permit it otherwise. Sorrow may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning. God speed the Morning.

H. G.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN IN THE CORNER

Such an exciting time was never known in the great city of Tattletown as took place a few days before Christmas, 1861, if we go back as far as the oldest inhabitant could remember. The eyes of the little folks glowed and sparkled like so many dew drops, and it really seemed that they had discovered what our wisest men, philosophers, and sages have been hunting after for a thousand years, but never found—the science of perpetual motion. Their little tongues flew so fast, it was quite impossible to answer one half their questions.

It seemed for a few days that everything would learn to talk animate. Long dialogues would occasionally be held with the old cat in the corner, who would shut one eye and lay back one ear, and look as wise as though she understood all that were said to her. The fire-dogs had paper caps put on their heads and went through an interesting dialogue against Saw and Hiram Hatchet. The old rocking chair had a shawl thrown over his shoulders, and was christened with the goodly name of uncle William, and the graceful ease with which he would bow to their questions made him quite a gentleman among them. Each chair had a name, and a grand council was held to talk about the greatest wonder of the year. And what was it? Why, simply this. The superintendent of our Sabbath school had just given notice that a Christmas tree would be prepared, and all the little folks invited to come on Christmas eve, and receive a gift. The most important point to be decided was who should stay at home, for all the little folks must go, of course.

It was finally decided, all yes but one, that I must stay. I will confess I was a little peevish about it at first, but finally subsided, as much as possible under the circumstances, and lay down on the lounge to have a cosy time of it. How long I lay there I don't know, but at last became sensible that some kind of [illegible] was going on around me. First, the fire-dog began to bow very gracefully to me, next the old [illegible] in the corner [illegible] up on her hind legs, and with her paw gave me a military salute in latest style, the old rocking chair began to bend back and forth, and make low bows, long rows of books in the book case, and the lamp on the mantle-piece threw themselves into attitudes and passed before me as the [illegible] general, in grand review; and last of all, the queerest little old man the world ever saw popped up in his high [illegible] in the corner of the room, and was just as polite and sedate like as all the rest. He was not more than two feet high, a face as round as an apple, a dozen ears all round his face while his nose stood right in the middle of his face, and in the middle of each cheek he had a small round, sparkling eye, which from the end of his nose ran two long, clownish looking arms, for all the world more like grasshopper's legs than arms.

The little old man kept bowing, hawing, and hemming, until I thought he would break his neck, till at last he broke out into a ringing laugh. "Well, well," said he, "you thought I should break my neck, did you? Oh, no, I am not so [illegible] all that comes to, but as you and I are all alone, except these ladies and gentlemen (making his bow to the book case, fire-dogs, rocking chair, etc.,) suppose we have a chat about old times."

"Old times, indeed! What do you know about old times? We have never met before."

"Never met before! That is too bad. Why, sir, I have stood here for twenty-five years, and met you every day. I have had to work work, work all the time, with a heavy weight pulling the cords of my heart, and with this little hammer I must strike my bell seventy-eight times every day, ten hundred and ninety-two times a week, and fifty-six thousand nine hundred and forty times a year, to keep up with your time, and yet you pretend not to know me."

"I believe I have not that pleasure," I replied.

"Well, well, let me give you the time of day," he replied.

With that, he gave a low, chuckling laugh, as though, he was immensely tickled at something, raised his hammer, and gave his little bell seven or eight smart raps, and as soon as the sharp, ringing sound died away, continued—

"I am not fond of complaining; but you see the amount of labor I have had to perform for the last twenty-five years is enormous, and all this work has been done on tick, to keep up with your time, and this is but a small part of my labor. I tell you when I go to bed at night, when I get up in the morning. I call you to breakfast, dinner, and tea, when to go to church, and the children when to go to school.

"Again. I not only do all this for you without pay, but I can tell you, with as many ears as I have got, I hear all that I will, good and bad. When your pastor called to see why you were not at church last Sabbath, you told him you were unwell, when in fact you got up too late, and had all your political newspapers to read. You did not even say your family prayers—not only told a falsehood, but acted the hypocrite."

"Indeed!" said I, in some alarm. "Who are you? man, angel, or imp, sent to reprove me of my faults?"

"Neither of them, but an old friend, standing here to keep my time and tell the truth, and besides what I have said, I have a few more things laid up in memory to tell you. You have not acted honestly with your little folks; for many a time, when they have made so much noise, I could hardly feel my heart beat. You have told them to be still, or you would whip them all. In a short time they would be as noisy as ever, and they have found out that you neither say what you mean nor do what you say you will. A pretty way to talk to young folks, who copy all your bad acts, and despise the good, because you are not consistent in what you say or do."

"Well, well," I replied, "I suppose such inconsistencies were quite too small to be noticed."

"They may be small, 'tis true, but a lifetime is made up of such small matters, and are constantly copied by the young, as the poet says—

"The evil men do live after them—
The good is often buried with them."

"Ah, ha! my good friend, I perceive you have studied poetry as well as philosophy. Please give a quotation from 'Don Juan.'"

The old man grew red in the face instantly, as he replied—

"I will do no such thing, and if you wish to insult me, I will have nothing more to say to you. You have read 'Don Juan' enough to corrupt your whole life."

With these words he seized a tumbler of water which stood by him, and flung the whole straight at my head. A cold shiver ran over me. The rocking-chair fell over against the book case, and a whole section of books fell on the floor with an awful crash. The old cat in the corner fled for her life, and amid the general crash the door of the room was pushed violently upon, and the room filled with as happy and noisy a set of little folks as this world ever saw.

Almost one year has passed away. The little old man still stands in his corner, and keeps as busy as ever with his little bell; but I must confess that I never take up a newspaper on a Sunday, or speak a word to the little folks, but I take an uneasy glance at him, and it may be fancy, but I sometimes think he gives me now and then a knowing wink with his keen, round, little eyes.

In fact, I have never ventured to take another nap in that room, which makes me think, after all, perhaps, I may be somewhat guilty.—*Merry's Museum.*

ANIMATED NATURE ON THE CAVALLA, W. AFRICA.

Rivers are beautiful emblems of that great source of life to all creatures, and especially rivers in the Tropics. Besides the innumerable tribes of insects and reptile life common in such regions, here are to be seen animals of form and size, to be found nowhere else. On a late voyage up the Cavalla River, we saw four alligators basking in the sun; one of them was killed by one of our party and taken into the canoe. Again, snakes appeared beautifully coiled up in overhanging trees, as if to observe passing travelers. Presently a company of monkeys jump from tree to tree along the banks of the river, following and watching the canoe with an intense curiosity, as their more human neighbors were wont formerly to do. And more wonderful still, immediately after a heavy rain, on a high tree on the margin of the river, we saw a very large full grown male *Chimpanzee*. He sat in a very composed manner in full view, apparently as much interested in us as we were in him. One of our party had the presumption to snap a gun at him three times, when disgusted at such nonsense, he descended in a dignified though rapid manner from the tree and went home. The body of this creature must have been four feet long, and his bearing in every respect well entitled him to be styled a man of the woods. Next we came to a region of great birds. In the country of the *Hurebo*, there is a forest of cotton trees, some 150 to 200 feet high. Here were the nests and resting place of numerous hawks and palm birds and eagles. One of these last was shot by our gunner; it measured over six feet from tip to tip. One tree that we passed about sun-down was almost covered with large birds which seemed to have come to rest. Innumerable smaller birds, many unknown, we believe, to ornithology of varied and often beautiful hue, cloud shrubs, plants and trees, along the life-giving river, and chant the praises of him, who made, and knows, and feeds them all.—*Cavallo Messenger.*

EARLY LIGHTNING ROD

A very singular fact on the subject of electricity is mentioned by Bianchini. There had existed from time immemorial in one of the bastions of the Castle of Duino, situated in the Friouli, on the banks of the Adriatic, a pointed iron rod, standing in a vertical position. In summer when the weather had the appearance of being stormy, the soldier who mounted guard in this bastion examined the iron rod, and presented to it the point of an iron halbert, which was always ready for this purpose, and whenever he perceived that the iron rod gave sparks, or displayed a small spark of fire at its point, he rang a bell, to give notice to the country people who were working in the fields, or to the fishermen who were at sea, that stormy weather was approaching. The custom was of great antiquity, and was mentioned by Imperiali, in a letter dated 1602.

OLD BUTTER

"In 1814," says the *Journal de l'Aisne*, "a woman of Cassy, being surprised by the Cossacks, concealed a crock of fresh butter which she did not want them to have in a field near her house. After the departure of the foreign visitors, she endeavored to find the exact spot in which the butter was concealed, but did not succeed, and after a while the whole matter was forgotten. Last week some workmen digging the foundation of a house came upon the pot in question, and on opening what they expected to be a treasure discovered the butter as white and firm as when buried forty eight years before. Since exposure to the air it has, however, acquired a rank taste."

REFLECTIONS UPON DEATH, AND A FUTURE LIFE

If we consider death only as the conclusion of life, and a debt all men sooner or later pay to nature, not only a Christian but a man may entertain it without fear: but if one consider it as a change, that, after having left his body to rot in the grave, will bring his soul to the tribunal of God, to answer the miscarriages of his whole past life, and receive there an unalterable sentence that will doom him to endless and inconceivable joys, or everlasting and inexpressible torments, I think 'tis not inconsistent either with piety or courage to look upon so great a change with something of commotion.

Many that would not fear to be put out of the world, will apprehend to be let into eternity.

Sir Robt. Boyle.

THE ATONEMENT.

"Suffer me, finally, to remind you that the heartfelt reception of this doctrine," (of the atonement,) will constrain you to "pass the time of your sojourning here in fear;" that godly, child-like fear, which will enhance every joy of life, and mitigate every sorrow, because it will enable you to live continually in the light of God's countenance. Yes, he who has learned to his soul's peace how precious is the blood of the Lamb of God, gladly yields himself soul and body to be washed in it from all uncleanness. The world's practices, the world's maxims, the world's pleasures, are renounced for Christ's sake. They who with truest heart are ever looking to Jesus, as the Author and Finisher of their faith, will ever be found the most diligent and patient in running the race set before them, "laying aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset them." Let this, then, be one evidence to ourselves and to others, that we hold the true faith. Let us commend sound doctrine to the wavering, by exhibiting the influence of that doctrine in moulding our own characters into conformity with the mind that was in Christ Jesus. Let us defend sound doctrine from the assault of adversaries, by proving in our daily lives its infinite superiority to any false system, in producing the fruits of righteousness and true holiness. If we appeal, and with justice, to the comparative results of the religion of the Bible above any religion of human construction, and maintain that the individual who takes the Bible as his rule of faith and practice, will be found more unselfish, more pure in motive and harmless in life, than those who declare themselves as much dissatisfied with the morality of the Bible as they are opposed to its doctrines; then let us not contradict our words by our deeds, but, whilst we thankfully rejoice that Christ died for our sins, let us constantly remember that "he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them."

Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol's Sermon on the Atonement.

PERILS OF PRECOCITY.

Bartlet mentions one hundred and sixty-three children endowed with extraordinary talents, among whom few arrived at an advanced age.—The two sons of Quintilian so vaunted by their father, did not reach their tenth year. Hermogenes, who at the age of fifteen, taught rhetoric to Marcus Aurelius, who triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece, did not die, but at twenty-four lost his faculties, and forgot all he had previously acquired. Pica di Mirandola died at thirty-two; Johannes Secundus at twenty-five, having at the age of fifteen composed admirable Greek and Latin verses, and become profoundly versed in jurisprudence and letters. Pascal, whose genius developed itself at ten years old, did not attain the third of a century. In 1791, a child was born at Lubeck, named Henri Heinneken, whose precocity was miraculous. At ten months of age, he spoke distinctly, at twelve learnt the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen months was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testament. At two years he was as familiar with Ancient History as the most erudite authors of antiquity. Sanson and Danville only could compete with him in geographical knowledge. In the ancient and modern languages he was a proficient. This wonderful child was unfortunately carried off in his fourth year.

SMALL POX.

We have already had occasion to mention the remarkable effects of the Saracenia Purpurea in small-pox, as ascertained by Dr. Morris, of Halifax, during an epidemic in Nova Scotia, when patients were dying in hospitals at the rate of twelve and a half per cent., from May to August. We have now been favored with the following particulars respecting this valuable plant: The Saracenia Purpurea, or Indian Cup, a native plant of Nova Scotia, found in the swamps and moss bogs, has a wonderful reputation among the Micmac Indians of curing small-pox; of being as great a specific in this dire disease as quinine for ague. It is supposed to act by neutralizing the virus in the blood, rendering it inert and harmless; and that this is its action may be gathered from the fact that if either vaccine or variolous matter be washed with the infusion of the Saracenia, it is deprived of its contagious property. Moreover, the eruption, even if confluent, on its disappearance leaves no trace behind. The root is the part of the plant employed.—The dose, when reduced to powder, is about a dessert spoonful, simmered in a pint of water down to half a pint; this is usually divided into two doses, to be taken during the day. Sugar should not be used with it.—*Galignani.*

CUT OFF THE BACK LEGS OF YOUR CHAIRS.

I will tell you a secret worth knowing. A thousand, not worth half as much, have been patented and elevated into a business. It is this: If you cut off the back legs of your chairs so that the back part of the seat shall be two inches lower than the front part, it will greatly relieve the fatigue of sitting, and keep your spine in much better shape. The principal fatigue in sitting comes from your sliding forward, and thus straining the ligaments in the small of the back. The expedient I have advised will obviate this tendency, and as I have suggested, add greatly to the comfort and healthfulness of the sitting posture. The front edge of a chair should not be more than fifteen inches high for the average man. The average chair is now seventeen inches high for all, which no amount of slanting in the seat can make comfortable.

Lewis' Gymnasium.

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money*; and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

A Curious Case.—A curious case occurred at Washington on Wednesday. Colonel G. A. Smith, of Illinois, who distinguished himself at Pea Ridge, and has there been severely wounded in battle, came here some time ago to claim the appointment of Brigadier General for a Brigade he had raised in Illinois, under the authority of the President. He was subsequently arrested and thrown into the Old Capitol prison, whence he was [illegible] released on Wednesday, to find [illegible] commissioned [illegible] Brigadier General.

SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAUX.*

Tintagel bells ring o'er the tide,
The boy leans on his vessel's side,
He hears the sound, while dreams of home
Steal the wild omen of the foam.
"Come to thy God in time,"
"Come to thy God in time,"
Thus saith their pealing chime,
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

But why are Bottreaux's echoes still!
Her tower stands proudly on the hill,
Yet the strange chough that home hath found,
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Should be her answering chime,
"Come to thy God at last,"
Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea,
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
The merry Bottreaux bells on board.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Rung out Tintagel chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful spells,
"Thank God," with reverent brow, he cried,
"We make the shore with evening's tide."
"Come to thy God in time,"
It was his marriage chime,
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank at sea the steersman's hand,"
The captain's voice above the gale,
"Thank the good ship and ready sail."
"Come to thy God in time,"
Sad grew the boding chime;
"Come to thy God at last,"
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Up rose that sea, as if it heard
The mighty master's signal word.
What thrills the captain's whitening lip?
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Swung deep the funeral chime,
"Grace, mercy, kindness, past—
Come to thy God at last!"

Long did the rescued pilot tell,
When grey hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep,
That fearful judgment of the deep
"Come to thy God in time,"
He read his native chime,
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

Still, when the storm of Bottreaux's waves
Is waking in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Thus saith the ocean chime;
"Storm, whirlwind, billows, past,
Come to thy God at last."

*Bottreaux is the old name for Boscastle. The church at Boscastle, in Cornwall, has no bells, while the neighbouring tower of Tintagel contains a fine peal of six. It is said that a peal of bells for Boscastle was once cast at a foundry on the Continent, that the vessel which was bringing them went down within sight of the church tower.

Domestic Items.

Fox Hunting in Philadelphia, or "Possession Nine Points of Law."—A novel case was adjudicated before the venerable Alderman Brazer yesterday morning, which is worthy of a place of record in these columns. While the alderman was enjoying the ingredients that combined make a first class breakfast, his office was suddenly besieged with a crowd of persons, from Market street merchants down to the last-worn day laborer. In front of the office there was also a dense crowd of curious individuals, apparently anxious to learn all the particulars of a horrible murder, that somebody supposed had taken place.

The magistrate took his position in his official chair and proceeded to investigate the offence. Two men—one the owner of a pair of dogs, the other holding in his arms a pet fox, with a chain and collar—appeared to be the most interested. The person who had the fox in possession was Mr O'Brien, the superintendent of Franklin Square. He stated that the animal made his appearance in the square, and presently great crowds of every kind of people came inside the enclosure.

There was a general chase after the fox. Among the chasers was the young man with two dogs. The fox was finally pretty well run down, but the canines skedaddled every time the sly animal turned upon them. At last the superintendent caught the fox and claimed possession of it.

"Well, sir," said the alderman to the other claimant, "What have you to say in regard to your claim?"

The young man replied, that if it had not been for his dogs, which he took into the square, the fox would not have been caught. The dogs ran him down, and he fell an easy prey to the captor, who now has him.

"I suppose he has been pretty well chased, if we judge from his pantings," replied the alderman.

"Yes, sir, he was," replied the superintendent.

The alderman mused for a moment, and decided in substance as follows: To the young man with the dogs, he said: "You go home and we'll say nothing about the penalty you have incurred by taking dogs into a public square, contrary to the municipal law."

At this stage of the proceedings a new idea broke in upon the young man, and he replied, "Yes, sir."

"Mr. O'Brien, you have possession of the fox?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, possession, in such a case, is nine points of the law—take the fox with you, and perhaps you may find an owner."

A buzz of satisfaction seemed to pervade the crowded audience. The office was speedily cleared, each party went his or her way to reflect upon the termination of an impromptu fox chase, and the alderman resumed his breakfast. Those who saw the chase, describe it as exciting, thrilling, laughable—worthy of a painter's brush or the poet's imagination.

The People of England all Right.—The Boston *Traveller* says: A gentleman of this State, of high standing, just returned from England, states that in a conversation with a substantial man of that country, for the past twenty years a member of the British Parliament, the opinion was expressed that notwithstanding the bitter hatred to the United States felt by the aristocracy and a portion of the mercantile classes, helped along by the outrageously false statements of the London press, the *people* of that country, by an immense majority, steadily sustain the position of the North, and would make themselves heard, should the Government in any way, attempt to intervene in favor of the South.

Charleston a Deserted City.—The following is an extract of a letter from a foreign gentleman, dated Charleston, S. C., Dec. 18, 1862:

"We arrived at Charleston four days after leaving New York, and, although I had not made myself any illusions, yet I did not expect to find this city such as it is; in truth, at first, and particularly in certain quarters, it seems like a vast cemetery, and there are scarcely two of the three streets sufficiently animated to dispel this impression.

"Ever since the beginning of the blockade every day some families moved away to retire into the interior, and of late this emigration has become almost general. All who have been able to follow this movement, men, women, old men, and children, have gone, and I believe to-day there are not twenty ladies left in the place. Consequently there can be nothing more sad, I assure you, than these fine streets, in which you do not often meet ten persons in their entire length; nothing so sad as these fine houses without life, their balconies and gardens deserted, and their windows closed—silent and funereal, as though death had passed there! Add to this the fact that nearly one-third of the city is in ruins, the effect of the terrible fire which devastated Charleston about a year ago, and you will scarcely have an idea of the sad spectacle that presented itself to the eyes here on every side. The more sad for me, as the transition had been so sudden, and I had my mind still full of New York," &c., &c.

Interesting Letter.—The following letter from President Lincoln to General McClellan was incidentally produced to the McDowell court of inquiry on Friday last.

Washington, April 9, 1862.

To Major General McClellan:

My Dear Sir—Your despatches, complaining that you are not properly sustained, while they do not offend me, pain me very much. Blenker's division was withdrawn from you before you left here, and you knew the pressure under which I did it, and, as I thought, acquiesced in it—certainly not without reluctance.

After you left, I ascertained that less than 20,000 unorganized men, without a single field battery, were all you designed to be left for the defence of Washington and Manassas Junction, and a part of those even were to go to General Hooker's old position. Gen. Banks' corps, once designed for Manassas Junction, was divided and tied up on the line of Winchester and Strasburg, and could not leave it without again exposing the Upper Potomac and the Baltimore and Ohio road. This presented, or would present, when Generals McDowell or Sumner should be gone, a great temptation to the enemy to turn back from the Rappahannock, and sack Washington.

My explicit directions that Washington should, by the judgment of all the commanders of the corps, be left entirely secure had been entirely neglected. It was precisely this that drove me to detain McDowell. I do not forget that I was satisfied with your arrangements to leave Banks at Manassas Junction, but when that arrangement was broken up, and nothing was substituted for it, of course I was not satisfied. I was constrained to substitute something for it myself.

And now allow me to ask, do you really think I should permit the line from Richmond, via Manassas Junction, to this city, to be entirely open except what resistance could be presented by less than 20,000 unorganized troops? This is a question which the country will not allow me to evade.

There is a curious mystery about the number of troops now with you. I telegraphed you on the 6th, saying that you had over 100,000 with you. I had just obtained from the Secretary of War a statement taken, as he said, from your own returns, making 108,000 then with you and en route to you. You now say you will have but 85,000 when all en route to you shall have reached you. How can this discrepancy of 23,000 be accounted for?

As to Gen. Wool's command, I understand it is doing for you precisely what a like number of your own would have to do if that command were away. I suppose the whole force which has gone forward to you is with you by this time, and if so, I think it is the precise time for you to strike a blow. By delay the enemy will relatively gain on you, that is, he will gain faster by fortifications and reinforcements than you can by reinforcements alone. And once more let me tell you, it is indispensable to you that you strike a blow.

I am powerless to help this. You will do me the justice to remember I always insisted that going down the bay in search of a field, instead of fighting at or near Manassas, was only shifting and not surmounting a difficulty; that we would find the same enemy and the same or equal intrenchments at either place. The country will not fail to note—it is noting now—that the present hesitation to move upon an intrenched enemy is but the story of Manassas repeated.

I beg to assure you that I have never written or spoken to you in greater kindness of feeling than now, nor with a fuller purpose to sustain you, so far as in my anxious judgment I consistently can. But you must act.
Yours, very truly,
(Signed) A. Lincoln.

Port Arkansas Captured—Brilliant Victory.—Washington, Jan. 18.—The following has been received at headquarters:

Memphis Jan 14.

To Major General Halleck, commander in Chief.

The following dispatch is just received:

Headquarters Army of the Mississippi,
Post of Arkansas, Jan 11, 1863.

To Major Gen U. S. Grant, commanding Department of the Tennessee.

I have the honor to report that the forces under my command attacked the Post of Arkansas to-day at one o'clock, and having stormed the enemy's works, took a large number of prisoners, variously estimated at from 7,000 to 10,000, together with all their stores, animals and munitions of war.

Rear Admiral David D. Porter, commanding the Mississippi squadron, effectively and brilliantly co-operated in accomplishing this complete success.

John A. McClernand,
Major General Commanding.

U. S. Grant, Major General.

Cairo, Jan. 16.—The ram Switzerland arrived this evening from the squadron.

She brings news of the taking of Arkansas Post, on the Arkansas river, one hundred miles from the mouth, by the land and naval forces under McClernand and Porter.

The surrender occurred on Sunday, with all the arms, stores and ammunition.

Full particulars have not yet been received.

Our loss was reported 200. Rebel loss 550 in killed and wounded, and from 5,000 to 7,000 prisoners taken.

These results may be modified by fuller and more authentic accounts.

ADDITIONAL DETAILS.

Cairo, Jan 16.—Fighting commenced at Arkansas Post on the evening of the 10th.

On the 11th instant, the garrison of seven thousand men surrendered, unconditionally.

Our loss is reported to be two hundred, mostly by shells from our own gunboats.

The fort mounted nine guns.

An immense amount of munitions of war fell into our hands.

The rebels were cut off from retreat on both sides of the river.

The Army of the Potomac in Motion.—Address of Gen. Burnside to the Troops.—Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, Camp near Falmouth, Va., January 20th, 1863.—General Orders, No. 7.—The Commanding General announces to the Army of the Potomac that they are about to meet the enemy once more.

The late brilliant actions in North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas have divided and weakened the enemy on the Rappahannock, and the auspicious moment seems to have arrived to strike a great and mortal blow at the rebellion and to gain that decisive victory which is due to the country.

Let the gallant soldiers of so many brilliant battle fields accomplish this achievement and a fame the most glorious awaits them.

The Commanding General calls for the firm and united action of officers and men; and, under the providence of God, the Army of the Potomac will have taken the great step towards restoring peace to the country and the Government to its rightful authority.

By command of Major General Burnside.
(Signed,) Lewis Richmond,
Assistant Adjutant General.
Official—Edward M. Neill,
Captain and A. A. A. G.

Foreign Summary.

Execution of the Murderer of a Missionary.—Beyrout, (Syria,) Oct. 1.—Abietal, one of the murderers of Rev. Mr. Coffing, has been executed. He was beheaded in the city of Adana on the 25th of September, in the presence of five thousand spectators. The executioner did his work so clumsily with a huge dull knife that he was engaged seven minutes in severing the head from the body. The immense throng stood in almost perfect silence, some exclaiming loud "Long live the Sultan," and more muttering curses upon the bungling executioner. The second murderer is still at large under the protection of Mustuk Pasha, who has been removed from his office. The new Pasha appointed to fill his place will no doubt do his best to arrest the renegade, though it will be difficult, as Mustuk Pasha is himself a robber chieftain, and has already put the district around the Gulf of Scanderoon into a state of utter anarchy to revenge for his removal. The efforts of Mr. Johnson, U. S. Consul in Beyrout, has contributed not a little to secure the execution of this murderer. He has visited Scanderoon and Adana four times within six months, spending several weeks each time, and has shown great zeal and efficiency in bringing about the desired result.

Dahomey.—A piece of information published in our columns a short time since, will have occasioned the deepest concern to every Christian mind. Intelligence has been received through the commander of H. M. S. Griffin, dated "Little Popo, Aug. 6," from which we learn that a very serious danger threatens the Christian settlement of Abbeokuta. It is believed that the King of Dahomey is preparing to lead a large army to this place, and to give it up as a prize to his followers in the ensuing month.

"Abbeokuta is one of those West African localities which has long been peculiarly interesting to the friends of missionary enterprise. The Gospel made its way with comparative facility among its people, and, for years before a supply of Christian teachers could be sent there, there was a loud call for them to come over and help them. The messengers of truth have been well received, their instructions eagerly listened to, and, although the prevalence of war has latterly hindered in some extent the progress of the good work, yet the Gospel preached in the markets and the public places has been the means of adding many believers to the church. The genuine character of the conversions effected has been remarkably evidenced by the peaceable spirit produced in a people distinguished in their savage condition by the most ferocious passions which the heathen mind can display."

The Gospel in Italy.—In Milan a greater number of people hear the Gospel preached than in any other town in Italy. Among the operative classes there is a strong disposition to hear the truth, and three able evangelists labor successfully in this quarter. Lagomarsino, late of Genoa, and Traldi, late of Bologna, preach alternately, not only on the Sabbath, but on every week-day, in two large halls, containing 150 and 250 people respectively. They are both working men, with no special preparation for the ministry, but naturally gifted with eloquence, and well acquainted with Christian truth, and are supported by the Geneva Society. The meetings are always crowded to the door. Elsewhere evangelistic services are very punctually attended, but here the worship begins with the striking of the clock, the hearers desirous of obtaining a seat being in their places for five or ten minutes previously. The most gratifying circumstance to an on-looker is that there is no controversy, and no preaching from mere texts on the part of the evangelists, but the setting forth of Christ and a constant expounding of the Word of God at their reunions. The hearers bring their Bibles to church, and search for the passages referred to in a most intelligent way, and a good sale is made at the stalls for Bibles and religious books at the doors of the chapels.—*Correspondence of Evangelical Christendom.*

Married.

On the 4th of January, by Rev. J. M. Wilkerson, Mr Joseph Garth to Miss Elizabeth Layton, all of Lawrence, Kansas.

On the 1st of January, by Rev. W. H. Winder of Freehold, Mr Wm H Johnson to Miss Lydia Ann Johnson, both of Freehold, N. J.

On the 31st of December, 1862, by Rev. John Turner, Wm. Henry Jones to Miss Lydia Watkins, both of Leavenworth City, Kansas.

On the 1st of January, 1863, by Rev John Turner, John L. Tinsley to Miss Louanna Ward, both of Leavenworth City, Kansas.

On the 1st of January 1863 by Rev John Turner, Amos Mitchell to Mrs. Fanny Moore, both of Leavenworth City, Kansas.

Church Directory
of
PHILADELPHIA

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Morning, . . . 10½ o'clock.
Afternoon, . . . 3 o'clock.

LECTURES every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the BENEZET HALL, Seventh Street, below Lombard Street.

JONATHAN C. GIBBS, Pastor,
107 North Fifth Street.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

The Sabbath School connected with this Church meets at nine o'clock in the morning, and at half past one in the afternoon.

Jacob C. White, Superintendent.

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Lombard Street, below Ninth.

SERVICE.

Morning, Prayer Meeting, . . . 10½ o'clock.
Preaching, afternoon, . . . 3 o'clock.
Preaching evening, . . . 7½ o'clock.

LECTURE every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.

JOHN B. REEVES, Pastor.
Residence 700, Lombard St.

A. M. E. UNION CHURCH.—Coates Street, below Fifth St.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

Preaching at . . . 10 A. M.
" . . . 3 P. M.
" . . . 7 P. M.

Class Meeting on every Thursday evening.
Class on Sabbath, at 12 o'clock. M.
" Monday evening, at 7 o'clock.
" Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M., and at half past 1 o'clock, P. M.

REV. HENRY DAVIS, Minister in Charge,
Residence—No. 818 Wood Street.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. MARTHA COLLINS.

730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS'
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N. B. Regalia and Dress Trimmings still on hand. All will be sold as near the old prices as possible. Call and see.

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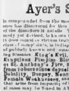

[illegible] of Illness [illegible] will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children. [illegible] according to the organ it attacks. In the lungs, scrofula produces tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and become ulcerous sores; in the stomach and bowels, derangements which produce indigestion, dyspepsia and liver complaints; on the skin, eruptive and cutaneous affections. These, all having the same origin, require the same remedy, viz. purification and invigoration of the blood. Purify the blood, and these dangerous distempers leave you. With feeble, foul or corrupted blood, you cannot have health; with that "life of the flesh" healthy, you cannot have scrofulous disease.

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is compounded from the most effectual antidotes that medical science has discovered for this afflicting distemper and for the cure of the disorders it entails. That it is far superior to any other remedy yet devised, is known to all who have given it a trial. That it does combine virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of complaints, is indisputably proven by the great multitude of publicly known and remarkable cures it has made of the following diseases: **King's Evil, or Glandular Swellings, Tumors, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Female Weaknesses,** and, indeed, the whole series of complaints that arise from impurity of the blood. Minute reports of individual cases may be found in AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC, which is furnished to the druggists for gratuitous distribution, wherein may be learned the directions for its use and some of the remarkable cures which it has made when all other remedies had failed to afford relief. Those cases are purposely taken from all sections of the country, in order that every reader may have access to some one who can speak to him of its benefits from personal experience. Scrofula depresses the vital energies, and thus leaves its victims far more subject to disease and its fatal results than are healthy constitutions. Hence it tends to shorten, and does greatly shorten the average duration of human life. The importance of these considerations has led us to spend years in perfecting a remedy which is adequate to its cure. This we now offer to the public under the name of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, although it is composed of ingredients, some of which exceed the best of Sarsaparilla in alterative power. By its aid you may protect yourself from the suffering and danger of these disorders. Purge out the foul corruptions that rot and fester in the blood, purge out the causes of disease, and vigorous health will follow. By its peculiar virtues this remedy stimulates the vital functions, and thus expels the distempers which lurk within the system, or burst out on any part of it.

We know the public have been deceived by many compounds of Sarsaparilla, that promised much and did nothing; but they will neither be deceived nor disappointed in this. Its virtues have been proven by abundant trial, and there remains no question of its surpassing excellence for the cure of the afflicting diseases it is intended to reach. Although under the same name, it is a very different medicine from any other which has been before the people, and is far more effectual than any other which has ever been available to them.

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Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE.

Newport, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.

RICHARD WHITE.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.

Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which affected a cure. I recommend it to the public.

Mrs. EVELINA DEMOND.

Providence, Dec. 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was eventually relieved. Mrs. PHEBE A. MORSE.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

Prudence Ferry, Sept. 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

Providence, Rhode Island, Aug. 16, 1861.

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Providence, Nov., 1861.

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I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and knew Emily Johnson (formerly Rodney), who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq. of Bristol Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket, and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney. [illegible] further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Simmons (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Simmons, (class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson, and the evidence, or affirmation of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time the married him, which, at the time she married him she had no knowledge of.

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In the distant land of Denmark,
  At the holy Christmas-time,
There's a custom so poetic,
  That it's worthy better rhyme—

'Mong the peasants poor and humble,
  Who our dear Lord's birthday keep,
As a day of thankful gladness,
  With a joy that lieth deep,

While the grass and tender herbage
  Hidden are beneath the snow,
And the rudest blasts of Winter
  With sharp, icy coldness blow.

Brightly deck they little gift trees,
  Glitt'ring with their gilded fruit,
Tapers, nuts, and waxen angels,
  Pendent from each dark-green shoot;

And while thus they show each other,
  By these tokens of their love,
How they value beyond praising
  The great gift of God above,

They forget not humbler creatures,
  Who their gladness cannot share,
E'en the little birds of Heaven,
  Twitt'ring in the wintry air:

High against a wall are mounted
  Unthreshed oats bound on a pole,
Where the snow-birds feast upon them,
  —Ever this their Christmas dole.

And I think the little snow-birds
  Must repay them by their mirth—
Singing sweeter songs of Spring time,
  Making glad the barren earth. H. D.

GAROTTING.

Garotting is so common in England, that it is dangerous to walk the streets of London. A very timid man, resident in the suburbs, always carries a loaded stick, and is constantly on the look-out. The other night, as he was walking home, near his house a man pushed rudely against him. The timid gentleman, with great presence of mind, immediately struck him a severe blow with the loaded stick, and the man ran off, leaving his hat behind him. The timid man, greatly elated, picked up the hat, and read on the lining the name of one of his intimate friends. Dreadfully shocked, he at once hastened to his friend's house to explain matters. He was received at the door by his friend's wife, who, in a voice inarticulate with sobs, said:—"O, I'm so glad to see you! Poor Edward!—in bed up stairs!—covered with blood!—he's been garotted!"—*London Daily News.*

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Place in a glass pot, or in a glazed vessel, one quart of water and three pounds of hard glue, melt over a gentle fire, and stir up occasionally. When the glue is all melted, drop in gradually a small quantity of nitric acid, when effervescence will take place. Now take it off the fire, allow it to cool, and bottle it. It will keep for years without changing. It is always ready for use without melting, and is of great use about the household for mending things when you want to "save the pieces." This is the "Celebrated Prepared Glue."

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Take gall nuts in fine powder, 16 ounces; calcined and powdered sulphate of iron, 9 ounces; powdered gum arabic, 15 ounces; white powdered sugar, 5 ounces. Mix all these substances together, and keep them in a bottle well closed. When you want to make ink, put about half an ounce in a vial two-thirds full of water, and shake well, let it settle, decant the clear part, and use it to write. To prevent it becoming musty, add to the powder a little bichloride of mercury.

RELIEF OF NEURALGIA.

As this dreadful disease is becoming more prevalent than formerly, and as the doctors have not discovered any method or medicine that will permanently cure it, we simply state that for some time past a member of our family has suffered most intensely from it, and could find no relief from any remedy applied, until we saw an article which recommended the application of bruised horseradish to the face, for tooth-ache. As neuralgia and tooth-ache are both nervous diseases, we thought the remedy for the one would be likely to cure the other, so we made the application of horseradish, bruised and applied to the side of the body where the disease was seated; it gave almost instant relief to the severe attack of neuralgia. Since then we have applied it several times, and with the same gratifying results. The remedy is simple, cheap, may be had within the reach of every one.—*Laurensville Herald.*

CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

The late William Hazlitt, a man gifted with great powers of observation and expression, was of opinion that actors and authors were not fitted, generally speaking, to shine in conversation. "Authors ought to be read, and not heard;" and as to actors, they could not speak tragedies in the drawing-room, and their wit was like comedy and farce of a second hand. The biography of men of letters, in a great measure, confirms this opinion. Some of the greatest names in English and French literature, men who have filled books with an eloquence and truth that defy oblivion, were mere mutes before their fellow-men. They had golden ingots, which, in the privacy of home, they could convert into coin bearing an impress that would insure universal currency; but they could not, on the spur of the moment, produce the farthings current in the market-place. Descartes, the famous mathematician and philosopher; Lafontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; and Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the power of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society, that his friend said of him, after an interview, "I must go and read his tales to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him."

UNITY OF THE RACE.

A writer in the *American Theological Review* argues for the unity of the human race, under the following heads:—1. Man lives indifferently in all parts of the earth. 2. The erect attitude ([illegible] *vultus*) is common to all varieties of men. 3. Their differences, however great, are incidental and variable. 4. They are alike as to average and maximum longevity, &c., so as to be physiologically the same. 5. Their language indicates a common origin. 6. Their varying degrees of progress are shown to depend, not on inherent difference of structure, but upon culture and circumstances. 7. The tradition of Central Asia, the cradle of the race, point in the same direction. 8. So does the exact counterpart between the respective powers of the several varieties. 9. And the capacity for indefinite improvement in all. 10. The rational and moral nature common to all. 11. The weight of authorities, both in number and character. And 12. The voice of revelation. These twelve points are urged with great candour, intelligence, and clearness.

INSECT EMBLEMS.

In the north and west of England, the moths which fly into the candles are called *Saules*, perhaps from the old notion that the souls of the dead fly about at night in search of light; and perhaps for the same reason the common people in Germany call them ghosts. When life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel, the insect type, by which, in the midst of Pagan obscurity, they had been dimly shadowed forth, acquired fresh illumination. Employed by the Fathers of the Church, the beautiful symbol of the Butterfly shone on their glorious pages like a beam of sunlight, falling through a painted window on the gloom of a cloister."

INSECTS AS FOOD

"We only have to go back to the commencement of the Christian era, and we shall find, that while John the Baptist was subsisting in the desert of Judea, upon the simple and ordinary fare of 'locusts and wild honey,' imperial luxurious Rome was regaling, in her banquet halls, upon veritable Insects—luscious Caterpillar grubs, fattened on flour, as we fatten oysters upon meal. This was the Cossus of Pliny, and supposed identical with the unsightly wood-devouring larva of the great Goat Moth—a lurid and yellowish Caterpillar, bulky, black headed, and black clawed, a darkling dweller in the trunk of oak or willow." "And from what but prejudice arises our disgust at Insect-feeding? Our king Jamie, of pedantic memory, was said to have pronounced him 'a very valiant man,' who first adventured on eating oysters; and truly we opine that he must have been quite as much a hero, in his way, as the dweller in Surinam or the Mauritius, who first engulfed a fat Palm Weevil grub. Why should the Frenchman, wiping his mouth after snail soup, laugh at the Chinaman smacking his lips after a dish of Silk worm chrysalides!"

AN EIGHTY DOLLAR BREAKFAST

At Tiffin, Ohio, on the 15th ult., the elephant Hannibal, belonging to Van Amburgh's menagerie, treated himself to a repast which cost over eighty dollars. A candy peddler had stocked his wagon with a supply of delicacies, and had gone to the hotel stable for his horse, when Hannibal broke loose from his fastenings, smashed the wagon to flinders, and "gobbled" down, in a few moments, six thousand gingerbread cakes, seventy pounds of assorted candy, and forty pounds of "French kisses."

CONDITION OF SEWING WOMEN IN LONDON

The London *Times* thus speaks of the condition of sewing women in London, and if it is not grossly exaggerated, it represents a state of things truly deplorable:

"The young female slaves of whom we speak are worked by gangs in ill-ventilated rooms, or rooms that are not ventilated at all, for it is found by experience, that if the air be admitted, it brings with it 'blacks' of another kind, which damage the work upon which the seamstress is employed.—Their occupation is to sew from morning to night, and night to morning—stitch, stitch, stitch, without speech—without a smile—without a sigh. In the gray morning they must be at work—say at six o'clock, having a quarter of an hour allowed for breaking their fast. The food served out to them is scanty and miserable enough, but still, in all probability, more than their fevered systems can digest. From six o'clock, then, till eleven it is stitch, stitch. At eleven, a small piece of dry bread is served to each seamstress, but still she must stitch on. At one o'clock, twenty minutes are allowed for dinner—a slice of meat and a potato with a glass of toast and water to each work-woman. Then again to work—stitch, stitch, stitch—until five o'clock, when fifteen minutes are again allowed for tea. Their needles are again set in motion once more—stitch, stitch—until nine o'clock, when fifteen minutes are allowed for supper—a piece of dry bread and cheese and a glass of beer. From nine o'clock at night until one, two, and three o'clock in the morning, stitch, stitch! the only break in this long period being a minute or two—just time enough to swallow a cup of strong tea, which is supplied lest the young people should "feel sleepy." At three o'clock, A. M., to bed; at six o'clock, A. M., out of it, again to resume the duties of the day. There must be a good deal of monotony in the occupation. But when we have said that for certain months of the year these unfortunate young persons are worked in the manner we describe, we have not said all. Even during the few hours allotted to sleep—should we not rather say, to a feverish cessation from toil?—their miseries continue. They are cooped up in sleeping pens, ten in a room, which would perhaps be sufficient for the accommodation of two persons. The alternative is from a treadmill (and what a treadmill!) to the Black Hole of Calcutta!"

THE FROWN OF OUR FATHER.

"As, to make the earth fruitful, the face of heaven must be now and then obscured and overcast, and we must be deprived of the welcome pleasure of the sun to receive the fertilizing benefit of the rain; so, such is our condition here below, that our perverseness makes it necessary that God should sometimes appear to frown upon us to make us fruitful in those works to which he is pleased to vouchsafe his smiles."

[Sir Robt. Boyle. "Occasional Reflections."]

The following stanzas seem to have been suggested by the above remarks:—

I would not ask a thornless life,
  From every sorrow free,
But G d in his kind providence,
  Permit it so to be.

For as the verdure of the earth,
  Would wither and decay,
Beneath the dazzling gloriousness
  Of a perpetual day—

So, the green places of the heart
  In life's progressive years,
Would cease to yield the buds of hope
  If watered not by tears.

I ask a firm and steadfast mind,
  My duties to fulfil,
A cheerful and obedient heart,
  To do my Master's will.

An humble and enduring faith,
  To lift my soul above,
And in each chastening grief to see
  A Father's tender love.

A heaven-born strength to follow on
  The path the Saviour trod,
Through Him to win the meed of grace
  And endless joy with God.

[S. P. Jan 11, 1860.

From the Protestant Churchman.]

WESLEY AND WELLESLEY

It is not generally known, perhaps, that Wesley and Wellesley were originally the same name, and that the ancestors of John Wesley, and of Arthur Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, were of the same family. It is not surprising that offshoots from the same stock, however distant from each other they may have been transplanted, should grow up to be of the same nature as the parent tree, and bring forth fruits like unto each other. It was so with the Wesleys and the Wellesleys. If we look at the characters of the two men just named, we shall find a remarkable similarity between them,—the same strong family features in each;—perfect simplicity, unwearied diligence and application, the strictest attention to discipline and order, and the most indomitable energy and perseverance. In personal appearance, also, they were very much alike.

In considering the character of each we can well believe that had Wesley been the military cadet, and Wellesley the student of divinity at Oxford, history would still, most likely, read precisely as it now does; and that the establishment of Methodism, and the victory of Waterloo, would stand, as now, recorded facts, with only the names of the two great actors reversed. There were strong features of resemblance between the two families through several generations. A rich vein of poetical and musical talent ran through both. The poetical genius of the Wesley family is well known. The old rector of Epworth, and all of his sons, were poets, and Charles Wesley's son was a famous organist and composer of music. (By the way, we are told that *he*,—the son of Charles, and nephew of John Wesley,—changed his religion and became a Roman Catholic.) In the other family the Earl of Mornington, the Duke's father, was a poet, and a physician of no mean talent. Many stories might be told to prove the similarity of character between the old Methodist and the Iron Duke. On one occasion when the latter was conducting some friends through the rooms of Apsley House, they noticed that his place of sleeping was upon the small iron camp-bedstead that he had used in his campaigns. One of the friends remarked that there was scarcely room enough for a man to turn round. "Turn round!" said the Duke, "when a man feels like turning round, it is time for him to get up." Compare this with the following. In May, 1776, an order was made in the House of Lords, "That the commissioners of his majesty's excise do write circular letters to all such persons whom they have reason to suspect to have plate, as also to those who have not paid regularly the duty on the same." In consequence of this order, the accountant-general for household plate sent a copy of it to John Wesley. The answer was as follows: "Sir, I have *two* silver teaspoons in London, and two at Bristol: this is all the plate which I have at present, and I shall not buy any more while so many round me want bread. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN WESLEY."

Reverse their circumstances and conditions, and we may be almost certain that the old itinerant, as Duke, would have contented himself with the iron camp-bedstead, and the Duke as itinerant preacher, with the "two silver teaspoons in London, and two at Bristol." J. J.

"DAY AND NIGHT LOOK TO THE LAST DAY."

"In every kind of our life, the memory of the Divine Judgment is to be engrafted and retained by us, so that when we do any thing, the memory of the Judgment sinking down in us, or rather never departing from us, all our works may be to the service of God.

Blessed will he be, who shall have done nothing unmindful of the Divine Judgment."

Hil. in Ps. cxviii

THE THEATRE.

Is it not too manifest to be denied, that piety as instinctively shrinks from the theatre, as human life does from the point of a sword or the draught of poison?

* * * * *

William Prynne, a satirical and pungent writer, who suffered many cruelties for his admirable productions in the time of Charles I., has made a catalogue of authorities against the stage, which contains every name of eminence in the heathen and Christian worlds: it comprehends the united testimony of the Jewish and Christian churches; the deliberate acts of fifty-four ancient and modern, general, national, provincial, councils and synods, both of the western and eastern churches; the condemnatory sentences of seventy-one ancient fathers, and one hundred and fifty eminent modern Popish and Protestant authors; the hostile endeavors of philosophers and even poets; with the legislative enactments of a great number of pagan and Christian states, nations, magistrates, emperors and princes." J. A. JAMES.

THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT WOMAN IN THE WORLD

The Empress of France is probably the most extravagant woman living. Nor is this all; she has been the cause of ruinous extravagance in the families of her husband's subjects, and in all countries where the costly fashions she has set have found favor. M. Fould, the Emperor's Minister of France, threatens to resign his office unless her enormous drafts upon the treasury are curtailed. So costly has she made the toilette in Paris, that fashionable ladies are utterly unable to settle their bills for dress, and it is stated by the English press that it as much, as many of them can do to pay the interest on the large debts which following the Imperial modes, has caused them to incur. The world owes crinoline to the fair Eugenie; and the rougher half of its civilized population does not feel by any manner of means, grateful to her for the introduction of the articles. She has made her apartments in the Tuilleries as magnificent as the palaces one reads about in the orientals fables.

The doors of her boudoir are of ivory, inlaid with gold. The furniture is of rosewood, inlaid with mirrors, gold, ivory, and is upholstered with pale red silk. Smyrnian carpeting of the heaviest texture covers the floors and the ceiling is splendidly frescoed. The desks and portfolios are of tortoise shell, arabesqued with gold, and the most valuable paintings of the old masters ornament the walls. The beautiful woman who has surrounded herself with these luxuries spends an almost fabulous amount annually in rare laces and all the most expensive articles of female costume; besides subscribing unheard of sums in aid of certain vast political schemes, for she is withal an intriguing politician. The Empress is thirty eight years of age, and therefore old enough to have learned prudence; yet she is more prodigal now than in the heyday of her youth and beauty.

We see it stated that Eugenie, "la imperatrice," is getting to be greatly disliked in Paris. Already has she been saluted with the ominous cries, "A bas les Crinoline! A bas les Espagnols!" As the all-comprehensive Shakespeare well said:

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Pittsburgh Markets.

APPLES.—1 50 to 2 00.

ASHES.—Pots, —@6; Pearls, 5½@6; Soda-ash, 3@4c.

BREAD.—Water crackers, ℔ pound, 6c; Butter do 7c., Sugar do. 8c.

BEANS.—Small white, 2 00@2 50 ℔ bus.

BROOMS.—Common to fancy, 1 25@2.50 ℔ dozen.

BUCKETS, &c.—Buckets, per dozen, 1.50@1.75; Tubs, per dozen, 7 50.

BUTTER.—Fresh roll, 18@19c. ℔ pound; packed, 10@13c.

BACON.—Plain hams, 10@10½, sugar-cured, 12½ @—, sides, 6@6½, shoulders, 5@5½, country ½c less.

CHEESE.—Western Reserve, 11@12; Goshen, 12.

CANDLES & SOAP.—Dipped, 12½c., Mould, —. Adamantine, 20c.; Rosin Soap, 6½c., fancy, 10c.

COTTON YARNS, &c.—Cotton Yarn, ℔ pound, from Nos. 5 to 10, —— and one cent advance each No.; cotton chain, —— colored do. —— cotton wick, batting, ——, fancy do., ——

CORDAGE.—Bed-cords, per dozen, 1.50@3.00.

DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, ℔ bushel, 1 00@1.25, Peaches, ——.

DRIED BEEF.—12@12½c ℔ pound.

EGGS.—Barrel or box, 18@20c ℔ doz.

FLOUR.—Superfine, from store ——@—— Extra, 6.00@——; Extra family, 6.50@6.75, Rye, 5 00@5.10.

FEATHERS.—Fresh, 40@45c. ℔ pound.

FISH.—Large No. 3 Mackerel, 8.00@8 50; Baltimore Herring, 6 00, Lake Fish, ——@——; Codfish, 5@6c.

FEED.—Sales of feed at 65@70 ℔ 100 pounds.

GRAIN.—Wheat, Red, 1.1 @1 15, White, 1 20@1 22. Rye, 70@75. Oats, 45@50. Corn, 62@65.

GLASS.—City brands 8x10, 2 50 ℔ box of 50 feet, 10x12, 4.00; Country brands, 8x10, 3.25; 10x12, 3.75.

GROCERIES.—Sugar by the barrel, 11@11½, hhd, 10½@11. N. O. Molasses, 55 @58, Golden Syrup, 75. [illegible] Rice, 7½@8.

HOMINY.—5 00 ℔ barrel.

HAY.—Sales at Scales, $14@16 ℔ ton.

IRON.—Common bar, 3½@4c., Blooms, ——, Pig Metal, $25@30.

LEAD, &c.—Bar, 8c., Pig, 7c. Shot, ℔ bag, 2 25 @2 50.

LEATHER.—Sole, 25@29c., Upper, per dozen, $31@38.

LIME.—Louisville, ℔ barrel, 1 25@——.

LARD.—No. 1, 9½@10½c.

NAILS, &c.—10d ℔ keg 4 00, with pro rata ad vancement. Cut spikes, 4 00 ℔ keg for 3 to 4½ inch.

NAVAL STORES.—Turpentine, ℔ gallon, 1 50, Rosin, ℔ barrel ——, Tar, ℔ barrel ——.

OILS.—Linseed, 80 ℔ gallon. Tanners', ——. Lard, 90.

POTATOES.—35@——.

POWDER.—Rifle, 5 25 ℔ keg; Rock, 4 50.

RAGS.—Mixed, 3c.

SALT.—No. 1, 3 50 ℔ barrel. Extra, ——@——.

SHEETINGS.—Nos. 1 and 2, —— ℔ yard.

SEEDS.—Flaxseed, 2 [illegible] ℔ bushel. Timothy, 1 62@1 75; Clover, 5 00@5 00.

TALLOW.—Rough 6½c., rendered, 8c.

WHITE LEAD.—No. 1, 2 50 per keg.

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☞ RELIEF FOR THE DISTRESSED OPERATIVES OF GREAT BRITAIN.—At a meeting of the International Relief Committee of Philadelphia, held on December 18th, it was unanimously
Resolved, That the Railroad Companies, Banking Institutions, Insurance companies, Farmers, Manufacturers, Mechanics, Merchants, and Citizens generally of Philadelphia and of our own and other States, are invited to co-operate with the above Committee in furnishing provisions for the famishing operatives of Great Britain.
Resolved, That the Churches and Congregations of this city and of our own and other States, are requested to make collections for this object on the first Sunday in January, or at such time as may be more convenient.
Resolved, That the Philadelphia Committee tenders its services to the cities and towns of the West in the transmission of their bounty to the suffering poor of England.
Resolved, That in view of the urgent necessities of the British sufferers it is expedient to make arrangements for the immediate charter of a vessel, on the most favorable terms, to convey such food as the Philadelphia Committee are prepared to purchase and ship.
Communications may be addressed to either of the undersigned members of the Committee.
ALONZO POTTER, Chairman.
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FREDERICK FRALEY, Secretary.
ALEX. G. CATTELL, Treasurer.
[illegible]
108 Dec [illegible]

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* * *

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

DISPLAYS OF GOD'S GLORY AND GOODNESS IN NATURE

BY ASSUINO O. JOHNS.

God spake! worlds into being sprung!
The earth, which He on nothing hung,
The stars, far distant from our reach,
Which lessons of their Maker teach;
The planets which through space revolve,
Whose course high mathematics solve:
All say to us, in language clear,
Away! proud man, shrink back and fear!

Majestic Sol, who from his place,
Comes like a bridegroom for a race:
And Luna, with her borrowed light,
Who shines abroad o'er earth by night:
The comets, too, whose paths we find,
All streamed in light for miles behind,
In East and West, in South and North,
The glory of their God show forth.

Rain, hail and snow, which damp the earth,
And thus preserve mankind from dearth,
Are formed of substances which rise
Up from the ground and seek the skies;
Which being mixed together there,
Become much weightier than air;
Then they return to earth again.
Behold God's goodness unto man!

The ocean is a body vast,
Which has all works of art surpassed;
It is a body wide and deep,
Which in its amplitude does keep
Fishes of every grade and size,
Oft mentioned by the great and wise;
And many other things more strange,
On glorious plans did God arrange.

Volcanoes, we shall speak of next,
From which the earth so oft ejects,
That matter, which without a care,
She sends far upward through the air;
Which soon descends again like rain,
Covering hill, and dale, and plain:
Oh! who could such eruptions make?
He, who worlds into being spake.

Volcanoes are strange sights, that we,
Reader, or writer, may not see;
But then accounts are given to us
Of Etna and Vesuvius,
And many other smaller ones,
From which loud sounds like bursting guns
Are heard: these details we believe,
Why should we not God's truth receive?

God, who fills all immensity,
Both from end to eternity,
Did great and wondrous things create,
And set them forth in beauteous state;
He also does His goodness show
To human beings here below;
His goodness to repentance leads,
As he well knows, who God's book reads.

Ashmun Institute, Jan. 15th, 1863.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUTH.

DELIVERED BY MISS S. J. WOODSON, BEFORE THE COLORED TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, IN CINCINNATI, OHIO.

That we are beings who occupy a place among intelligent existences, and are endowed with minds capable of endless duration and unlimited improvement, is a fact which should engage the attention and enlist the energies of every individual.

The faculties of the mind, though scarcely perceptible in the first stages of human existence, may by means of proper culture, become so expanded and developed as to form one of the noblest structures of God's creation.

The cultivation of the mind, then, is the first object to which the youthful attention should be directed. By cultivation is implied, the education and training of each faculty, so as not only to be able to acquire a mere physical subsistence, but to apply the means which will invigorate and strengthen, to enlighten and refine each part, that it may perform its function in such a manner as to elevate the being to that degree of perfection which will enable him to occupy a position among the higher orders of creation, which the great Author designed him to enjoy.

It is a fact worthy of notice, that those things which are the most valuable are placed the farthest from the reach of common agencies. The Creator in his wisdom has seen fit to hide the brightest gems and richest treasures of earth the deepest beneath the soil: so in like manner, has he concealed the richest treasures that the mind possesses beneath the grosser senses, to be drawn forth only by the most patient and persevering energy. It is natural that human beings should acquire possessions; and that they should desire those especially, which are the most eminent among mortals, yet few of real value ever came into our hands by means of accident.

No man ever was a skilful architect, or physician, or mechanic by chance. The excellencies of the mental powers are not the gifts of genius, or the intuitions of nature, but the precious boon is obtained, or the shining goal reached, only by those whose care has been the most unceasing, and whose zeal has been the most untiring.

Wealth and honor are not the offspring of ease and luxury, but they are the legitimate reward of constant toil and perseverance. Neither is mental opulence, or intellectual competency enjoyed by the imbecile and indolent. No one ever slaked his thirst for knowledge from a fountain which gushed forth spontaneously, but he who would taste the delicious stream must dig deep, and toil hard, ere he can enjoy a draught of the pellucid waters.

The knowledge of arts and sciences, which are the most profound and intricate in themselves, and which more deeply concern us is not granted on easier terms than [illegible]. Not even the lowest organs of the body, not a muscle or a sinew can perform its function, without having undergone a lengthened and elaborate process of instruction. The hand, the ear, the eye, must each be trained and taught. And though we may be unconscious of this education, it has as really been received, as that one by which we learned to read and write.

If, then, the meanest corporeal sense demands an appropriate education, without which they would prove rather incumbrances than messengers, by which we keep up our communication with the external world, shall we suppose that the noblest capacities of man's spirit are alone independent of all training and culture? That the baser senses, only, are capable of refinement and expansion? That in the whole territory of human nature, this is the only field that promises to reward the tillage with no fruit?

Cultivation performs for the mind, the same office which heat and moisture discharge in relation to the vegetable seed or food, and exercise to the animal organization, to which, though they impart no new organ, they enlarge and strengthen all, and permit some to develop themselves which have no existence except in germ. It is an inadequate conception of our position and relations, that shelters the delusion that our faculties are then sufficiently disciplined and expanded when they qualify us to fulfil vocations, as creatures beset with certain corporeal necessities. No, there are questions for us to solve of a higher nature than these. Our personal wants, our domestic ties, and even our social relations, address not to us those questions which touch our interest most vitally. Our two fold nature as beings, connects us not only with the material universe with which we are surrounded; but we are possessed of a spirit which emanated from the Divine essence, and which he designed, should by a process of refinement become assimilated to its great Author, and be a representative of his infinite wisdom and goodness.

Man, the only creature of all God's material universe who is anointed with the holy oil of reason and reflection, of conscience and imagination; a ray of the Divinity approaching nearer to his image than any of his creatures; a connecting link between the eternal Spirit and his material creation; endowed with the most exalted hopes and loftiest aspirations, and possessed with all the fine sensibilities of an exalted nature, should be studiously fitted for an existence beyond his physical being.

But this question more deeply concerns the youth of the present age than of any other age in the stage of human existence surrounded by the privileges of an age of high illumination, in which the works of all preceding ages are more fully developed, and brought nearer to perfection than ever before. An age adorned with the glory and beauty which have been shed upon us by the efforts of an advancing intellect through a long succession of generations. An age of profound philosophy and experiments, of books and much reading. An age in which intellectual acquirements are more widely diffused than any other preceding it. An age in which the light of experience, and of the revelation of divine truth has shone with inextinguishable lustre; and the powers of the mind are triumphing over the accumulated errors of the past, and is rapidly realizing its fondest anticipations in undermining the influence, and diminishing the powers of darkness. And how satisfactory, how captivating the fact, that amid all the changes and turmoils of the world, amid all the revolutions which the mind has undergone in its onward progress, the progress of truth has never suffered a retrogression. Its effulgent beams have penetrated the darkest precincts of ignorance, and caused the faculties of the most denuded minds to germinate. Let not then the youth of the present age, who are the subjects of oppression and outrage, suppose that they are not called upon to solve the great questions which so much interest every individual. What are our relations to God and to the universe? What is required of us in the present age? and what are we doing to facilitate the prospects of our people in the future? It is true that we experience daily many discouragements, and the path of intellectual prosperity seems obstructed with insuperable difficulties, yet the fact is none the less obvious, that we are called upon to act as great a part as any other people in the great work of human refinement and moral elevation. Yes, we as a people have severe conflicts, both with regard to our individual and national rights. We inherit from our fathers naught but subjugation and dishonor. No history records the deeds of our great and good: no tongue ever heralded the praise of our brave and noble. No banner was ever inscribed with the sacred insignia of our national existence: yet our history, humiliating as it may be, is not without a precedent.

Others have endured trials similar to ours in their struggles for national existence. Yet by a succession of events, they passed unscathed to the highest point of national glory. God's chosen people were overwhelmed in Egyptian darkness, only that the light of Jehovah's truth might be revealed amid the thunderings of Sinai.

If you take a retrospect of the past, you perceive that in the darkest periods, when truth and virtue appeared to sleep, when science had dropped her telescope, and philosophy its torch, when the world would have seemed to be standing still, the inscrutable wisdom of Divine Providence was preparing new agents, and evolving new principles, to aid in the work of individual and social improvement.

It would appear as if the world, like the year, had its seasons; and that the seed disseminated in spring-time must first die before it can vegetate and produce the rich harvests of autumn. The developments of one period seem obscured for a season by the unfolding of the great mysterious curtain, by which to disclose the glories of the next.

History has marked out to us such periods, and we are disheartened by the necessary and successive seasons of darkness, because the revolution is so great, or our own position so humble, that we cannot look beyond the shade that surrounds us, and behold the distant and gradual approach of a better day. Though for a season, darkness has covered the land and gross darkness the people, and the energies of our people have been stultified by the accumulated prejudices of generations, which have been heaped upon us, yet there is reason to be encouraged, for:

"From the darkest night of sorrow,
From the deadliest field of strife,
Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow,
Springs a truer, nobler life."

Yes, the sombre cloud of ignorance and superstition which so long enshrouded us and seemed ready to close upon us, as the funeral pall of our national existence, is being dispersed before the light of eternal truth. The sign of promise, the great precursor of a brighter day has already enlightened the long night of our oppression, and the broad sun of our liberty begins to illuminate our political horizon. The mighty empire of despotism and oppression is trembling to its foundation, it must soon crumble and fall, and will we submit to sink and be buried beneath its ruins? Will we alone be quiescent and passive, while all around us is agitation and progress?

Do the revolutions which surround us awaken in our souls no desire to partake of the onward movement? The world moves right on, and he who moves not with, must be crushed beneath its revolving wheels. You stand on the eve of a brighter day than has ever enlightened your pathway. The obstacles which have so long barred from you the portals of knowledge, are fast being removed, and the temple of science from which you have hitherto been ousted with tenacious jealousy, will soon disclose to you the glory of its inner sanctuary. Wisdom with a friendly hand beckons you to enter and revel in her courts. Suffer not the evanescent pleasures of sensual gratification to allure you from the pursuit of the great object which lies before you. Will you not arouse from the long slumber of inactivity which pervades you, and prepare for the events which the revolutions of the affairs of men are fast bringing upon you? Who shall answer for you, when you are called upon to take your position among the nations of the earth, if you are found wanting in mental capacity and intellectual energy? If the high privileges you now enjoy, pass by you unimproved, and you are found incapable to fill positions of trust and honor in coming life, great will be your condemnation.

Apply your minds, then, early and vigorously to those studies which will not only endow you with the power and privilege to walk abroad interested spectators of all that is magnificent and beautiful, above and around you; but to commune with that which is illustrious in the records of the past; and noble and divine in the development of the future. Studies which will elevate you to a standard of dignity upon which your friends may gaze with rapture and delight, and which shall teach men in the present and all coming ages that there glows within your breast an intellect which shall emulate in its hopes, enjoyments, and capacities, with the tallest of earth's born sons, whose fame stands on the records of time.

Would you be eminent among your fellow mortals, and have your name inscribed on the pages of history, as living representatives of truth, morality, and virtue? Would you by deeds of heroism and noble achievements, vie with the proud sons of honor, and share with them the immortal wreath, which the hand of fame has placed upon their brow? Would you ascend the hill of science, and there contend with her votaries, for the laurels plucked from its fair summit? Would you penetrate the secret labyrinths of the universe, and gather from their hoarded mysteries that knowledge which will bless generations to come? Then apply your minds to study, profound, intricate study. Let your time, your money, your interest, all be spent in the pursuit of this one great object, the improvement of your mind. It is only from the deepest furrows, that the richest harvests are gathered. The breathings of genius are not produced "ad libitum." The lyres of the soul bring no sound to the touch of unpractised hands. So the creative powers of the mind are never developed, until drawn forth by the deep harrowing process of education. Oh! there are wells of inspiration in every human heart, from which angels might draw and yet be unexhausted. Fathom the depths of your own nature, draw from its profound resources those principles which will enable and strengthen your intellectual powers.

That is the secret of success in every department of human economy. In law, in divinity, in oratory, in statesmanship, in military prowess, and all things else which have a tendency to elevate man from a fallen condition, but a cultivated mind, a mind given to deep thought. Mental culture lies at the foundation of all human excellence. It is the absence of this which constitutes the darkness in the individual or in the age. It is the lack of mental refinement, which has caused innumerable errors to be handed down from generation to generation. Educate the youth of the present, and our nation will produce a constellation of glowing minds, whose light will brighten the pathway of generations yet to come. Hitherto there has scarcely been a mind among us, which has sent forth a spark into the vast regions of science. The arts have received but little attention, and literature has found no place among us. Yet by the efforts which may be put forth by the present generation, the arts, sciences, and literature may be as widely diffused among us, and we may become as eminent in point of intellectual attainments, as any people who have had an existence. We call upon you to accept the means which God has placed in your power. The great, and the good, and the noble, who have preceded you, and have bequeathed to you the hoarded treasures of their richly cultivated minds, call upon you. The voices of millions who are perishing without a ray of intellectual light call upon you. Everything above and around you, combines to stimulate you to the work of removing darkness and error and establishing truth and virtue. And may God speed the work, till science, philosophy and religion, the great elevators of fallen humanity, shall have completed the work of moral refinement, and we in the enjoyment of all our rights, both political and social, will stand at the summit of national glory.

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For the Christian Recorder.

LOUISVILLE CORRESPONDENT.

MR. EDITOR.—Sir,—After a long silence, I again feel like saying a few things, through the medium of your valuable paper, in order to inform your many readers of the manner in which matters and things have been conducted in this vicinity, during the past year, especially concerning our despised and afflicted race. Your correspondents in various parts of the country have not failed to keep a faithful record concerning the treatment of our people, amid this 'slave-holders' rebellion," so that posterity, may know the part that we have taken in this great contest; for had it not have been for a few faithful writers, many of the present generation would never have known of the many noble and daring deeds, performed by the "loyal blacks" of '76, which have been suppressed by a pro-slavery press, and many deeds just brought to light, by the friends of freedom, which they still try to deny. But they have been put on record by the faithful, and their deeds live after them.

The present generation have advanced so far in science and literature, that they can keep their own records, and publish them to the world, through their own journals. My object is to transmit a few outrages, incidents and occurrences, that have passed under my immediate notice; for as this rebellion will form a new history in the world's drama, all that pertains to us I wish to see carefully recorded, so that there will be no quibbling about our sufferings, and the part we performed.

The orders of the Government, have not been promptly performed by those Kentucky officials, especially when adverse to the views of those officers, and when pertaining to our afflicted race. My last communication containing that order of flogging, by the Provost Guards, had its desired effect. After your publication, exposing it, and the able and scathing rebuke of the Hon. Charles Sumner, in the U. S. Senate, it ceased from that time. But we have had other tortures. The Government has concluded that the colored man should be benefited by the rebellion, at the expense of the slaveholders. But Kentucky rebels have resolved to annoy and frustrate us at every step. 1st. Contrabands who have escaped from rebel masters, cannot pass through this city without being arrested by the "police," and lodged in a filthy jail, there to die from neglect, as we learn many have done. Others we learn have been put into negro pens, and when ordered to be released by government authority, they have been shifted about to the work houses, and other places, to do state labour, and be held by state authority, hoping at the close of the rebellion, that they may be reclaimed, and the state and police fattened by their reclamation. They grew so bold at one time as to enter regiments and camps and seize them, without judge or jury. But God be praised, there were some bold hearts and strong arms, to strike in their defence, and at one time a policeman came near losing his arm, by the sword of one of our brave officers, while grasping his *negro prey*. At various times during this year, the military and civil authority have come in collision on the negro question, but the military generally succumbs to the *civil Kentuckians*. During summer and fall, numbers were found drowned, and floated to shore, below the falls; brave hearts no doubt who had braved the perils of the Ohio river, by wading or swimming, in order to obtain that precious boon, *freedom*, but ere they grasped the prize, were launched into eternity, and made free from the slavery of this world and I hope of the next. One man and his wife, I saw and conversed with, who swam the river, with their trunk, wading up to their necks, and pushing their trunk before them: holding on to it as a buoy when too deep to wade, they reached the shore, and are now safe in the land of the free. Much distress has been experienced by colored men-servants in the army, from the north, having furloughs to visit their homes; but on arriving here, they were arrested by the police, thrust into prison, insulted, cursed, and abused by these so-called *Unionists*, only because they are of a darker hue. I have seen them with their military passes, detained here for a week, or more, and then charged jail fees, and also the police charge them for putting them on the boats to cross the river; so they are fleeced out of their earnings, by these *guardians of the peace*, who are paid to protect the helpless, but instead they take every advantage. But these are only a few of the sufferings endured by our race in this city, yet we rejoice that a brighter day awaits us in the future. We who reside in the city, have had our conflicts, for it is only to be one of the "despised race," and you are doomed. Several outrages have been inflicted upon us during this year, in this city, worthy of note. In June, the most ancient order of masonry, (African) was visited by the police force, and the door broken down, and they entered the "*sanctum*." And what did they see? Not the beauties thereof, for they were concealed! But behold to their surprise they saw an honorable body of colonized citizens, (Judge Bates so defines us) assembled doing business, according to ancient usage. They made an informal arrest, examined the books and papers, to see if they were abolition documents. They escorted the craft to prison, but did not confine them, gave them a short lecture in the police court room, at 9 o'clock at night, concerning the assemblage of free negro assemblies, and discharged them for the night, and ordered them to report in the morning at court. They appeared, but were told to go home and raise no excitement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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For the Christian Recorder.

GEORGETOWN CORRESPONDENCE.

BRO. WEAVER.—We left Georgetown, D. C., Saturday, January 3d, 1863, and arrived at Baltimore the same day, and remained there until Tuesday, the 6th. I stopped at Brother and Sister Mason's, and was treated very kindly. I never stopped at any place in company with my wife, especially strangers, that the people took more pains to make us happy and comfortable than did Brother and Sister Mason.

When I was in Baltimore, I saw the stated pastors of the A. M. E. Churches in this city. They are well, and their charges appear to be in a prosperous condition, from what I learned of them. I left on Tuesday, the 6th, for Chambersburg, and arrived there the same day. I found Bro. Gaillard and the friends well. Chambersburg circuit is in a flourishing condition.

They have an excellent choir in the church at Chambersburg, which is led by Prof. Randall, a gentleman who is well skilled in the science of music. Mr. Randall is devoting the most of his time to teaching the science of music.

While in Chambersburg, I was informed of the death of Bro. Alexander Lewis. Brother Lewis was born about the year of our Lord, 1803, at a place called Brown's Mill, about seven miles from Chambersburg, in Pa. He joined the church under the Rev. Jacob Richardson, and was elected a trustee. Bro. Lewis embraced religion shortly after, and was nominated Steward by the Rev. Anthony Campbell. He was elected to that office by the Quarterly conference. He was appointed class-leader by the Rev. Jeremiah Durham, and from the time of his election for trustee to his death he remained trustee, having been re-elected. He was also a class-leader, and a portion of the time a steward. Brother Lewis was a man that was well known by the Bishops, and many of the members of the Baltimore and Philadelphia conferences. His house was always a home for the ambassador of the gospel of Christ: the stranger and the poor fugitive slave was sure to find shelter beneath his roof.

Brother Lewis was a devoted and consistent Christian. He was much beloved by the members of the church, and the citizens of Chambersburg, Pa. In him the minister in charge always found a friend and counsellor. Brother Lewis' death was a peaceful one. The week of his death he called his class together. It was on Monday evening that he met with them at his house, as he then said, for the last time. His prediction proved to be true: and ere another week had rolled around, his head was numbered with the clods of the valley. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! Truly "his ways are past finding out."

Brother Lewis died on Saturday, Nov. 20th, 1862. He was 59 years of age on the 4th of July, 1862. His death was a triumphant one. When he could not speak, he raised his hand in token of the victory which he had gained over death, and to let them know that he was going into heaven. The church feels greatly the loss of Bro. Lewis, but their loss is his gain.

Bro. Lewis leaves a wife and three sisters to mourn his loss. Sister Lewis has been 40 years serving the Lord, and is still serving Him.

H. J. RHODES.

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For the Christian Recorder.

INDIANAPOLIS CORRESPONDENCE.

BRO. WEAVER:—After wishing you a happy New Year, you will please allow me to speak a few words with reference to our Zion in this part of the Lord's vineyard; and of matters and things in general. Our Zion in this place has been blessed with frequent visitations of the Holy Spirit during the conference year, and these glorious visitations still continue.

Our second quarterly meeting is just over, and of a truth, the blessed Lord was with us. On Sabbath last, ten were added to the church, and two last evening, at Love Feast; and there are at this time many anxious souls in the congregation, inquiring the way of life. We shall protract the meeting for a short time. Pray for us.

But, Mr. Editor, to take a sudden transition from spiritualities to temporalities. Allow me here to speak of a new year's gift bestowed upon me by our noble and generous-hearted people of this place. On New Year's evening I was called on to join Mr. Abner Crowson and Miss Eliza Appleton in matrimony, at our church; and after the marriage ceremony was gone through with, I was escorted by a number of gentlemen to the shaving and hair-dressing establishment of my highly esteemed friend, Mr. William Gulliver, where I was ordered to divest myself of my apparel, and yielding obedience to the mandate, I was presented with a fine suit of cloth, worth $40, which was presented by the gentlemanly barbers and friends of this city. About 53 of our citizens assembled at my house, and after partaking of some refreshments, they presented to my family a number of gifts amounting in all to about $53.00. All praise to our noble-hearted people of Indianapolis. Language fails me to express the gratitude of my heart for their kind benevolence, so liberally bestowed. The ladies did their full share in presenting gifts to my family. Enclosed please find two dollars for my subscription to the Recorder.

W. R. REVELS.

Indianapolis, January 12th, 1863.

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For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR.—We have had a Sabbath School Exhibition in the A. M. E. Church, which gave great satisfaction. The exercises consisted of speeches by the children, and music by the choir. Our Sabbath School Anniversary took place on the 18th inst. Four able addresses were delivered by young men of high literary attainments. We have two singing-classes in this place—Senior and Junior. Our chorister has been at Fortress Monroe all summer.

I am inclined to believe that if an agent were sent to this place, a few subscribers could be obtained for the Recorder. Our people in this place need encouragement. I think it would pay an agent well. We should also have our Sabbath School library replenished. A Literary Library should be in every church. I pen these remarks for your consideration.

JAS. TILLMAN.

Bensalem, Jan. 21st, 1863.

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For the Christian Recorder.

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—Time flies, and we rush on amid the swift flying clouds of events, intent on finding beyond the ever changing circumstances which cluster around our earthly hopes—a repose which shall never be disturbed by the incongruities of human frailty. We dropped the curtain in the last act, hoping to be able to present a new and interesting scene. The first day evening of January witnessed a gathering of Sabbath school children in Bridge St. church, and a goodly number of their friends. Four beautiful trees, tastefully hung with books and presents for the lovely children, graced the altar. The little ones being seated, the pastor opened the services, then addressed the scholars, then they sang, led by one of their own number. Mr. J. P. Morell, an old and experienced teacher of public schools, addressed them, illustrating the scientific process of evaporation in the peculiar and happy manner, the boiling of the tea kettle, being the example of the mode of evaporation, the sticking of your finger in the molasses, that of adhesion, &c., the urchins were delighted at the simplicity of these sciences. After the very interesting addresses, then came the crowning of the queen of the school, a lovely, modest, and gentle little creature, who was presented and crowned with a beautiful white wreath, by Mr. Morell, and the cheers were rejoiced to greet their last queen. After this came the distribution of presents. It was pleasant to see the children with smiling faces and sparkling eyes, receiving their books and presents as tokens of good conduct, they seemed happy in knowing that they have some one who cares for them. After this part of the exercises, all retired to the basement, where the teachers had prepared amply for the comfort of the little ones. The friends joined with them, and the night was passed off in a general good cheer to the delight of all present. The evening of the second day was occupied by a large respectable gathering in the same church, to celebrate the emancipation. Rev. J. N. Gloucester, Rev. R. Hatfield, Theodore Tilton, Esq., Wm. Wells Brown, of Boston, were the speakers. The affair was a pleasant one, and will be long remembered.

The great jubilee at Cooper Institute came off in every way satisfactory to the community. The first of January has already passed into history, and will hence stand as an epoch in the developments of the great problem of negro equality in this country,—the spirit of freedom which shall illustrate to rising generations the aspirations of their ancestors. Never was there a gathering so full of interest to any people. At one o'clock, P. M., the crowd began to wend their way thither, and continued till eleven o'clock. The place was densely packed, and hundreds went away, not finding standing room. At least five thousand people were there assembled, and there never was a more orderly and respectable body of men, women, and children, collected in any country. Joy and gladness were on all faces. Rev. H. H. Garnett was called to preside over the meeting, a colored band discoursed sweet music. Rev. J. H. Raymond opened by a fervent, touching, and eloquent prayer. Many distinguished persons were present. Lewis Tappan, Rev. Mr. Joslyn, Dr. Cheever and a host of others occupied places on the stand. I will not attempt to give the speeches, as you doubtless have read them. It was a glorious meeting.

The members of Bridge St. church are exercised relative to their church just at this time, I learn that the person who holds claims against it, has advertised it for sale, and will sell it by the first of February unless they meet his demands, either by paying $8000, or getting some one to take the property out of his hands. It will be a shame for those people to lose that church after worshipping in it ten years, paying an interest of $5000 on the principal, with only $8000 to pay. The great misfortune of that church has been, that the men who have governed the finances, have not been the most qualified to transact the business committed to their care, and I learn in the first years of their purchasing it, the men embezzled the money paid by the people, and they contended and quarrelled with each other, thus disheartening the people, and the friends of the church. A more cheering prospect, however, is presented now in this respect, and the measures about to be adopted, will secure to them their property, if followed out.

One great hinderance to the working of the machinery of the A. M. E. church in this State is, the fact that few of their churches are established according to the discipline, and hence, the difference of opinion relative to the powers of trustees, and the ministers in charge. The former claiming all rights, direction of the temporal affairs of the church, even to the usurpation of the steward's duties.

These contentions distract the minds of the people, and ignorant, scheming men, dupe the masses by their insidious, mischievous dissensions, in order to keep themselves in power, and thus profit by their place in the church's affairs. What is wanted, is intelligent officers in the churches, intelligent ministers to direct the people, a general diffusion of knowledge in the membership, and a harmonious working in spreading the gospel, and we shall behold our Zion blossoming as the rose, and the work of the Lord prospering abundantly and these years made more prosperous than any of the former.

JUNIUS.

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For the Christian Recorder.

AN EDUCATED MINISTRY

BY REV. GEO. T. WATKINS.

Men and women sometimes cling to the illusory imaginations of error, with as much tenacity as they do to the living realities of an axiomatic truth. They do not heed the apostolic injunction, "Buy the truth, and sell it not." They do not seem to understand it. In some instances, those who profess to believe that truth is to the moral world, what the law of gravitation is to the physical, refuse to yield willing obedience to its plain developments, and run after and devour error with an avidity betraying that moral insanity, which, if immedicable, would, sooner or later, result in moral death. I wish, in this short essay, to call special attention to an all important truth, which hitherto has been, in a greater or less extent, unappreciated, neglected, and, in some instances, positively hated, and its advocates persecuted. The truth I allude to, is involved in the following proposition: *An intelligent and educated ministry is a spiritual necessity, and an ignorant ministry cannot, in this enlightened age, be consistently tolerated for a moment by any intelligent man or woman.*

Now, here is a truth, a palpable, incontrovertible truth. A man need not be an astute logician, nor a profound biblical scholar, to comprehend it. Yet, who does not know, that we have men in our own beloved connexion, who scornfully repudiate it 'as false doctrine.' Yes! we have some ministers, (thank God they are but few,) who profess to be educated themselves, but who encourage by their acts, I mean their official acts, the sending forth as ambassadors of Christ, the expounders of the Gospel, of men who can no more read it to the people, or for themselves, than they can pluck the stars from their azure home. Such men are an incubus upon the proper development of our people, and a disgrace to the profession to which they have called themselves.

To say that in order for a man to educate or instruct others, he must possess the requisite ability to do so, is to indulge in a very plain proposition. A physician is presumed to understand the duties and responsibilities of his profession, and to be fully adequate to perform them. The same may be said of the lawyer, or editor, and of any and all of the learned professions. Are the duties and responsibilities of the Christian minister less important than those of the physician, the lawyer, or the editor? Is the body of more importance than the soul? The jewel of less value than the casket which contains it? When a man's life is in danger, if he be an intelligent man, he will send for a physician who has studied the physical structure of man, one who thoroughly understands his entire anatomy. He will not send for a well known botch, one who glories in his ignorance, and rejoices that he "never rubbed his head against a college wall, and don't know a letter in the book."

A minister of the gospel should be as well qualified for his position in the community, as a physician is for his. In order to be thus qualified, he must obey the injunction of the apostle Paul to Timothy, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." He cannot, then, according to the inspired word, receive the Divine approbation, without study. Mark that! Again, he must be a workman; this idea is plainly opposed to the lazy theory that a minister should go into the pulpit without preparation, that he should open his mouth expecting God to fill it. He might as well go to market, and expect an angel to fill his basket. Such men certainly open their mouths wide enough to satisfy any reasonable man, but if we are to judge by what "the mouth speaketh," we are scarcely at liberty to think that God has filled it, for he is a God of wisdom. Furthermore, he must not only be a workman, but one "that needeth not to be ashamed" of his work. It must not repel the beholder by the evidence of a want of skill and ability. It should attract by its beautiful symmetry, and other evidences of the possession of taste and capacity. A man who builds a house, will so build it that its architecture will reflect credit upon him. A minister should be just as careful that his reputation, as an 'approved workman," should receive no detriment through his neglect or inability. A minister who is negligent in this particular, one who does not, because he cannot perform the duties devolving upon him, gives evidence to the world that God has not called him to "preach the word;" for our Lord, we are told, is not a hard master, and does not require impossibilities.

Mr. Wm. J. Watkins, in a lecture delivered in this city, remarked of such a man, that "God called some one else, and he answered." There are many absurd, false, and unphilosophical opinions entertained concerning the preaching of God's word, but none more destructive than the idea, that an ignorant and stupid dolt can be an "approved" and acceptable minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. When Paul speaks of the "foolishness of preaching," he does not mean that a preacher should be a fool, though some men seem so to understand him. Preaching means teaching, not simply talking, but teaching, "rightly dividing the word of truth." Some of our so called preachers seem to think that preaching consists in making a very loud noise, and in vehement gesticulation. A constant iteration and reiteration concerning the joys of heaven and the sorrows of hell, constitute the burden of their preaching. Some of them skip about the pulpit with all the agility of the most accomplished acrobat, and by their appeals to the passions, produce a correspondent skipping in the audience. I like a good, hearty Amen. And if a man really feels "glory to God," let him shout glory. But when a minister deliberately attempts to get up a shout by his sui generis declamation and mannerism, his conduct is exceedingly reprehensible. O for an intelligent minister, one which will be an honor to God, to the church, and to our oppressed and needy people.

In my next, I propose to allude, first, to the great social change which the present revolution is effecting and will continue to effect; and in the second place, to the influence which the A. M. E. Church is destined to exert in the future; and thirdly, to the *modus operandi* through which this influence is to be exerted, viz., *intelligent and educated spiritual teachers.*

Baltimore, Md.

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THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

LINES TO A CHILD ON ITS BAPTISM.

No harsh transitions Nature knows,
No dreary spaces intervene;
Her work in silence forward goes,
And rather felt than seen.
For where the watcher, that with eye
Turned Eastward, yet could ever say
When the faint glimmering in the sky,
First lightened into day?
Or maiden, by an opening flower
That many a summer morn has stood,
Could fix upon the very hour
It ceased to be a bud!
The rainbow-colors mix and blend
Each with the other, until none
Can tell where fainter hues had end
And deeper tints begun.
But only this much doth appear—
That the pale hues are deeper grown;
The day has broken bright and clear,
The bud is fully blown.
Dear child, and happy shalt thou be,
If from this hour with just increase,
All good things shall grow up in thee
By such unmarked degrees;
If there shall be no dreary space
Between the present self and past—
No dreary, miserable place
With spectral shapes aghast
But the full graces of thy prime
Shall, in their weak beginnings, be
Lost in an unremembered time
Of holy infancy.
—*Dr. Trench.*

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THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

With but few exceptions the weekly religious journals of the country have been obliged either to raise the rate of subscription or diminish the size of their sheets. We have not noticed these changes very closely, so that there may be quite a number that have not come under our eye. We perceive, however, that *The Congregationalist*, *The Recorder*, and *The Watchman and Reflector* of Boston, and the New York *Observer*, have all curtailed the size of their papers; while *The Christian Secretary*, *Religious Herald*, and *The Calendar*, of Hartford, and *The Christian Advocate and Journal* and *The Church Journal*, of this city, have increased their price. Four congregational journals, we are sorry to add, have been obliged to suspend on account of the greatly increased expense of paper. They are *The Congregational Journal* of New Hampshire, *The Maine Evangelist*, *The Oberlin Evangelist*, and the Chicago *Congregational Herald*.

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LITERARY PILFERING.—We find the following suggestive paragraph in *The London Athenæum*:

"A warning to plagiarists has just been given by the punishment inflicted on two authors in Prussia, convicted of having sold as original a play which was merely a copy of one existing already. They were sentenced to two months' imprisonment and a fine of $75 each."

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Jan. 31, 1863.

REPORT

Look here, brethren, read this: and remember it, too:—

The meeting of the Executive Committee, and their appeal to the ministers having the charge of circuits and stations, and to the members of the A M E Church, is as follows.

Dear Brethren and Friends —According to the authority vested in our Editor and General Book Steward, he called together the Executive Committee of the Book Concern on the 13th of November, at which time we had a very pleasant interview together in relation to the present flattering condition of the Book Concern, and the wants of the Church.

Brethren, let me tell you for once that the Book Concern is really in a prosperous condition—and how it is that our Editor and General Book Steward has so managed to keep the Book Concern and paper in the hopeful condition in which we find it, and with such scant means, we confess we are at a loss to know—and more especially in times like these, when many a firm and paper, with a much larger capital, have succumbed. But, brethren, in order to hold this position, and to keep up a growing interest throughout the connexion, there are means needed—first, there is a very great demand for hymn-books, in every direction in the connexion, and our Editor and General Book Steward has informed us there are only seven or eight in the store, and he has no more to bind up. Therefore, the Committee deem it advisable, in view of such a demand for our hymn-books, and especially in the Western country, to advise our General Book Steward to get out another edition, so that our people may be supplied. To do this, brethren, it will require about $500. This should be done without delay. We therefore recommend each elder, deacon, and preacher to properly lay this vital matter before their congregations, and to take up a free-will collection, and to forward the same to the General Book Steward and Editor, so that it may be in his hands forthwith to operate with—and he will give each credit through this paper. Now we ask our brethren, shall the Book Steward have the amount? We will answer for the Philadelphia district, our portion will be forthcoming. We also recommend to our Bishops, while travelling around, to speak of this matter.

William Moore,
W. H. Waters,
Stephen Smith,
W D W Schureman.
Elisha Weaver, *Ch'm.*

TOO LATE

Several pieces which came too late for this week's paper, will appear in our next.

ERRORS.

We find several errors in the last number, one or two of which were in the sketch of the life of Rev. Richard Roberson. The word permitten should have been *permitted*.

RETURNED HOME.

By referring to another column it will be seen that we have been absent from home for the last two Sabbaths. An account of our visit will, no doubt, be read with interest. On our arrival at home we found some forty or fifty letters waiting for us, if not more. They will all, in their turn, receive attention.

We are glad to find brethren awaking to the importance of writing for the paper, and all that we can understand that is appropriate for a paper of this magnitude, we will publish as their turn comes.

Brethren will please get us all the subscribers they can, and not forget to send us a free-will offering occasionally, for our printing expenses are over $40 per week.

AGENTS FOR THE RECORDER

MOORESTOWN, N. J.

Mr. Theodore Coonis, who will receive annual subscriptions and dispose of papers.

FRANKFORT, PA.

Mr William S. Walker, do

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. James L. Thomas, of Union A. M E Church, and Charles O. Moore of Israel Church, both of whom will receive annual subscriptions, and dispose of papers.

BALTIMORE, MD

Rev Geo. Watkins will receive the names of subscribers and dispose of copies.

All ministers of the A. M. E Church are agents of the Christian Recorder.

We also call special attention to Rev. George Watkins' letter on the subject of "An Educated Ministry."

LYING VERY LOW—IF NOT DEAD

The wife of the Rev. Alexander Johnson, of the Baltimore conference, writes to us that he was not expected to live, and she feared that ere the letter would reach us he would be no more.

SCHOOL.

While in Baltimore, we paid a visit to the school of Rev. Geo. W. Watkins, which is held in Bethel Church. He has about one hundred pupils. Brother Watkins is a first-rate teacher, and is much beloved by his scholars.

For the Christian Recorder

Bro. Weaver:—Please correct a mistake made by you in reference to the number of those who professed religion in Galesburg. There were eight who professed religion instead of one.

Also, Mrs. Mary A. Aray, instead of Mary A. Aroy.

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E CHURCH MINISTERS

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations will do all they can to collect the *[illegible] money*, and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter that it may be seen who they are that work for God and [illegible]. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, that God's name may be glorified.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. Dorcas Waldron, Providence, R. I.	2 25
Mr John Mitchel, Cincinnati,	1 00
Rev. W. W. Grimes, New Bedford,	3 00
Rev J. P. Hamer, Washington, D. C.	1 00
Miss L. L. Gardner, Providence, R. I.	3 00
Rev. W. H. Chase, Lynn, Mass.,	2 00
Mrs Elizabeth Tilman, Hudson, N. Y.,	1 00
Rev. John H. Henson, Danville, Pa.,	1 00
BALTIMORE, MD.	
Mr Abraham Wilks,	2 25
Mr John Boston,	3 25
Mr Enoch Steward,	1 25
Rev. G. T. Watkins,	1 00
ALEXANDRIA, VA	
Mr R. B. Beckley,	2 10
Mr. Richard H. Lyles,	1 10
Mr. Richard Lancaster,	2 10
Mr. George T. Franklin,	
Mr. James H. Clagette,	2 00
Mr. William Wallace,	2 10
Miss H. A. Ware,	1 10
Mrs. Ann E. Ogden,	2 10
Mr. Robert H. Roberson,	2 10
Mr. James H. Hall,	2 10
Mr. Daniel Davidson,	1 25
Mr. George Berry,	2 10
Miss Amanda Bordin,	
Mr. Henry Lee,	
Miss Amatola Thompson, Washington, D. C.,	1 10
Mr. Carrel Haley,	1 10

"THE FREE SOUTH"

This is the name of a weekly paper published at Beaufort, S. C., every Saturday, by Mr James M. Latta & Co. Upon our arrival at home, we found two copies which had been sent to us—Nos. 2 and 3. This paper has commenced with the dawn of freedom, and its object will be to set forth the claims of humanity. It is a medium-sized paper. We wish the publishers a hearty and fair patronage, and that the "Free South" may live to see all men free and equal.

WASHINGTON, ALEXANDRIA, VA, BALTIMORE AND RETURN

We left home for Washington, D. C., on Friday night, the 16th ult., ten minutes after 12 M., and arrived in Washington a few minutes after 6 o'clock, A. M., and stopped with brother James H. Wright and lady, one of the first families in Washington, where we were provided with all the comforts adapted to the cold season; for brother and sister Wright spare no pains to make their friends comfortable. They will never be forgotten by us. We had sent letters to brothers Turner, Tanner, Rhodes and Handy, having charge of the several churches, some two weeks before we arrived, but brother Rhodes being absent from home, did not get our letter until after we had arrived in Washington. However, we preached for brother Rhodes in the Georgetown church. His people did not know that he had arrived at home, or that we were also there, consequently there was but very few out in the morning, but those that were present, did nobly indeed; they gave us the sum of $2.70, and had the people known we were to be present, they would have given us a much better free-will offering.

Brother Handy informed us that he did not get our letter, and therefore the people were not apprized of our coming. However, it did not make much difference, as it was his quarterly meeting which deprived us of getting a collection of free will offering in aid of our claims for the Book Concern. We preached at 3 o'clock, having arranged with brother Handy that he would take up his free will offering on the next Sabbath in Union Bethel.

Brother Turner received his letter, and he and his steward, it seems, had made an arrangement to take up collections for him—Turner, but that we were to preach at night, and the next Sunday they were to take up a collection for the Book Concern. After we arrived at church on Sunday night, brother Turner remarked to us that the congregation was smaller than he had seen it since he had been there—it was a very cold night. He said that he and the steward would give me that night; it was cordially accepted, for we thought it a very good congregation without having the aisles filled with seats.

However, we preached, and there appeared to be a very good feeling. We also laid the claims of the Book Concern and paper before them. The congregation was composed of white and colored, among whom there was said to be congressmen. It was a source of gratification to us to see young white ladies, as well as the older ones, as also the white gentlemen, come forward to the table and put down a dollar each. Many of our young men and ladies followed the same good example. Some soldiers also came forward and did the same. It seemed that every one wanted to help us. The *Choir*, who gave us some of their melodious singing, came down out of the gallery and contributed freely, and erected in Israel church, a free will offering of $30.16. This was far beyond any expectation. Brother Turner and his congregation, we say in behalf of the Church, "Many thanks to you." We think that Rev. H. M. Turner deserves much credit for the improvements he has made in the church, and since he has been there, he has got many of his congregation to read the Recorder, and from this there is a growing interest in a literary direction, and many of the readers of the Recorder in his church are like others of its patrons who think it second to none. May the good Lord bless brother Turner and his congregation.

Brother Tanner had received my letter by due course of mail. He had not, however, made any particular announcement, but on Monday, the 19th, we went with him to Alexandria, Va., to a love feast. This is the first time we were ever at the old slave market town. We had a good time at the love feast, the Lord was there. We got some fourteen subscribers all of whom were fresh ones. We must now give a sketch of Alexandria, which was once the city of the greatest slave market in the United States. Yes, this was the spot where men, women, and children, were sold as goods and chattels upon the block. We visited the ground where the slave pens had been erected, but now somewhat like a vast, howling wilderness, so to speak. There are two of the old buildings yet standing with their iron gates. The union men have torn down every thing about there, and burnt them to ashes, save the two buildings referred to. These buildings are now used for the benefit of the contrabands to shelter them for the present from the stormy blasts. The people of color can hardly realize that the iron heel of slavery has been lifted. Only think that a few days ago they were not allowed to even have the Gospel regularly preached to them by colored men without some white man was present to hear what he would say, they were not allowed to hold meetings at certain hours, and then to go to their homes at such an hour or they would be arrested by the watch or patrol. You may imagine their fate, readers. The colored people of Alexandria are inclined to be very industrious every way, and we must say that we found some very intelligent people of color. May the good Lord continue to pour out his benign influence and blessing upon them, that freedom may continue to spread until the whole land shall be free.

We returned to Washington city with brother Tanner, and preached at E street church, on the Island. It rained and stormed so much a little we were in Washington that we could not do as much visiting as we intended, as everybody knows that when it rains it is bad for footmen. We took our departure from Washington on Friday morning, for Baltimore, Md., and stopped with Rev. John M. Brown, our old friend and brother, and his highly esteemed lady, whom we have been acquainted with many years; they always make us welcome at their homestead.

After a good night's rest, on Saturday morning, the Rev. A W Wayman, whom we had called on the previous evening, called at brother Brown's. After spending some few agreeable hours together, he, brother Brown and myself, took a walk around.

In relation to our special visit, the brethren had all received my letters and so far as Bethel church is concerned, it seems that we always meet with a misfortune when we go there; there is some impediment in the way. Waters Chapel, of which the Rev. James Lynch is pastor, is said to be very much in debt, therefore, arrangements had been made for brother Lynch to preach at 3 o'clock, which had been announced the previous Sabbath in the different churches, that he would preach from a text in Solomon—"We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts," &c. Curiosity, if nothing else, would cause many to go, hence preparations were made for the same. I preached, therefore, in Bethel church, at 11 A. M., of which Rev. A. W. Wayman is pastor. I laid the claims of the Book Concern and paper before the few then present. They gave us a free will offering, the sum of $10. In the afternoon we went to hear Rev. James Lynch. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The congregation came forward and put down $55 or 56 dollars, a very good collection, but we expected to see not less than $100 from an audience so large.

At night, we preached in the A. M. E. Ebenezer Church, of which the Rev. John M. Brown is pastor. After finishing our discourse, we laid before our audience the claims of the Book Concern and paper. In this we were assisted by the Rev. Mr Brown, and we took up as a free-will offering, $14.17. We also procured a number of subscribers. The Rev. John M. Brown then announced "that Rev. Elisha Weaver would deliver a lecture on Monday night—Subject, Woman, and the Duty of Mothers. Nothing would be charged at the door for admittance, but at the close of the lecture a collection would be taken up." The time rolled around rapidly, and the church was pretty well filled, both down stairs and up stairs, much to our surprise; and after the lecture was over, they came forward and put down $6,81—thus showing that they were well pleased with the lecture. We did not expect that there would be much given, because they had been twice taxed on the previous day, afternoon and evening. Resolutions were passed, and most eloquent and flattering thanks were returned to the lecturer by the chorister and the pastor, Rev. John M. Brown; and as they moved that their pastor publish their action in the *Recorder*, we will refrain from saying any more on that subject. We wish to say, however, that Rev. John M. Brown deserves much credit for the manner in which he has educated and improved his congregation. He teaches them to be generous. He also advocates the cause of the Book Concern and they who work for our Book Concern are friends of the connexion.

THE LIFE OF REV RICHARD ROBERSON No V

Continued from last number

We left off with Brother Roberson's return to Hayti, after his ordination in the United States. He now enters upon his new mission with vigor, on behalf of the A. M. E. Church. He looks forward to his success under God, in building up Zion, in establishing a branch of the African M. E. Church in that city, the capitol of the Isle of Hayti. Glorious work, the work of Jehovah. He showed himself friendly and sociable to the natives, and gained their esteem and favor, notwithstanding, he was a Protestant, and the natives Roman Catholics. It is said that they had the greatest respect for him. He was kindly received by them in their houses, in their families. There is something most remarkable about the natives of Hayti. It is said by one who knows, and was present at the time, that they were never hostile to Brother Roberson, nor the religion he professed. The white Catholics would have taken his head off, had they had possession of that Island, unless he had renounced his religion.

We are also credibly informed, that some time during Brother Roberson's stay he was taken very ill, and confined to his bed for a long time, so that he was not expected to live. His wife and family had all given him up to die. He had the rattles. He desired to see his superior in office, Rev. Richard Allen, Bishop.

It is also stated, that the native women stood by him. He had the scarlet fever, which had so affected his throat, that he had not swallowed any thing for a day or two. Therefore, his family despaired of all hope, but the French Catholic women stood by him, and declared that their God would not let him die; and they continued to put something in his mouth and throat for some two or three days, saying, that their God would not let him die; that God would give him to them. And finally, the French women succeeded in forcing the passage downward; to the astonishment of all his friends, and to the American people, who had given him up to die. But the good Lord was not ready to remove him from this world, for he had a work for him to perform, before he could leave. Brother Roberson got over that spell, though near death's door; and it is said that he was more healthy afterwards than he ever was before.

He now entered upon the responsible duties [illegible] him by Bishop Allen and the Conference, with new vigor. It is also said that he had very good congregations, for there were a goodly number of the American people who immigrated there about the same time that Father Roberson and family did, which was, [illegible] the year 1824. A friend who went out to Hayti with Brother Roberson and family, and who is yet living, gives us all the correct information we are in possession of; our informant states that he was almost worshipped by the natives and friends while he was in Hayti, and that when he spoke of returning to America, they hoped he would not, and many of them tried to prevail on [illegible] he did return, not to stay away from them. However, some eight years and the rise, he served them faithfully. Report says, eight and a half. He and his wife Tamar, then packed up bag and baggage to return to his native land; several others returned at the same time. The missionary bade his mission and friends adieu, and left them in the hands of Almighty God, trusting, if they met no more here on earth, that they would meet in that better world above, where parting will be no more. Thus he sailed for Philadelphia in America, where he hoped to meet Bishop Allen, who had sent him out there on a mission, and the other brethren. He landed safe at his old home. And among the first things that saluted his ear was that Bishop Allen was dead! He was almost paralyzed at the information, that he who had sent him out to the first mission under God, was no more. His hopes, as regards to meeting the old hero, were blasted: yes, the greatest colored man for the interest of his people that history can produce is Rev Richard Allen, first Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

Our next article will bring us to talk more particularly of his history in the United States. We would be glad if our former editors had given us a sketch of all our old heroes.

To be continued

QUARTERLY MEETING AT BETHEL CHURCH

One of the most spirited Quarterly Meetings was held in Bethel on Sunday, the 25th, that we have seen for some time. There was a general diffusion of the Spirit of God. A dense crowd was drawn together at each service which made us think of bygone days in old Bethel. Persons acquainted with the capacity of Bethel church, can appreciate our statement, when we speak of side benches and a standing audience besides.

Our respected young brother, Redman Faucett, of the Union Church, preached in the morning at 10 o'clock. I believe it was the first time he ever preached in Bethel Church; however, it was the first time we ever heard the young man, and if we are any judge, he bids fair to be one of the most talented preachers in our Church. He has certainly the ground work, with a depth of original penetration that only requires practice to make him a master workman. I hope God may bless the young man; the Union church has no cause to be ashamed of him. Brother Maine of the Zion Mission preached in the afternoon; one to see and hear him would hardly believe that he came from the hot bed of slavery; he is an able preacher, and feeds his hearers with the richness of the Word of God. Brother Stanford, the Elder of Little Wesley, preached in the evening. He grasped his subject with a mastery hard to equal. I think he has one of the best memories I have ever known. He deserves the title of poet preacher.

LOVE FEAST ON MONDAY EVENING.

The church was densely crowded. Our friends from the Wharton street, St. John's, and the Central M. E. Church, were set down in front of the church by car loads. We had a joyful time, though the speaking in many cases was not as orderly as we desired to hear. In those large love feasts there is too much of a clash. Sometimes half a dozen or more are speaking at once, which destroys the good effect. In many cases some say things hard to be understood, and dampen the ardor and good feeling. Some speak of the name of God in a way that makes the blood chill to one's veins. This is the fault of ignorant class leaders, who, if they knew their duty, ought to check such language in their members, and teach them better. One who is acquainted can tell which class the person speaking belongs to, for the member and leader generally try to out vie each other in rant, and the language is usually alike; telling them to speak short and to the purpose is only regarded by them as telling them to quench what they call the Spirit. If the leaders would learn their duty and perform it, we should certainly have in these meetings what they are intended to be, a feast of love.

A MERITORIOUS ACT.

Passing Front and Chestnut on Saturday last, we observed a large number of soldiers with blankets, haversacks, and muskets on their backs as though they were *en route* to the scene of their country's conflict. There was a woman on the corner selling apples. She took up her basket and crossed to where the soldiers were and as they passed handed each man an apple. A gentleman observing the act, pulled out his purse and gave the woman perhaps enough to pay for her basket of apples. We thought at the time that if the hearts of the Northern people were half as earnest as that woman, the rebellion would not last three months.

"LECTURES ON THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA AND THEIR EPISTLES"

The second lecture of the course will be delivered in the Wesley A. M. E. church, Hurst street, Philadelphia, on Sunday evening, the 1st of February, at half past 7 o'clock. Theme—"The Divine Message to the Church of Ephesus."

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE

Muddy streets—Congress on Finance—15,000 colored soldiers—Five cavalry regiments to try the Indians—Colored People and Indian Co-sufferers—Do not desire to fight them, rather try a rebel—Give him right of fran[illegible] $500 fair—Benjamin Newton—Miss Tinny's Death—Turner's Lecture—Grand Demonstration—Cowards must die out—Brave killed—Cowards blamed—Indians equal in spunk.

Mr Editor,—Since the hard rains have commenced in our city it has transformed its streets into mud and slop of the most disagreeable kind. Some of the most popular streets look as though a person might swim up and down them much more easily than walk them.

Congress for several days has been considering the financial state of the Government, the national expenditures are so large, and such a vast quantity of soldiers and other officers have gone for months without receiving their pay, that it is a desire on the part of several congressmen to remedy the evil.

A bill providing for the equipment of 150,000 colored soldiers, was introduced in the house a few days ago, but was laid over for future consideration. I judge it will come up in a few days, when the policy of the government in that relation will be clearly defined. The various speculations concerning negro regiments, and negro fighting capacity, are too numerous to detail. I was informed yesterday, however, that five cavalry regiments were contemplated to be raised, and experimented upon with the Indians, and if they proved a success, then lead them against the rebels; others wish to dismiss them, and let them return to hewing wood and drawing water. I am very doubtful whether the negro could display his bravery as well against his co-sufferer, as he could against his enemy. Poor Indian, thy suffering and torture could not be portrayed in letters of blood; thou hast been my fellow in miserableness, and would have been a slave if thy ferocious nature had not made thee dreaded. And thou hast cherished no special hatred against my race; thy scalping knife and tomahawk were not shaped nor moulded to injure us, and when thou hast used it against my people, it was because thou didst misunderstand the relation they held to thy inveterate foes. Like us, thou hast been scattered and peeled, and you are fast marching down the road to extinction, and soon, I fear, will no longer be numbered among the races of the earth. Therefore, O Indian, how could I slay thee; how could I cut thy throat, or put the dagger to thy heart? I think this would make up some of the feelings of the colored regiments when led on the battle-field against the Indians.

But turn their faces South and let the Star Spangled Banner flaunt in the breeze, lettered in semi-circular form, LIBERTY TO ALL MEN, AND RIGHT OF FRANCHISE, and if they cannot read it, have it read for them, and I will guaranty without any of their Indian experimentalities, that the negro will engrave his bravery so deep in the rock of history, that the most corroding elements of time will never efface it, let me front my enemy and then demand my courage. I could not fight Weaver as I could Bennet, for Weaver is my co-laborer, but Bennet is my seven-headed, and ten horned anti-laborer. Let those who have been crushing our vitals not meet us in battle array, and we will not ask for a Bunker Hill, nor listen to the story of Yorktown: instead, the military glory of Camden shall be eclipsed, and the star of Cambridge shall set forever. Admiral Foot may deny us the lineage of Hannibal, or dispute the color of Scipio, but some Tom, Dick, or Harry, will be shot forth from the crater of emergency that shall gild the path, and laurel the crown of negro sagacity and bravery.

The ladies of Israel church, consisting of Mrs. Frances Hughes, President; Fanny Lee, Cassandra Dent, Hannah Patent, Catherine Hutchinson, Mary Thomas, Rebecca Moore, Anna Brown, Ellen Ann Turner, Emeline Hillery, Anna Tunison, Marsalene Woodland, as table holders, and their assistants, too numerous too mention, gave a splendid fair in the basement of said church during the Christmas holidays, and made $500. I do not recollect what each table took in, but as far as I can remember, it ranged as follows:

Thos. Cephas, at the door,	$127
Eliza A. Turner,	75
Cassandra Dent,	66
Fanny Lee,	53
Hannah Patent,	46

This is all I recollect at present, but all did remarkably well, and several ladies who assisted the regular table holders deserve as much credit as those who held tables; for it would be very difficult to tell, in many instances, to whom the most honor is due, for both table holders and assistants worked manfully. This enables the trustees to pay nearly $1500 on the improvements of said church, in the space of seven months, exclusive of the church's contingent expenses and steward's demands, &c., leaving only $100 on the improvements. The pastor of said church, however, is trying to get them under another obligation, by making some additional improvements which he much desires to see before he leaves them, for he believes that with an engineer at their head, they can and will do anything tending to the good of the church.

Benjamin Newton, an old venerable class leader for many years in said church, is supposed to be near death's door. He has been sick for several months, and does not appear to be recovering.

Andrew H. Finney lost one of his daughters this evening: she died with the small pox. I judge her about sixteen, and she was an amiable young lady.

Rev. H M Turner lectured in Alexandria on Friday evening, 23d inst. The audience was large and intelligent, and from all appearances were pleased, as they kept up such a train of laughing and smiling, though the lecturer did not come up to my desires.

The colored people are contemplating a grand demonstration on Thursday next. I hope the report from it will be glorious; let the world see that we are not lost to all sense of appreciation, having our tongues cut loose, that we can speak, and that we will speak, let the consequence be what it may. I find that there are a great many of our people, though freedom has been proclaimed in the district, who are yet afraid to speak above a whisper. That old servile fear still twirls itself around the heart strings, and fills with terror the entire soul at a white man's frown. Just let him say stop, and every fibre is palsied, and this will be the case till they all die. True, some possessing a higher degree of bravery may be killed or most horribly mutilated for their intrepidity, but should this be the case, the white man's foot-kissing party will be to blame for it. *As long as negroes will be negroes (as we are called) we may be negroes.* But when we unanimously strike for our God-given rights, the power that fetters us will give way. If we had had one half of the Indian spunk, to-day slavery would have been among the things of the past.

H M T

Washington, Jan 24th, 1863

LIFE OF ST. CYPRIAN

CONTINUED

They paid their devotions to many gods, and upon many altars; and were ever characterized by a zeal for their faith. In a Pagan sense, the Carthagenians were eminently religious; for we find that in the conception of every project, and in the commencement of every undertaking, due recognition of the gods was made, and dependence upon them recognized. Before the armies of Carthage sailed for Spain, Hamilcar, the commander, offered sacrifices; and the renowned Hannibal, the son of this same Hamilcar, before undertaking to march his forces across the Alps towards Italy, travelled as far as Cadiz, to offer sacrifice to Hercules.

In the history of the Roman author Polybius, which now remains, we find a copy of the treaty made between the last Philip of Macedon and the people of Carthage. Believing with Rollin that it will give us some idea of Carthaginian theology, we transcribe it. It is as follows.

"This treaty was concluded in the presence of Jupiter, Juno, and Apollo, in the presence of the demons, or genius of the Carthagenians, of Hercules and Iolaus, in the presence of Mars, Triton and Neptune, in the presence of all the confederate gods of the Carthagenians, and of Sun, Moon, and Earth; in the presence of the rivers, and meads, in the presence of all the gods who possess Carthage."

It must not be presumed, however, that each of these deities received equal honors. The two gods, Astarte, which was the Moon, and Baal, the Sun, received the supreme worship of the nation. The worship of the Moon, as Astarte was popular having magnificent temples, and an innumerable retinue of priests. In fact the worship of this goddess at Carthage almost vied with Hierapolis. The devotees of Astarte were found not only in the great metropolis; but wherever Carthagenian power or influence extended, there could her temples, and her worship be seen,—along the whole north of Africa, among the islands of the Mediterranean, and in Spain. With this goddess was supposed to dwell the power of sending or withholding rain; of producing plenty or want, and of making peace or war.

With the Carthagenians, however, the worship of Baal or the Sun, which they doubtless received from their Tyrian ancestors, overshadowed with its dark folds, all others. It were to be wished for the sake of our common nature, that we could be spared the painful task of reading writing that which makes humanity shudder. Humanity shudder! but only when it is subdued, and brought under the benign influence of our most holy Christianity. It is only Christ who can destroy all idols,—only He that can make havoc with the works of the devil. Without Him, humanity can do nothing. The strength of man cannot demolish a single temple, or break a single incense cup. Where the power of Christ has not gone, Astarte still has her worshippers, and Baal his victims. "Where is boasting then?"

Of all the heathen gods which sprang like demons from the heart of man, Baal is the most cruel and bloody. It is when considering his worship that the words of inspiration appear plainest, "that the things which the gentiles sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils and not to God." In Saturnian worship human sacrifice was chief. To appease this god, rivers of human blood must flow.

When we consider the religious temperament of the people of Carthage,—how zealous and earnest,—what a worship was this to be received by them! It was loosing the man from among the tombs. The history of this worship among them fully meets our fearful expectation. What fearful orgies! what scenes of blood! what disannulling of natural ties,—mothers giving up to the flames their prattling innocents, wordless, tearless, motionless,—the golden band of matrimony melted by the flames. Love's current dried up with the fearful heat.

At the battle of Himera in Sicily, between the forces of Carthage, and those of the tyrant Gelon, and which lasted from morning till night; Hamilcar, the commanding general, during the whole of its continuance, was engaged in sacrificing men to this god. The African commander beholding his sacrifice to be unavailing, and his troops fleeing from their foes, in the maddened frenzy of defeat, threw himself upon the burning pile and expired amid the flames, "extinguishing with his own blood the sacrilegious fire."

It was their custom in times of fearful distress and forebodings, to sacrifice multitudes of children to appease the supposed anger of their deity. Diodorus Siculus makes mention of a fact that fills the soul with mingled horror and pity. The arms of Carthage had met an irreparable reverse. The power of the fierce Agathocles was upon them, and every heart was filled with dismay: the mighty Baal was angry, and must be reconciled. His noble devotees had sacrificed the children of slaves and not their own, and the proud god disdained such offerings. *He must be appeased.* In a short time two hundred children of the noblest families, and three hundred of the most virtuous of the citizens were offered, and accordingly were sacrificed to satisfy the god. "As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one. There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God.—Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: Their feet are swift to shed blood.—There is no fear of God before their eyes."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

For the Christian Recorder

THE OHIO COLORED TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

The members of the Association convened in the City of Cincinnati, on the 25th of December. Notwithstanding the unsettled condition of our country, and the severe pressure of the times, a respectable number was in attendance. Instruction in the following branches was given:—Spelling, James H. Waring, of Springfield; Reading, by several members of the Association; Practical Arithmetic, J. R. Blackburn, of Xenia; Grammar, by the members of the Association; Writing, B. K Sampson, a graduate of Oberlin College. Mr. Jas. S. Waring's analysis and synthesis of spelling were clear, lucid, and replete with practical and important suggestions. Mr J R. Blackburn, a mathematician and scholar, took his place at the black-board, and enunciated and demonstrated principles clearly, forcibly, and in the highest degree satisfactory. He is a living refutation of the old dogma: "The colored man is dull in mathematics."

The evening lessons were quite interesting and instructive. On the first evening, T J. Ferguson delivered the Annual Address. He was followed by G W Gray, and J S. Waring. On the second evening, Miss S J. Woodson, of Berlin, a graduate of Oberlin College, delivered an address to the youth. Essays were read by Mrs Hunster, of Xenia, Mr J M. Meek, of Zanesville, Miss F Trotter, of Lebanon, an address by B K Sampson. On the third and last evening, an essay by Miss M E Anderson, of Cincinnati, after which there was a general discussion. The cheering music of the choir added much interest and pleasure to the evening exercises. The Association adjourned, to meet at Columbus, on the 29th of December, 1863. The order of exercises for the meeting is as follows: Addresses, Practical Education, J M. Meek; Domestic Education, S H. Foe; Causes of the idle habits of pupils in the school room, and a remedy for the same, S Day; Annual Address, J G Mitchell; Topics for daily discussions; Reading, Miss F A Trotter; Arithmetic, Mr. S Peterson, the best method of teaching Composition, Mr T J Ferguson; Grammar, Miss S J Woodson, Geography, Miss B V Harris; History, Miss M E. Anderson.

The most cheering indication of the Association accomplishing the great object for which it was organized, is the fact, that each teacher returned home, firmly resolved, during the year to qualify herself, or himself, better for the duties and responsibilities of the school-room, and to come up to the next annual meeting well prepared to perform every duty.

The primary and ultimate object of the Association is the proper education of the colored youth. This object is attained chiefly by the accomplishment of two secondary objects, viz: procuring good teachers, and keeping parents and guardians properly interested in the education of their children. This, we think, is the best way to accomplish the ultimate object. As are our teachers, so are our schools. Our dead teachers must be resuscitated or buried. We want well qualified, active, living teachers.

J G. Mitchell.

For the Christian Recorder

PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION

Camden, N. J., January 17th, 1863

Mr Editor:—We received with joy on the first day of January the most important and far-reaching document that has emanated from the pen of President Lincoln since his inauguration. It is no less a document, than one declaring all persons held as slaves in the State therein, designated henceforth free. Who will not rejoice that he has lived to see the day when a President of the United States, in the exercise of a right, clearly guaranteed by the Constitution, dare wipe out with one sweep, the foulest curse that ever stained the record of any people? The curse of human slavery, the relic of a barbarous age, an institution repugnant to every feeling of humanity, and at variance with every manly instinct which actuates the human breast.

In breaking the bonds of the slaves, and letting the oppressed go free, we believe Mr Lincoln has fulfilled one of the great purposes an all-wise Providence had in view, in permitting this civil war to afflict the people of the United States. It is done, notwithstanding the apologists of slavery North and South oppose it with demoniac hostility. And the friends of freedom of every nation and country, will hail the act as another step in the progress of the world's history. Man proposes and God disposes.

It was the design of the advocates of this great wrong, in bringing on this error, to make slavery national, that the slave driver might, without interference, crack his whip on Bunker Hill. But the Ruler of the destinies of nature, and of men has subverted their aims, and made the war a means of deliverance to the slave. Will men be so infidelic as to contend that there is, and has been no overruling power in this matter? They may, but it will not change the purpose of the Almighty. We hope the sword will never be beaten into a plough share, or the spear into a pruning hook, so long as there is a vestige of human bondage to be found in the land. There can never be a permanent peace while it lasts; neither can there be that great and prosperous people which their situation and intelligence lead us to believe, we have a right to anticipate while the blight of slavery rests upon them. That great champion of the cause of the North in England, Mr Bright, with a mind that comprehends the blessings in store for this country, when the plague spot of slavery is removed, says: "I behold a far brighter vision than that civilization, in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night, to gratify the leaders of this revolt. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North, in one unbroken line to the glowing South; and from the wild billows of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main. And I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith: and over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race."

He has but given utterance to the anticipations of the world. The time will come, despite the efforts of the combined powers of darkness, when this government will move glorious from its regeneration; will challenge the respect of the lovers of liberty, and excite the fears of despots; because of its strength based upon the intelligence and the virtue of its whole people.

O H. D.

Western Theological Seminary,
Allegheny City, Jan 30, 1863

THE TRUE GLORY OF YOUNG MEN

"The glory of young men is their strength." —Prov xx.—29.

Remember then, my young friends, how important is your youth. It is the commencement of a never-ending existence. Only a few years ago and you were not. But the time will never come when you will cease to be a rational, accountable, and immortal being. You must live on, and when the earth itself is wrapped in the scorching sheet of the last conflagration, your existence will be only begun. How can you then exaggerate the importance of the season of youth? "I have written unto you young men," said the apostle, "because you are strong." And although he was addressing young Christians, and referred rather to spiritual than to bodily vigor, yet these words are very applicable to all who are in youth, even if they have not become by faith in Christ the sons of God; therefore, you must redeem your time from dangerous wastes, such as vain amusements, and seek to fill it with useful employment which you may review with satisfaction.

The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honorable occupations of youth. The desire for it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accomplishments and many virtues. But though your train of life should not lead you to study, the course of education always furnishes proper employment to a well disposed mind. Whatever you pursue be emulous to excel. Let me particularly exhort you now, young men, to lay aside all vain amusements, and make a resolution that you will now make a start for heaven, and become useful here; if feeling impressed by the Holy Spirit to go out in the vineyard of the Lord to propagate his Holy Word. For the day is drawing nigh when your assistance will be needed. Yes, may I say it is nigh now; see how many of the dear fathers that have instructed us from the Holy Scriptures, are dying and resting from their labours. Look for instance, at Father Richard Roberson, who no doubt has been instrumental in convincing sinners, and pointing them to the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. His days are ended here on earth, and a great many others that we might mention. Now, young men, who have we to fill their places? Is there not some blooming youth that has received the commission from high Heaven to go forth to fill the vacant places which have been vacated by the grim monster death. If there is such, may the great Provider of all things go with them. Let me finish the subject by recalling your attention to that dependence on the blessings of Heaven, which, amidst all our endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preserve. It is too common with the young, even when they resolve to tread the path of virtue and honor, to set out with presumptuous confidence in themselves. But this is wrong. You should remember that every good and perfect gift is from above. Wisdom and virtue, as well as riches and honor, come from God. Destitute of his favour, you are in no better situation with all your boasted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. Correct then this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not, that your happiness can be independent of him who made you. By faith and repentance apply to the Redeemer of the world; by piety and prayer, seek the protection of the God of heaven. I conclude with the solemn words, in which a great prince delivered his dying charge to his son, words which every young person ought [illegible] to consider as addressed to himself, and engrave deeply on his heart, "Thou Solomon my son know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind: for the Lord searcheth all hearts and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee: but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever." Then let me recommend to you, piety, modesty, truth, benevolence, temperance, and industry.

Yours in youthful bonds
J. H. Travis

PHYSICIANS ON THE LORD'S DAY

In the general introductory lecture of the old Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Dr. Thomas D. Mitchell, speaking as "the delegated voice of the entire Faculty," utters much sound advice. Among these monitions is one worthy of particular mention. It is especially valuable, coming from such a source.

"Do not think it strange if I solicit your special regard to a regular attendance of public worship on the Sabbath day. Six days in a week are quite enough for the study of medicine, and your physical, moral and mental powers will be decidedly gainers by heeding the advice just tendered. One of the most distinguished of American physicians was wont to dwell on this momentous theme. He did more. During the full tide of a large practice, he was seen on almost every first day of the week in some place of religious worship. He was more emphatically a punctual, methodical man than any physician I have ever known; and on no point was his passion for those virtues more obvious than in respect to the topic adverted to. He felt it his duty, as his published writings testify, to give all the force of his example and influence in favor of an institution which, in his view, was essential to the stability of the Government and the happiness of society.

LONGITUDINAL RIVERS

A river that runs east or west crosses no parallels of latitude; consequently, as it flows towards the sea, it does not change its climate; and being in the same climate, the crops that are cultivated at its mouth are grown also at its sources; and from one end to the other of it there is no variety of productions—it is all wheat and corn, or wine, or oil, or some other staple. Assorted cargoes, therefore, cannot be made up from the produce which such a river brings down to market. On the other hand, a river that runs north or south crosses parallels of latitude, changes its climate at every turn; and as the traveller descends it, he sees new agricultural staples abounding. Such a river bears down to the sea a variety of productions, some of which some one or another of the nations of the earth is sure to want, and for which each one will send to the market at its mouth, or the port whence they are distributed over the world. The assortments of merchandize afforded by such a river are the life of commerce. They give it energy, activity, and scope. Such a river is the Mississippi, and the Mississippi is the only such river in the world.

BARRENNESS OF PALESTINE

Dr. Unger, the well-known naturalist of Vienna, has published an account of the scientific result of two journeys which he undertook in 1858 and 1860 into Greece and the Ionian Islands. He devoted himself entirely to the botany of the country through which he passed, including an inquiry into the fossil Flora of Eubœa. The distinctive characters of the most remarkable new species that he found are delineated by the system of nature-printing, which is a good deal used upon the continent. He closes the work with an interesting chapter on the question whether, from a physical point of view, there is in Greece and the East a capacity for returning to its ancient prosperity. By a full comparison of its ancient accounts with present facts, he arrives at the conclusion that there has been no essential change in the physical conditions of the country. But there is a very serious accidental change. So far as the mere forces of nature go, there is nothing to hinder Greece, Palestine, and Asia Minor from returning to their old fertility. It has been destroyed by man, and could be restored by man. The wholesale destruction of the woods has been the main cause of the barrenness with which those countries have been smitten. The vast wood fires, kindled partly by the hordes of invaders who, in the course of centuries, have followed each other upon that soil—partly by the shepherds to gain fresh pastures—have gradually deprived the climate of its moisture, and the ground of its fertility. The instrument by which the barrenness of those regions is perpetuated is still more insignificant than its original cause. It is the goat. The ordinary operations of nature would, in the course of time, restore the woods that have been destroyed, but for the large number of goats the scanty population maintains. These have no pasture to live on in the summer, for the arid climate dries it up, and they consequently eat off the shoots of trees just springing out of the ground. But if, by the operation of any causes, the woods were ever to be suffered to grow again, Dr. Unger's view is that fertility would return, and the old prosperity of the East would be restored.—*Saturday Review.*

CRANMER.

Taylor, in his Memorials of the Martyrs, speaking of Cranmer, styles him "undoubtedly pre-eminently the man for the hour, ... the greatest, and perhaps the most godly among them (the primates of England,)—the chief leader in the great Reformation of our Church—the most slandered, but admirable Cranmer. . . . . Much as we owe to the other distinguished martyrs—to Ridley, Hooper, Latimer, Philpot, Bradford, and Taylor, and others—each of whom fulfilled with admirable wisdom the work of their special calling, elucidated some peculiar point of service in the Reformation, still Cranmer stands pre-eminent and alone."

Of his character, Taylor remarks: "He seems even to have excelled Latimer and Ridley in the meekness of wisdom; but to have fallen short of them in decision and firmness of character. He was often placed in circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, in which discreetness and delicacy were no less needed than sound judgment and uprightness. But in whatever situation he might be placed, an unworldly simplicity, and a singular disinterestedness always distinguished him. Few characters of such eminence have been so attacked and vilified as he has been; and bitter execration has been heaped on one act of his life—his momentary denial of that faith which it cost him the energies and labors of his life to establish in this realm. But they who have thus maligned him, have been strangely forgetful of one fact, that the great Apostle whom they have exclusively claimed and presumptuously appropriated as the prince of the Apostles, and first great link in their so-called broken chain of Apostolical succession, was far more guilty in that one especial sin. For truly it was in brokenness of heart, in sorrow and in shame, that Cranmer denied the faith, with the certainty of a horrible death before him, by which a multitude of his brethren had already suffered. But Peter denied his Lord with curses and with oaths, before one of his brethren had suffered. And they who execrate the sin of Cranmer would do well to think upon Peter, and be silent."

LUTHER PRAYING

When Germany and the Reformation seemed to be lost, and human help was none; this was the prayer which that second Moses went and laid down at the foot of the eternal throne. "O God, Almighty God, everlasting! how dreadful is this world! behold how its mouth opens to swallow me up, and how small is my faith in thee! If I am to depend upon any strength of this world, all is over. The knell is struck. Sentence is gone forth. O God! O God! O thou my God! help me against all the wisdom of the world. Thou shouldst do this. The work is not mine, but thine. I have no business here. [illegible] cause is thine, and it is righteous and everlasting. [illegible] Lord help me. [illegible] He is not a man. My God, [illegible] not hear? My God, art thou [illegible] Nay, thou canst not die. Thou [illegible] well. Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it. Therefore, O God, accomplish thine own will. Forsake me not, for the sake of thy well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, my defence, my buckler, and my stronghold."

But he had not done. Once more the tide of emotion and importunity burst forth. "Lord, where art thou? My God, where art thou? Come, I pray thee, I am ready. Behold me, prepared to lay down my life for thy truth. For the cause is holy. It is thine own. I will not let thee go—no, not yet for all eternity! My soul is thine. Yes, I have thine own Word to assure me of it. My soul belongs to thee, and will abide with thee, forever. Amen! O God, send help! Amen!"

The history of the salvation and sanctification of human souls hitherto is the history of such praying as this, in spirit, if not in these or any uttered words. Such holy earnestness and familiarity never offends the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who through him is the God of all grace and consolation.—*The Family Treasury.*

CHILDHOOD

Drawing pictures on the slate
Making houses out of cards,
Solving riddles all elate
Peeping in the neighbors' yards
Such is part of childhood's game,
Innocent of wealth or fame

Blowing pencil dust away,
Some perchance may meet the eye,
Looking out for market day,
When comes home an extra pie—
How they do enjoy the fun
Ere the growing time is done!

On all fours about the room,
Personating cats and mice,
Saying of the weaver's loom,
Don't it make the carpet nice?
Fairy weavers, still themselves,
Dancing like the ancient elves!

Nodding when the prayer is long,
And the eyes are rubbed in vain
In the morning up with a song
Holding hands to catch the rain
Tom some [illegible] roguish Will
[illegible] to school, and then be still!

Life a holiday of sweets
Care a Bluebeard yet unknown;
Every day its joy repeats,
Rapture in one soon too,
Who that more would wish to cloud?
Who that fairy land would shroud?

Hard their destiny who creep
Through a childhood full of gloom
Sad awake and sad asleep,
Buried in a living tomb,
Old before their years have sped,
Gray at heart ere more hath fled

Domestic Items.

Our Gold-Fields as a Source of Revenue.—The gold-fields of the United States, from which the Government has heretofore realized next to nothing, promise to be in the future, sources of almost inexhaustible revenue. The enormous expenses of the Government at the present time have directed attention to the adaptability of the mines to the purpose of replenishing the national treasury. According to the Report of the Commissioner of the Land Office, the auriferous region of the United States stretches from the parallel of 49° north latitude and Puget Sound to the parallel of 31° 30', and from the meridian of 102° west of Greenwich to the Pacific Ocean, embracing portions of Dacotah, Nebraska, and Colorado, and the whole surface of the States and territories west of these. It may be described in general terms, as being a scope of country nearly 1100 miles square, embracing an area of more than a million of square miles. This region is crossed and intersected by mountain ranges, dividing it into basins, each nearly surrounded by mountains, and watered by mountain streams and snows, so that the agricultural lands in it are equal to the support, not only of many miners, but of a dense population.

"The mountains are literally stocked with mineral, gold and silver being interspersed in profusion over this immense surface, and daily brought to light by new discoveries. The precious metals are found imbedded in mountains of quartz, rich washings marking the pathway of rivers and floods. Besides their wealth in gold, no part of the world is so rich in silver mines as Nevada and New Mexico; yet these may be estimated as only in proportion to the gold-fields, which are in process of development with amazing results."

Army Chaplains Defended.—A writer in the *Evangelist*, says.

"It is perhaps true, that among those sustaining the responsible station of chaplain, some are mere 'hirelings,' but as a class I don't believe a more laborious and earnest set of men can be found anywhere. Amid the frequent complaints made against chaplains, and the many abuses heaped upon them, the great body of them have worked and prayed on, just as faithful pastors do at home."

Emigration for 1862.—The total number of passengers arrived at this port from foreign ports during the year 1862, amounts to 105,385, against 68,311 in 1861, 108,082 in 1860, 85,602 in 1859, and 84,296 in 1858. Of these passengers there were aliens, in 1862, 76,306, against 63,791 in 1861, 105,162 in 1860, 70,332 in 1859, and 78,589 in 1858. The nationalities of these emigrants in 1862 were as follows: Ireland, 32,217; England, 7,975; Scotland, 692; Wales, 1,662; Germany, 27,740; Denmark, 1,689; Switzerland, 1,254; France, 1,187; Sweden, 661; Italy 487; Holland, 456; Belgium 195; West Indies, 156; Spain, 124; South America, 92; Nova Scotia, 67; Poland, 50; Russia, 46; Sardinia 39; Canada, 33; Norway, 22; China, 15; Portugal, 14; Mexico, 13; Sicily, 9; Greece, 6; Turkey, 3; East Indies, 1. The entire emigration from Great Britain and Ireland in the last fifteen years amounts to 2,586,188 souls, including 1,165,035 from Ireland, and from Germany, 1,034,454.

Party Politics and the Religious Press.—It is a happy thing that the religious press of the country keeps, for the most part, free from party trammels and political aspirations. Look at the majority of the leading religious papers, and you will need party political spectacles of great magnifying, distorting, and discoloring power, if you will find anything of party politics—saving only that we are all patriots, and would maintain our country's unity, and her constitution, and her laws, under the rulers regularly chosen, and legitimately holding their office. If politicians will assail the Bible, and the Sabbath, and Temperance, and drag them into politics, we cannot hence cease to defend them. And if politicians will become traitors and excite a rebellion, we are bound to sustain our country. And if politicians shall attempt to abridge the personal liberty of innocent men, or their freedom of speech, or the freedom of a loyal press, they will then find us again their opponents. We are in favor of the largest liberty, but it must be a liberty under law, liberty with responsibility, liberty to act, but not to injure your neighbor or your country; liberty to speak or print, but liable to punishment for defamation, for inciting to treason, or for aiding the public enemy.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

Black Freemasonry.—Captain Conthay, of the ship King Fisher, returned from the blockading squadron of the Gulf, confirms the accounts given of a secret league, and system of signs and pass-words among the negroes. He took on board his ship two sets of negroes—the first from Port Royal, the second from St. Mark's. He saw that they knew each other as perfectly as if they had lived together all their lives. On being pressed by him, they admitted that they had means of knowing their friends everywhere, and in a moment they knew whether a white one was for the slave or the master. He says that the battle of Corinth was known by all the negroes on the coast of Florida within three days after it was fought.

Sermons at the Capitol.—A new view of important topics, connected with the Mediation of Christ and the Inspiration of the Scriptures, is now in progress of development at Washington, every Sabbath in a series of sermons by the Chaplain of the House of Representatives. The main points, so far noticed, have been: 1. The Separateness of the Mediator from his Contemporaries. 2. The Separateness of the Mediator from his Ancestry, and 3. The Separateness of the Mediator from the human race in whole—all as illustrated by peculiarities in His modes of address, which, it is believed, have hitherto remained unobserved. These peculiarities form a demonstration of some of the most vital Evangelical doctrines.

Address of Gen. Burnside to the Troops.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac.—Camp near Falmouth, Va., Jan. 20, 1863.—*General Orders No.* [illegible] The commanding General announces to the Army of the Potomac that they are about to meet the enemy once more. The late brilliant actions in North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas, have divided and weakened the enemy on the Rappahannock and the auspicious moment seems to have arrived to strike a great and mortal blow to the rebellion, and to gain that decisive victory which is due to the country.

Gen. Grant.—Gen. Grant has [illegible] his Army of the Tennessee by transportation from Memphis and Helena, to [illegible] vicinity, engaging the enemy about Vicksburg. [illegible] and there is but little doubt that it will [illegible] movements for completing the [illegible] [illegible] in the Southwest are certainly more [illegible] than ever before, and the glorious news from Arkansas Post will inspirit our brave Western troops to [illegible]. The capture of Vicksburg will be a tremendous blow to the rebellion. It will place the entire Southwest once more in the Union, and open the Mississippi to trade forever.

What the Rebels Think of Peace.—The Richmond Examiner, of the 15th, has the following remarks upon the prospects for peace, after treating the general aspects of the war:

We are now on the [illegible] and [illegible] to peace. This road does not lie by way of Europe, and nowhere pursues a course [illegible]. We pursue it, then, relying upon thorough organization and hard fighting, we march straight upon the enemy, and we lose whenever we look beyond our own exertions for the means of ending the war. Foreign intervention may indeed be one of the formalities attending the conclusion of a peace, but peace, when it comes, will come only as the consequence of an established conviction in the South, [illegible] conquered. The conviction has made tremendous strides at the North, in the last three months, and it is daily and hourly extending.

The French in Mexico.—It is reported that the French army has been again repulsed and driven back from before Puebla with great loss.

General Berthier's van guard, 4000 strong, was completely surprised by 800 Mexican cavalry and about 2000 of the French were killed and wounded. Several French officers were taken by the lasso and dragged off.

The prospects of the French look exceedingly bad. They can't get supplies from the country, and they are surrounded by a determined enemy, who watch every opportunity to take advantage of them. No French soldier can stray from camp without being lassoed and dragged off by some Mexican guerilla who is on the watch for him.

Army of the Potomac.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Jan. 25.—The Sabbath has been well observed throughout the entire camp. No business, except that of a most necessary character, has been transacted.

Nothing of an unusual character has been observed in the rebel lines across the river within the past few days.

Washington, Jan. 24.—General Burnside was in the city to-day, and had an interview with the President, Secretary Stanton and Gen. Halleck.

It is generally believed here that all reports that any portion of the Army of the Potomac has recently crossed the Rappahannock are without foundation in fact.

A telegram from the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac received to-night, states that there is nothing of interest to communicate.

Difficulty in New York

New York, Jan. 24.—For several days past it was said that Gen. Wool would confine his duties to the charge of the United States troops who are in the Department of the East, and no one appears even to dream that he would in any manner attempt to exercise any authority over our State soldiery. The ostensible character of his mission appeared to justify this impression.

On Wednesday last, however, General Wool issued orders to the several commanding officers of the regiments forming the whole militia of the State, to report to him the number in each State Corps ready for duty, with other particulars relative to their efficiency, and the arms in their possession. The orders were quietly served on those officers, and the commanders of the regiments of the Second Division responded by presenting their reports to General Wool.

It is understood that Gen. Wool informed them that he was empowered by the General Government to perform this duty.

Some of the regiments of the First Division also reported to Gen. Wool, but others boldly refused to do so, on the ground that Governor Seymour was legally the Commander of the forces of the State.

Important From the Army of the Potomac.—Baltimore, Jan. 26.—The National Intelligencer of this morning contains the important announcement that General Burnside has resigned, and that the command of the Army of the Potomac has been given to General Hooker.

Foreign Summary.

A French View of the War.—M. Laboulaye, a distinguished author and professor in the College de France, has recently published, in a volume of essays, his views of the war in this country. They show that many of the best minds in Europe understand the nature of our struggle and sympathize warmly with us. From these essays we find the following extracts in the North American.

America, so badly judged in France, gives us the spectacle of a fruitful democracy that holds fast to the Gospel, and makes Christianity the essential condition of liberty. A people risking its fortunes upon the extirpation of slavery is the grandest sight that the nineteenth century has seen. Here is an example which ought not to be lost, and which I signalize for all pious souls, for all generous hearts, that do not despair of God or of the future."

"Let us," he says, "again recall the subject of the conflict that divides North and South. In the midst of the smoke and the tumult of battle, we are too ready to forget the right, we think ourselves wise and politic in recommending all parties to yield. By such counsel prudence is easily deceived. 'Justice and Peace have kissed each other,' says the Scripture; but the kiss of injustice is the kiss of Judas. It does not give peace, it gives birth to violence and death. Attempt to trace the condition of a treaty between the North and the South, I defy any one to come to an acceptable solution. It is because the question at issue is quite another thing than a question of justice. The South is not defending its independence, for this was not menaced. What it wants is domination. Who would then advise the North to abdicate? What is at the bottom of this fratricidal war? It is slavery. On this point Europe, all the world is agreed. Everybody denounces that execrable institution, but after blaming it, they begin to talk very fast about the interests of commerce and industry, they no longer speak of servitude, but of the free exchange of cotton.

"For forty years the South, faithless to its grand ancestral traditions, pursued, we may say in the United States, a *sectional* policy. It sacrificed everything to one interest, it plotted to raise slavery to the rank of a federal institution, to force the free States to respect, maintain and propagate slavery for its own advantage. The election of Mr. Lincoln was a protest against this invasion upon the North, and nothing more, but in this resistance the South read its arrest in the future. From the day when it could no longer command, it ceased to obey.

"War, without doubt, is a terrible scourge, let it fall in malediction on those who have unchained it. But it is also true that it is a noble and holy thing to fight in defence of country, justice and humanity. This the North is doing. This war could be arrested by the South with a single word, let it but be content to be sovereign in its internal affairs as it has been for eighty years, no one will outrage, no one will menace it. All that is asked of it is, not to dismember the country by a sacrilegious ambition, but to yield. The North cannot do this without dishonor. It is imagined in Europe that interest will be stronger than honor, and that the power they call King Cotton will prevail over the claims of humanity, but I dare assert that such prophets are deceived. The sons of the Puritans are slow to move, but once enlisted in a cause, when the right is at stake, they will not recede. To believe that the first defeats will break them down, is not to know them, in all things they are patient and go right through to the end.

While the North so proudly flung out its flag, what did the South? What hindered it from rivaling its enemies, in order to dispute with them the sympathy of Europe? Where are the movements taken in favor of the negroes? Where are the pledges of a speedy emancipation? [illegible] In short, if the tariff is the true motive of the war, if the supremacy of the North is the only fear of the planters, a fine occasion is offered to [illegible] and the [illegible] slavery. Show us, then the programme and pledges of the South [illegible] to get the support of public opinion. The North [illegible], why does the South preserve a silence, the danger of which cannot be disguised?

Princely Good Nature in Rome.—One of our letters from Rome (says the London *Athenæum*), has some gossip about the visit of the Prince of Wales. The Prince ran round the studios with the ease of a private gentleman. He bought only two pictures—one from Perry Williams, the other from Rudolph Lehman. At the studio of the latter an incident occurred which exhibits the thoughtfulness and good nature of the young Prince. Mr. Lehman was arranging his room and whitewashing his tables, when an Italian [illegible] rushed in upon him announcing, *Il Principe di* [illegible] The [illegible] was to be embarrassed, the Prince tried to put him at his ease by asking [illegible] From that was at home [illegible] Mr. Lehman offered [illegible] "How [illegible] yet?" asked the Prince. "A quarter of an hour." "Then I will wait with pleasure." The Prince lighted a cigar, and Mr. [illegible] Prince's carriage. Louis the Fourteenth, and [illegible] [illegible] The Prince sat out the time and bought one of the unfinished pictures on the wall. [illegible] returned and had the honor of a sitting and an invitation to dinner. A portrait of the Prince of Wales has been added to Mr. Lehman's remarkable book of contemporary heads.

A Connoisseur.—A gentleman recently visited the Campana Museum, [illegible] French Government gave 1,000,000 dollars. Every object he saw made him cry, "Admirable, first rate!" One of the keepers ran to him, and was so pleased to see at least somebody delighted with the museum, that he went up to him and said: "You are familiar with archaeology, I see, sir, doubtless an antiquary from Heidelberg, or Vienna, or Jena?" "No, sir, but my wife, that's dead and gone, used to sell butter in just such pots as these there." The keeper vanished, and now speaks to nobody, only after a regular introduction.

Power in England.—Mr. Jones, in his lecture in New York, told his audience that in England three thousand families controlled the Government, a less thousand landlords owned the soil, five men owned one-fourth of Scotland, and five millions of adults had no voice in the Government.

The Alhambra.—Queen Isabella of Spain recently paid a visit to the Alhambra in Granada, and was so struck with the beauty and grandeur of the palace, that she ordered its immediate restoration, irrespective of expense.

Statistics of English Distress.—Full reports of the Central Relief committee, based on returns from no less than 143 local committees, present valuable statistics of English distress. It appears that there were 520,385 operatives, or a population of over a million, directly dependent on the receipt of weekly wages from the cotton mills, for subsistence. Of these 520,385 operatives, there were, on the last week of the old year, 245,718, or nearly one-half, entirely out of employment, 163,920 were on a short time, and 119,748 in full work. This gives a total of 409,617 persons requiring entire or partial support. As each operative had at least one person dependent on him, this would give a total of 855,365 persons who were absolutely destitute, or a grand total of over a million souls requiring aid.

Married.

On the 7th of Jan., 1863, by Rev. Theodore Gould, Mr. William Jenings, of South New Brunswick, and Miss Rachel Abbot, of New Brunswick.

Also, on the 11th, Mr. [illegible] H. Pierce, of Bridgeton, New Jersey and Miss Mary Cornelia Stetson, of Princeton, N. J.

Married, in Bloomington, Ills., on New Year's day, by W. J. Davis, Mr. Edward Smith to Miss Nancy Shepherd.

Church Directory
OF
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LECTURES every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the RENEZET HALL, Seventh Street, below Lombard Street.

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107 North Fifth Street.

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The Sabbath School connected with this Church meets at nine o'clock in the morning, and at half-past one in the afternoon.

Jacob C. White, Superintendent.

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Lombard Street, below Ninth.

SERVICE.

Morning, Prayer Meeting, - - - 10½ o'clock.
Preaching, afternoon, - - - 3 o'clock
Preaching, evening, - - - 7½ o'clock

LECTURE every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.
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Residence—907 Lombard St.

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" - - - - - 3 P. M.
" - - - - - 7 P. M.

Preaching on every Thursday evening.
Class on sabbath, at 12 o'clock M.
" Monday evening, at 7 o'clock
" Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Sabbath School at 9 o'clock A. M., and at half past 1 o'clock, P. M.
REV. HENRY DAVIS, Minister in Charge,
Residence—No. 818 Wood Street.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. MARTHA COLLINS.
730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

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OF
THE GREAT REBELLION
IN
THE UNITED STATES.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have commenced the issue in Numbers of a complete History of the [illegible] [illegible] This work has been for many months in course of preparation, by a writer every way qualified for the task.

The Introduction contains a clear and exact account of the Secession of the [illegible], the formation and development of the [illegible] [illegible] and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and the various phases [illegible] until their final culmination in the [illegible].

The History comprises a full account drawn from the most authentic sources of all the Events of the War [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] National [illegible] Army and Navy, and the Battles by Land and Sea.

The Illustrations comprise Portraits of all those who have borne a prominent part in the struggle; Maps of different localities; Plans of the leading [illegible]; Views of every scene of interest, and of the most important battles. These illustrations are mostly from drawings taken on the spot by artists deputed for that purpose to accompany every division of our Army and Navy.

Every facility at the command of the Publishers has been employed in the preparation and execution of this work, and they [illegible] believe that it will form the most trustworthy and [illegible] [illegible] which can be prepared of THE GREAT STRUGGLE FOR THE AMERICAN UNION.

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The work will be issued in Numbers, each consisting of 24 pages of the size of "Harper's Weekly," printed from clear type upon fine paper, and will probably be completed in about Twenty Numbers. [illegible] numbers will be issued at intervals, if possible, of about three or four weeks.

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Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past, and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place.

No. 618 South Eighth Street, Philada.

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TERMS MODERATE. 1y

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the fourteenth convention, April 18th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:

From Garnet Union No. 1, D. of T., from Phoenix Union, No. 8, D. of T., from Northern Union No. 10, D. of T., Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh Pa., from the Sisters' Union, of Carlisle Pa., from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T., from Vandermarkle Union No. 15, [illegible], Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:

Grand P., Sister Beanal, Grand Associate, Sister Burris. Grand Treasurer, Sister Faucett, Grand Conductress, C. Thompson, Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubbart, Grand Chaplain Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Rivers, G. P. P. Sister Ann Mason,
" " E. Bowin. " J. F. Rivers,
" " M. H. [illegible], " E. A. Clark,
" " S. Newman, " White,
" " S. Davis, " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

Mrs. Sarah Carter,
President.
Mr. L. R. Seymour, Sec'y.

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1 sept

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CERTIFICATES

Providence, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or put my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs.

Rev. GEORGE A. RUE.

Newport, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost.

ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.

RICHARD WHITE.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it and it has successfully cured my bunions.

SOPHIA TAYLOR.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.

Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.

Mrs. EVELINA DEMOND.

Providence, Dec. 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a strain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved.

Mrs. PHEBE A. MORSE.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints.

Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him.

Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

Stevens Ferry, Sept. 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed.

Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

Providence, Rhode Island, Aug. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully.

Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

Providence, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything, but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.

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jan 19—1m

NOTICE

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia:

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

For the Christian Recorder

BUCKS COUNTY SS. TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson—formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hank, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and further they say that I have the evidence of Daniel Emmons (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson, and the evidence, on affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed }
Before me May 8th, 1862 } her
Wm. Blakey J. P. } Emily Johnston
mark

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UNREASONABLE MEN AND THE PULPIT.

No. 1.

In order that a Christian minister may be eminently useful in his sphere, it is exceedingly important that he should enjoy the benefit of the prayers of God's people on his behalf, and that those who have called him to labor among them, should give him their warmest sympathy, and their unwavering material and moral support.

No true Gospel preacher despises the intercessorship of the good, but each such seeks it earnestly. Even Paul wrote to the Thessalonians, 2 Thess. 3: 1, "Brethren, pray for us." Intercession is the *highest* function of prayer, it is the devoutest breath of benevolence; it is the soul losing itself in the interests of others. The true preacher will ever realize the necessity of the intercession of the good. Ever conscious will he be, that all success in his holy work depends upon the blessing of God, and it is his sovereign ordination to vouchsafe that blessing in answer to the trustful, filial, and importunate prayer of holy souls. *"I can always preach best,"* said the distinguished Fletcher, *"when I know that there is a man in the assembly, who is, from his heart, praying for my success."* And this is the feeling of every earnest and faithful pastor. If Paul, a man of capacious intellect, lofty genius, high culture, and withal Divine inspiration, felt the need of the prayers of the good to help him on in his work, how much more should preachers who have no such distinguished qualifications? There is too much dependence on talents and intellectual resources, and elocutionary skill; and too little of a disposition to throw ourselves as preachers, on God, through the prayers of the good.

From the Apostle Paul himself we learn, that *a true gospel preacher frequently meets with opposition from those whom he seeks to benefit, and who are under obligations to sustain him.* In 2 Thess. 3: 1, 2, Paul beseeches the Thessalonians, "Pray for us, that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men." The unreasonable men were, probably, the pagan philosophers, who were constantly raising objections to the new religion. And the wicked or perverse men were, perhaps, those Jewish zealots, whom no argument could convince, and no kindness conciliate. The more thoughtful, conscientious, earnest, and plain; and the more true to the genius and aim of his calling a preacher is, the more opposition, as a general thing, he will have from "unreasonable and wicked men." You preach to a congregation in which the leading men are known to be engaged in the liquor traffic, and at once you have organized a bitter set of opposers arrayed against you, unless you belong to that very prudent class of preachers who can please every body from the rich and fashionable Hon. Skinflint, down to the rumseller and rumswiller. Men who know they are in the wrong, become very much excited at an allusion simply to their sin; and in how many churches has some leading man of unreasonable character sown trouble and sorrow for his pastor; such sorrow and trouble as have driven him, with an aching heart, to some new field.

It is here proposed to point out *the unreasonableness of people in regard to the Christian ministry.* We have nothing to do with their conduct in relation to false and worthless preachers; men who sometimes parade the village streets with cigars in their mouths, or who can be seen at noon or eventide mounted on a corner storebox, whittling pine sticks and cracking jokes with loafers—we have no word of defence to utter on behalf of such.

1. *The men are unreasonable in relation to their minister, who expect from him perfection of character.* Far be it from us to lower, in the slightest degree, the high standard of excellence at which every minister is especially bound to aim. We would not relax the obligation to cultivate distinguished holiness, or offer a reward or apology for ministerial sins. But there are men who expect too much from them. There is a generation belonging to most churches, "pure in their own eyes," who display far more anxiety about their minister's piety than their own. They are ever suspecting his errors, and ever ready to detect his faults. He must be perfect. Defects which are overlooked in others, are heinous in him. Things, in fact, which are not evil at all—a burst of indignation, a hearty laugh, a witty expression, a genial, natural, unprofessional manner and talk—are regarded as unbecoming and even morally faulty. Hence, he who has strong natural impulses in him, and striking singularities of mind, must either hypocritically conceal all these under the garb of professional seriousness and sanctity, or else his piety will be questioned, and even denied by these people.

Now we say nothing of the uncharitableness and inconsistency of all this; for it is generally the hearer that has the "beam" in his own eye that sees most readily the mote in his minister's, but we have to do with its *unreasonableness.* We say that the men who look for perfection in the minister, are "unreasonable men." Are not ministers, like all men, the children of the fall? Do they not inherit passions common to the race? Were they not, like others, born of imperfect parents, and brought up under the influence of corrupt society? Have they not the inward tendencies and outward temptations to sin which belong to all? Is it so clear that a pastor's life is more favorable to high piety than the life of the farmer, the merchant, the mechanic?

Moreover, were the apostles perfect? Were they not ever fighting against the corruptions of their nature, and pressing after that which they had not attained—the prize of perfection? It is "unreasonable" then, to expect perfection in ministers. Reason would tell you to thank God for the excellencies which you discover in them, to expect the development of imperfections, to throw over them the mantle of charity when they appear, and to invoke the Holy One to make them "perfect in every good word and work."

John Wesley once said, "It is expected that the preachers be men of one work and noted for their piety; not be the most vivacious and cheerful men in the world." Many of the most eminently successful ministers have been such.

ALEXANDER KNOX

When the woman mentioned in the Gospel, (Luke xv.) found the pieces of silver she had lost, she called her friends and neighbors together to rejoice with her. The pleasure felt on discovering a new treasure,—an unknown mine of wealth—is not less lively, I imagine, than that experienced on the recovery of one that has been lost; and, enjoying this pleasure, I cannot refrain from calling my friends and neighbors to rejoice with me on my having found a rich treasure in the writings of Alexander Knox. To every lover of pure religion, and deep, heartfelt piety, who has been fortunate enough to become acquainted with them, they must, surely, be precious. One of the most eminent divines in our Lutheran Zion declared that Knox's religious views were fully half a century in advance of the men of his time. The only writings of his that have been given to the public, as far as I can ascertain, are his "Thirty Year's Correspondence with John Jebb, Bishop of Limerick;" (which has been republished in this country;) his "Remarks on Southey's Life of Wesley;" and his Letters and papers on Religious Subjects, in 4 vols under the title of "Remains of Alexander Knox Esqr." They are all in the Philadelphia Library.

His published correspondence with Bishop Jebb, (at that time a simple curate in a country village, on a stipend of £50 a year,) commenced in 1799, and ended in 18[illegible]1. His second letter in the series, upon Christian preaching, first printed in Bishop Jebb's introduction to Burnet's Lives," not only experienced a most favorable reception in England, but was twice republished in North America, the second time in a separate form, for distribution among the episcopal clergy. This "correspondence" is edited by Rev. Charles Foster, to whom it was given by the Bishop, with an injunction that it should be given to the world; and, certainly, the religious portion of the world must ever be thankful for its publication. "The value of a correspondence so long and intimate," says the editor, "between two such minds, upon subjects the most interesting that can engage the thoughts of men will be felt by every reflecting reader." "I am unaware of the existence, in our own or any language, of a correspondence similar in interest or importance to that between Alexander Knox and Bishop Jebb."

"Not one of his papers," we are told, "had been [illegible], or prepared by him expressly for publication, and many of them were despatched without having undergone a revision or correction, and yet in beauty of diction they are scarcely excelled by any works of the best English writers." "There is nothing indifferent in the character of the subjects of which he treats; they embrace practical points of vital importance to the happiness of men in this life, and that which is to come." "His writings contain as high and deep a range of thought as any which enlightened reason has expatiated under the guidance of the inspired word. That the piety which animates them is as pure and warm, and the genius that shines through them as bright and radiant as in any writings of modern times, is a sentiment which it is not hazardous to avow in the ears of those who can feel and understand and are competent to pronounce upon them. He speaks on subjects of the weightiest importance, and of the most kindling interest. Nothing that fell from his mind was void of beauty or use: it was said of Bishop Pearson that "his very dust was gold;" it may be asserted of Mr Knox that his least digested thoughts are precious. And (in the words of one who was well authorized to pronounce, "perhaps, very often, what to our imperfect judgment may seem erroneous, may, at a future day, appear—(to use Mr K's favorite allusion to Tully)—among the 'judicia naturae;' or, yet more, among the 'ecclesiae judicia.'"

He belonged to the Church of England, but

"To sect or party his large soul
Disdained to be confined."

"His mind was one of those which in their elevation and enlargement stand alone." Being a finished classical scholar;—having a familiar acquaintance with the writings of the Christian Fathers; a wonderfully clear and profound discernment of the spirit and meaning of the Holy Scriptures;—and, above all, being abundantly endued with wisdom from on high, he was amply qualified to instruct even "masters in Israel" in the knowledge of sacred things, and to be the teacher of those whose province it was to teach others the way of righteousness; and many such looked up to him as their father in God.

Alexander Knox was born in the north of Ireland in the year 1758, and died in Dublin on the 17th of June, 1831. We know but little respecting his personal history.

"He was for a time actively engaged in politics, and was private Secretary to Lord Castlereagh for some time previous to the union of Great Britain and Ireland, in the year 1800. After the union he was urged by that nobleman to embrace the offer of being brought into Parliament of the United Kingdom as the representative of his native city of Derry, and to continue still in Lord Castlereagh's confidence and councils; but at the very moment when the prospects which political life presented, opened on him in their fairest views, his choice was made for a more immediate service of God in the cultivation of revealed truth; for the discrimination of which he was eminently fitted, not more by the powers of his pen, than the unrivalled charm of his conversation. There are none with whom his writings shall find acceptance who will not cordially rejoice at the choice so made and maintained." "In me," he says, "a series of providential circumstances for which I have infinite cause to be thankful, has favored the growth"—(of that inward vegetation of which he had, before been speaking,) in a peculiar manner; it being my lot to have no rival object; and it being the good pleasure of God to spare no pains in breaking up and battering the ground of my heart and mind. In fact, no one can owe more to the great Husbandman than myself. And, most certainly, I would not exchange the mental garden with which he has been pleased to enrich me, for any, and all, the delights of the Eden of our first parents. I am aware that an honest looker-on might think it right to warn me against being too much pleased with the branches and the foliage, so as not sufficiently to look for fruit; but I humbly hope such a censure would arise from the truth of the case not being sufficiently apprehended; and that, in fact, if fruit were not there also, my satisfaction would be very small. Besides, though the leaves of the Tree of *Knowledge* serve too often still for a covering to the Serpent, the Tree of *Life* has its leaves too; and even these leaves are 'for the healing of the nations.' It is *this* tree, most assuredly, that I wish to cultivate; for,—as far as my own weakness has allowed,—I have, already, found in it all *that* which made the olive tree, the fig tree, and the vine, in Jotham's parable, refuse to go to be promoted over the trees. I seem to myself to have meant something of a like refusal in turning away from political life, and choosing my present retired course. And as I have never yet, so I believe assuredly, I never shall wish to recall that preference."

THE NUMBER OF ISRAELITES IN CANAAN

Colenso has found a difficulty in the number of Israelites compared with the extent of the land of Canaan.

The Bishop's argument is, that the dimensions of the land made it impossible that it should contain the population, swollen as it was by the Canaanites, who still remained in the country among their conquerors. The objection is a very old one, and we reply to it by a simple quotation from a modern work of authority on Palestine.

"I had sometimes turned to my atlas, where I found the whole of Bashan delineated, and not larger than an ordinary English county. I was surprised; and though my faith in the Divine record was not shaken, yet I thought some strange statistical mystery hung over the passage. That one city, nurtured by the commerce of a mighty empire, might grow till her people could be numbered by millions, I could well believe. That two or even three might spring up in favored spots, clustered together, I could also believe. But that *sixty walled cities,* besides unwalled towns a great many, should be found at such a remote age, far from the sea, with no rivers and little commerce, appeared quite inexplicable. Inexplicable and mysterious though it appeared, it was strictly true. On the spot, with my own eyes, I had now verified it. Lists of *more than a hundred* ruined cities and villages on these mountain slopes, I had tested and found correct, though not complete. More than thirty of these I had myself either visited or observed, so as to fix their positions on the map. Of the high antiquity of these ruins, scarcely a doubt can be entertained; and the existence of the more important among them has already been estimated. Here, then, we have a venerable record, more than three thousand years old, containing incidental statements and statistics, which few would be inclined to receive or trust, and not a few to cast aside as glaring absurdities, yet which *close examination has [illegible] accurate.*"—*Porter's Five Years in Damascus,*" Vol. II., pp. 206-2[illegible]7.

Many there are who [illegible] to take the pleasure and profit of sin are [illegible] backward enough to take the blame and shame of it.

The best dates are said to be gathered when the tree has reached a hundred years. So it is with the eminent Christians: the older the [illegible], the older the more beautiful, [illegible] the older the more useful, and different from worldlings, the older the happier.

PREVENTION. Don't [illegible] your children learn [illegible] and bad things [illegible]. To be [illegible] the [illegible] might be eradicated [illegible] year [illegible] but it [illegible] dirty which [illegible]

"DON'T SELL CANDY ON SUNDAY"

I know a little boy who attended Sabbath School regularly, was always in his seat at the proper time, always knew his lesson well, was kind and respectful to his teacher, [illegible] with his classmates, and yet he had one very bad habit.

Robert Allen, that was his name, was very fond of candy. Now there is no [illegible] through the week, [illegible] very [illegible] on the Sabbath. You may wonder where he got the money. If his parents were Christian people they would not allow him pennies for that purpose on that day. But most [illegible] boys and girls do [illegible] which their fathers and mothers know nothing. The fact was, Robert's mother would always give him [illegible] before he left for the Sabbath school on Sabbath morning, would [illegible] small change for the mission box. She never thought for one moment that he would appropriate it to any other use, but Satan whispered in his ear, "Don't give it all." That is exactly what he said to Ananias and Sapphira, and we know the dreadful punishment visited on them for listening to the wicked one and following his counsel. Then Robert would think, "The other boys give but one penny, why should I give four or five?" never remembering that they were all poor boys. So he would call at "Mother Duncan's" and get his little silver piece changed, spending part of it for candy, but he was very careful to carry none of it home, that would have led to his detection. Sometimes his Sabbath School teacher would tell him not to eat his candy in school, and once suspecting all was not right, asked him if he had bought it that morning? Then Satan putting words into his mouth he answered, "No sir; Ma gave it to me yesterday." "But boys do not generally save their candy," suggested his faithful teacher. Satan whispered again. Say—"I had so much it would have made me sick to have eaten all of it," and he did, thus deliberately tell these falsehoods. O, what wicked, sinful hearts we have! How prone to do and say what is evil. I am afraid you will think going to Sabbath School was not doing Robert Allen much good. It will not make you sinless children, but I hope it will show you the guilt and wickedness of sinning, and teach you that the God we offend is a just and holy being, who cannot look upon any sin but with abhorrence. Robert for a long time followed his wicked pursuits. His conscience often reproved him, but he quieted it. Its voice could not be heard by his father or mother and while they knew nothing of his spending the pennies, all went right. Children, God knew of it, and in mercy he reproved this erring boy, and in a singular way I will tell you how. One Sabbath morning Robert left his home with a bright, new five cent piece in one hand, and Catechism and Psalm Book in the other. That looks well—it is a beautiful sight to see children not only committing to memory the precious truths of God's word, but early learning to *give* for the extension and support of it. But the tempter was again along side of him. You could not see him, but Robert heard him, and I am sorry to say, obeyed him. Soon "Mother Duncan's" shop was reached. Why, it is closed to-day!—perhaps the old woman is late rising! I will rap, thought the boy, and so he did. No one answered. Then he gave a loud rap, and immediately the rough, coarse voice of the old woman replied, "Don't sell candy no more on Sunday." The boy's face colored; he looked about him to see if any one was near that knew him. Like Adam and Eve after their sin, he felt ashamed. Hastily he hurried towards the school, fearing that some one might read his sin even in his countenance. He took his seat in his class, and when the missionary money was being collected gave the silver coin to his teacher, glad to have it out of his pocket. The teacher seemed pleased with so large an offering, but Robert never lifted his eyes from off his book. The old woman's words still rang in his ears. During the session of the school the Superintendent, as was his custom, talked awhile to the children; told them of the advantages they possessed for acquiring knowledge; of the benefit they received from pious parents and teachers, while so many remained ignorant of the Bible and its truths, and then he concluded by telling them that "Mother Duncan" the candy woman, had given up her injurious habit of selling candy on Sabbath to the young, because her eyes had been opened, and she was now endeavoring to lead a godly life. Robert reached his home that day having resolved never again to cheat the poor missionary of his due, and we hope Satan and he will be no longer such intimate friends. D.

THE EAGLE'S NEST

The eagle is a bird much spoken of in the Scriptures. Its habits are referred to, to give instruction to God's children. There is a very beautiful allusion to the care and tenderness with which the eagle teaches her young. When its young ones are grown large enough to learn to fly it hovers over the nest and flutters with its wings to show them how, and to get them to imitate it. And when they fly, if they get weary, she takes them upon her back and carries them. Some say that if the hunter prepares to shoot them she takes them upon her back, so that the arrow cannot hit them without piercing through her body.

Perhaps this is referred to in Exodus xix 4, where God says to His people, "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians and how I bare you on eagle's wings and brought you to myself." So there is a very beautiful passage referring to this habit in Deuteronomy xxxii 9-12: "For the Lord's portion is His people; Jacob is the lot of His inheritance. He found him in a desert land, in the waste howling wilderness; He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them upon her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him and there was no strange god with Him."

The eagle lives to be very old. So the sweet Psalmist of Israel when telling of the mercies which God bestows on his people says

Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth
So that, ev'n as the eagle's age,
Renewed is thy youth

The eagle flies very swiftly, especially when hungry and hastening to its prey. In this sense the rapid flight of man's life is compared to it. Job says of his days, "They are passed away as the swift ship, as the eagle that hasteth to its prey." So Solomon says of earthly riches: "They make themselves wings, and fly away as an eagle toward heaven."

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RELIEF FOR THE DISTRESSED OPERATIVES OF GREAT BRITAIN. At a meeting of the [illegible] held on December 15th it was unanimously

Resolved, That the [illegible] Companies, Banking Institutions in general, Merchants, [illegible] and Citizens generally of Philadelphia [illegible] to cooperate with the above Committee in the [illegible] of the [illegible] Great Britain.

Resolved, That the Churches and Congregations of this city and of our own and other States are requested to make collections for this object on the first Sunday in January, or at such times as may be more convenient.

Resolved, That the Philadelphia Committee [illegible] to the suffering [illegible] England.

Resolved, That in view of the urgent necessities of the British sufferers it is expedient to make arrangements for the immediate [illegible] of a vessel on the most suitable terms [illegible] the Philadelphia Committee are prepared to purchase and ship.

Communications may be addressed to either of the undersigned members of the Committee.

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ALEXANDER HENRY, Vice Chairman
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ALEX. G. CATTELL, Treasurer

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No. 6

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For the Christian Recorder.

IN MEMORIAM

Mr. Editor:—Death at all times and under all circumstances, is an object, or a messenger which all dread and shrink from. We behold the infant with all of its helplessness. Who does not know what it is to live? Yet when the iron arm of death encircles it all of its strength, its faculties and powers are alive to the danger, and stand up in array against its unnatural aggressions, and never cease its resistance, nor succumb to its antagonist, until sheer exhaustion masters it. So it is in all the diversified stages of life.

To see our relatives and friends, those who are near and dear to us, those with whom our very existence seems to be linked and dependent upon, and behold them languishing away by degrees, or ruthlessly torn from our fond embrace, without a moment's warning, by that unscrupulous and inveterate enemy of mankind—death, these scenes are indeed heart-rending and distressing in the extreme, and may be very appropriately entitled as the king of terrors.

In consequence of the ravages of this grim monster, the sad and painful duty devolves upon me, to adopt this method of giving publicity to a few eulogistic remarks on the demise of a well beloved and highly esteemed friend, a sister teacher in Israel Church Sunday School, Miss Catharine Tenney. I do not know when I have been more alarmingly affected, than when I heard that this inestimable young lady had fallen a victim to death, and had taken her departure to that bourne from whence no traveller ever returns. The writer of this eulogy having enjoyed an intimate acquaintanceship with the deceased from childhood, avails himself of this solemn opportunity of paying this tribute of respect to the memory of her who stood high in his regard and estimation, but not with the intention of doing full justice to her, for he is well aware to do that would tax the brain, and call into requisition the best abilities of the most sublime eulogist. Miss Tenney was a lady that was reared in the Sunday School, and in childhood she evinced those praiseworthy characteristics of a scholar which are seldom ever witnessed in these days. She was submissive, affectionate, always attentive to the instruction of her tutoress, as well as frequently and heartily engaged in searching and perusing the book of books, and gleaning from its sacred pages, those imperishable treasures of life and light, which had telling effect upon her in after life, and which doubtless proved of incalculable benefit in her last moments. As a young lady just on the verge of womanhood, she possessed talents of a high intellectual order, which were of priceless worth, and had it pleased Providence to spare her, there was no position she might not have filled with dignity, and shone in resplendent brilliancy in the galaxy of the good and great. For she was the embodiment of all that was pure and virtuous, and perfect to a fault, modest and retiring in her demeanour, enjoying rare social qualities, and winning manners, together with her lady-like deportment, which very naturally caused to cluster around her hosts of friends, who are now called upon to lament over her early death.

In the death of Miss Tenney, Israel Sunday School has lost a faithful teacher, who was ever punctual and prompt in the duties incumbent upon her, a true and tried friend who always took a deep interest in the welfare of the school, and an esteemed associate whom it was always pleasant and agreeable to meet with. Surely in the loss of such a teacher, Israel Sunday School has sustained a loss which is severely felt, and almost irreparable, which will long be remembered with regret. This should indeed stimulate the surviving teachers to loftier deeds and nobler works by emulating the exemplary life of our deceased friend, and when the drama of life is ended we too shall hear the heart-cheering approbation, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

In conclusion let me say, farewell, Katie, for on earth we shall see thee no more. Thy countenance which beamed with joy and animation, we shall no more behold. For thou art gone to rest forever. The work assigned thee is completed. Thy mission is ended, and the angelic host have borne thee on their pinions to the realms of immortal bliss, whilst thy body reposes in its quiet grave until the resurrection morning, when it shall be clothed in immortality.

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my early days,
None knew thee, but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."
Thy stay was short and fleeting,
The vital spark soon fled,
And was summoned to that meeting,
Where Jesus is the head.
Thou'rt gone, but just before us,
And soon we'll come along,
And join with thee in chorus,
With all the heavenly throng.
With joy we always met thee,
And with thee loved to be,
Tho' gone, we'll not forget thee,
We'll still remember thee.
Farewell, but not forever,
We soon will meet again,
And part no more, no never,
But ever live and reign.

W. H. M.

Washington, D. C., Jan 31st, 1863

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

Mr. Editor:—I thought a few words in reference to the affairs of Georgetown, D. C., might be of interest to some of the readers of the *Recorder*. It has been very sickly here: the small-pox has been raging. Several of our highly respectable young men have died with it, but it is now abating.

A young lady by the name of Miss Matilda Cartright, died in Georgetown last Sunday. She was a teacher of the Sabbath school of Mount Zion church, colored and white, pastor.

Miss Cartright was a very amiable young lady of 18 years of age. She was the idol of her acquaintances. When conversing, her face had upon it a pleasing smile of modesty. She loved the house of God, and was devoted to the Sabbath school. Though she did not profess religion prior to her being taken ill, yet before she died she told her mother that she was willing to die, and did not desire to live. When her mother asked her if she had received a change, she answered yes. Her death was a very peaceful one. The cause of her death was erysipelas and typhus fever.

There was a supper given in the basement of the Ebenezer church on Thursday night. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather it was well patronized.

There is a glorious revival of religion going on in Mount Zion church. God is pouring out his Spirit upon the people, and the altar is crowded with souls pleading for mercy. May God continue the good work which He has begun.

H. J. R.

Georgetown, D. C.

* * *

An Irish woman pressing through a crowd, gathered to see her husband hang, exclaimed: "Stand about, gintlemen, till I speak a word to Paddy before he goes off." "Paddy! Paddy! where shall I plant the peraters nixt year?" "Och, go to the divil, will ye." "Faix an' I b'lave he's mad, because he's going to be hung."

The latest dog story is of two dogs who fell to fighting in a saw-mill. In the course of the tussel one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion which cut him in two instanter. The hind legs ran away but the fore legs continued the fight and whipped the other dog.

This reminds us of an anecdote we once heard of an Irishman, who was looking very earnestly at a couple of dogs fighting, who, when the fight was over, was asked by another who had been looking on, "Wasn't that a hard fight, Jimmy?" "Faith an' it was. But nothing to what I've sain in the ould country. I saw two bull dogs fight, once, till they ate one another all up but the tails, an they lay growling at each other!"

* * *

HORSEBITS

Persons having the care of horses ought to cover the bits of their bridles with leather, during the cold weather, in mercy for their poor beasts. The cold iron coming suddenly in contact with the tender parts of the mouth, takes the skin off, and keeps the animal in misery, thereby weakening his capacity for labor. The effect of the cold iron may be very readily tested by touching it with your tongue, on a cold frosty morning, and after that no merciful man will subject his beast to the same experiment.

* * *

THE KEEPING OF GOATS

The increase of goats within a few years, in some sections of the country, has been noticed by many people. We do not allude to the introduction of goats which are valued chiefly for their coat, but to such as are kept for their milk. They belong chiefly to Irish families, and are undoubtedly of great service in furnishing milk at comparatively little cost. Under some circumstances the goat has many advantages over the cow. It can be kept almost anywhere, and the coarsest herbage—such as would be rejected by any other animal—suffices to support it. The leaves and tender twigs of trees and shrubs are eaten by it with avidity. In fact it is almost an indiscriminate feeder, cropping even poisonous plants with apparent relish and entire impunity. We frequently see it eat the leaves of the wild cherry, which is so poisonous to the cow, and even henbane and water-hemlock are not rejected. It is a singular fact, too, that no kind of herbage, perceptibly affects the goat's milk. The milk of the cow is often rendered unpalatable by a mess of turnip tops or cabbage leaves; but none of those things affects the milk of the goat. Even onion tops given to the goat at night are said to impart no taste to the milk given by it the next morning.

According to Low, a goat will give an average of two quarts of milk a day, for three months after producing young. After this the quantity will gradually diminish, and the animal should be allowed to go dry for six weeks or two months before giving birth to another kid. The milk is said to be richer than that of the cow, and children which are accustomed to drink it, give it, a decided preference. It is considered very wholesome, and less likely to curdle on the stomach than cow's milk. For tea and coffee it is much esteemed.

In the mountainous districts of Wales, Ireland, and other countries, goats are kept in large numbers. They are regularly milked, and the milk, sometimes combined with that of the cow and sheep, is made into cheese. The flesh of the young goat is highly esteemed, and that of the castrated males, when they are well fattened, is said to be equal to venison. The fat is very hard and white, and is preferred to any other for candles.

But it is chiefly for yielding milk to families who cannot keep a cow that the goat is to be recommended in this country. It is not unusual that there are extensive extracts of poor, stony land near all our manufacturing towns and villages, producing little vegetation except huckleberry bushes and briars, on which the goat would live well. It might kill out the shrubs after a while, but grass would take their place wherever the soil is good enough for it. Goats can also, as we see every day, be tethered by the road-side, or on the border of the garden, and thus subsist on grass which would otherwise be wasted. They must not run at large where there are small trees and shrubs which it is wished to preserve. In winter the coarsest hay, corn fodder, or straw, with a few cabbage leaves, turnips, or other roots, will maintain them.—*Boston Cultivator*

* * *

THE WIT OF LYMAN BEECHER

From a delightful article in the Evangelist by Dr. Brainerd, of Philadelphia, we clip the following:

Dr. Beecher's wit was perennial, and it derived an attraction from his blunt, quaint mode of expression.

A brother minister was making a lame argument in Presbytery. "Brainerd," said the Doctor, "I had rather be before that gun than behind it."

Another minister of the Presbytery, who by-the-by, was a New England man, but greatly alarmed for the orthodoxy of the church, had a habit of looking up, and swinging his head to and fro while he belabored the New School. In the midst of one of his prosy speeches the Doctor grew impatient. "Brainerd," said he, "did you ever know a man who looked to heaven so much for light and got so little?"

A newspaper at Oberlin had said that other seminaries only sent out great theological babies. "Better send out great babies than little ones," he remarked.

Rev Dr Wilson wished us to try Dr. Beecher on common fame of heresy in the West. Dr Beecher replied that this common fame was made by Wilson himself. "One wolf," said he, "will howl on the mountains in so many tones you'd think there were a dozen."

In travelling with him to the deep mud of Kentucky in 1834, our stage stuck. The Doctor started across the ditch for a rail. "Stop," said I. "Doctor, let me go. I have boots on, and you shoes." "No," says he, "I haven't shoes on, they are both there sticking in the ditch." On the same journey we were twice upset. Some were timid, but the Doctor was entirely unmoved. "My passage," said he, "is paid." He seemed incapable of fear.

I once asked him if he found any difficulty in sustaining himself amid the pulpit competitions of great cities. "No," said he, "I here had the hardest race with myself."

The question was up in the Presbytery of Cincinnati whether we should divide a village Church? "Make two," says Dr. Beecher; "Adam and grace will do twice as much as grace alone."

He was urging meekness on his Church in Cincinnati. He told them "that in the entire constellation of their Christian virtues it would require a telescope of unusual power to discern the grace of meekness." While he said this he suited the action to the word, as if peering into the heavens.

In discussing before his class whether the planets were peopled, he said "If anybody was there and saw our earth, and inferred it was inhabited, they would be right, for we are here." Now, says he, "we'll put the bullet into the other end of the gun and fire it back again."

THE WIT OF RUFUS CHOATE

'Attending the opera on one occasion and being but indifferently amused by the acting and music, which he did not understand, he turned to his daughter and said, with grave formality, 'Helen, interpret to me this libretto, lest I dilate with the wrong emotion!'

"In replying to a lawyer who had been addressing the Court in a loud and almost boisterous manner, Mr Choate referred playfully to his 'stentorian powers.' To his surprise, however, the counsel took it in dudgeon, and as soon as possible rose to protest against the hostile assault. 'He had not been aware of anything in his mode of address which would justify such an epithet; he thought it unusual and undeserved,' etc., etc. Going on thus, his voice unconsciously soon rose again to its highest key, and rang through the court house as if he were haranguing an army; when Mr. Choate half rose, and stretching out his hand with a deprecatory gesture, said, in the blandest tones: 'One word, may it please the Court; only one word, if my brother will allow. *I see my mistake.* I beg leave to retract what I said!' The effect was irresistible. The counsel was silent; the Court and spectators convulsed with laughter.

"Of a lawyer at once pugnacious, obstinate, and dull witted, he remarked that he seemed to be a bull dog with confused ideas. The description was comprehensive and perfect."

* * *

Three hundred copies only of Tischendorf's splendid edition of the "Codex Sinaiticus" have been struck off, and of these, one hundred have been permitted by the Emperor of Russia, to go into circulation. The work is contained in four large volumes, and the price is £44 10s. The first volume contains the prolegomena, giving an account of the discovery of the manuscript, and discussing its palæographical features. The editor refers it to the age of Eusebius; that is, to the fourth century. There are twenty-one plates of lithographic and photo-lithographic fac-similes, which give the highest idea of the beauty of the original. The last two of these plates contain fac-similes of thirty-six other documents, such as the Herculaneum volumes and other ancient texts, for the purpose of comparison.

Domestic Items.

Generals.—On the 22d inst., according to a report of the Secretary of War, which has just been laid before the senate, there were fifty-two major generals and two hundred and eight brigadier generals, in the service of the United States.

French Mediation.—It is rumored that Napoleon has renewed his proposal of a joint mediation in America.

The London Observer says, "No such offer has been made in England. The Emperor has distinctly intimated to Minister Dayton, his refusal to submit to any proposition for the settlement of the American dispute."

Hunter.—The indications are unmistakable, that an active campaign will at once commence under General Hunter, and it is probable that Savannah, as being comparatively the nearest of the two principal points of attack will be first attended to.

Mr Saulsbury.—In apologising to the Senate, Jan. 29th,—Mr. President, I wish to say a few words which I deem proper, on the subject of certain charges made against me, and to express my sincere regret at what occurred on Tuesday evening last in the Senate. I regret the violation of the rules of this body. I had no disposition and no desire to violate them, and upon that occasion, if I said anything offensive to any Senator, I extremely regret it.

The drift of the apology seems to imply, that Mr. Saulsbury was intoxicated, at the time of his violent behaviour.

The Anderson Cavalry.—Harrisburg, Jan. 30. Captain Palmer, of the Anderson Troop, is now here, and has been appointed Colonel of the regiment of Anderson Cavalry. He will leave for Tennessee immediately, where it is believed his arrival will quickly restore discipline and good order to his regiment.

Atrocious Murder on Staten Island.—New York, Jan. 31.—Between nine and ten o'clock this (Saturday) Morning the Rev. Mr. Quinn, the pastor of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, was shot through the heart by one of the inmates, who immediately after attempted to commit suicide.

From South Carolina.—Washington, Jan. 31.—A letter received from Carolina City, dated Jan. 22, says:

We are now all on transports and ready to move as soon as Gen. Foster gives the order. When you next hear from us we shall probably date our letters from the City of Wilmington, and depend upon it we will not dishonor the colors we bear.

We have now afloat two divisions of the finest troops in the American army, most of them veterans. Gen. Foster is in command of the expedition, or at least of the land forces, and the men have every confidence in him.

North Carolina.—A letter from Newbern, dated the 22d inst, states that the Third New York Cavalry had made an extensive tour from Newbern to Trenton, Onslow and other places in the direction of Wilmington, breaking up rebel camps, destroying their works, bridges, &c., and capturing prisoners, horses and mules.

In the North Carolina Senate, a bill was under discussion on the 21st inst., proposing to raise ten thousand troops for State defence. Being on its second reading, a preamble disclaiming any intention to conflict with the interests of the Confederate Government, was rejected by a vote of eighteen to twenty-four.

Mr. Stevens' Bill for organizing volunteers of African descent passed the House by a vote of 83 to 55.

The British Steamer "Princess Royal," with a valuable cargo of war materials, was captured on Thursday last while attempting to run the blockade at Charleston.

The Pirate "Oreto," it is reported, has been captured.

General McClellan has been enthusiastically received at Boston.

Foreign Summary.

Tommy, of the Japanese Embassy.—The Rev. S. W. Bonney, one of the missionaries of the American Board in China, during the last summer, visited Yedo, the capital of Japan. Writing from there under the date of August 14th, he gives the following interesting account of a young man who, it will be recollected, created quite a sensation in this country two or three years since:

"When the Japanese Ambassadors visited the United States in 1860, there was an attache of the Embassy went by the name of Tommy, but whose real name is Onojero. He is now connected with the American Legation as an interpreter. To-day he asked me to explain some difficult sentences in President Woolsey's 'International Law,' which he is reading in course. He also requested that I would assist him in his English Studies while I am here, to which I readily assented. He will spend an hour with me in the morning and afternoon, studying President Woolsey's International Law, and King Solomon's Proverbs. May the time not be far distant when the rulers and nobles of this people shall also have access to and with all readiness of mind become humble students of the Proverbs of Solomon, thereby learning to 'do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with God.'"

Stockholm.—The Government has decided that henceforth Jews and Christians are permitted to intermarry in Sweden, which until now was prohibited in this kingdom. This is looked upon generally as a precursor to other rights and privileges, which it is expected will soon be given to the Jews of Sweden.

Young Everett in England.—At the Union Society of Cambridge College, England, there was recently a public debate on American affairs, in which a son of Lord John Russell and a Mr Trevelyan spoke against the Union cause, and in support of the rebellion. A son of Edward Everett, who is a student at Cambridge, followed in defence of his country and Government and an English clergyman also participated in the debate, writes: "After him got up young [illegible] (Edward Everett's son) who by the [illegible] is considered one of the most distinguished men [illegible] the whole House against him, but [illegible] and perfectly collected. He took Trevelyan's speech [illegible] point to point, used him up by bit [illegible] turn [illegible] in his favor, and had it [illegible] It was a great success, and marks him as one that will surely distinguish himself [illegible] He will take his degree in January, and [illegible] America [illegible]

Church Directory
OF
PHILADELPHIA

FIRST (COLORED) PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Seventh Street, below Shippen.

SERVICE.

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Afternoon, . . . 3 o'clock.

LECTURES every Friday evening, at [illegible] o'clock, at the BENEZET HALL, Seventh Street, below Lombard Street.

JONATHAN C. GIBBS, Pastor,
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The Sabbath School connected with this Church meets at nine o'clock in the morning, and at half past one in the afternoon.

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Preaching, afternoon, . . . 3 o'clock
Preaching, evening, . . . 7½ o clock

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Residence—907 Lombard St.

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Preaching at . . . 10 A. M.
" . . . 3 P. M.
" . . . 7 P. M.

Preaching on every Thursday evening
Class on Sabbath, at 12 o'clock, M.
" Monday evening, at 7 o'clock
" Friday evening, at 7 o'clock

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M., and at half past 1 o'clock, P. M.

REV. HENRY DAVIS, Minister in Charge,
Residence—No. 818 Wood Street.

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The Introduction contains a clear and succinct account of the formation of the Confederacy of the States, the formation and adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and the establishment of the National Government, the origin, development, and progress of the doctrines of Nullification and Secession, and the various phases which they assumed until their final culmination in the Great Rebellion.

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The Illustrations comprise Portraits of all those who have borne a prominent part in the struggle; Maps of different localities; Plans of the leading actions; Views of every scene of interest, and of the most important Battles. These illustrations are mostly from drawings taken on the spot by artists deputed for that purpose to accompany every division of our Army and Navy.

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Dec.13.3t.

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Mrs JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

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and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

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nov20-5t

TO THE FRIENDS
OF
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Repeated applications having been made to the subscriber to establish a branch of his business in the vicinity of the late battle fields, with a view of reducing the cost of bringing home the bodies of the dead, he respectfully announces that he has now established a branch at Hagerstown, Md., and is prepared to attend to the business at greatly reduced rates. Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

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Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 16th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phœnix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 10, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburg, Pa.; from Dr. Rush Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from Vauxbrickle Union, No. 13, T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Burrie, Grand Treasurer, Sister Faucett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dabbart, Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Bourne, G. P. P. Sister Anderson,
" " F. Bowers, " " J. P. Bruce,
" " M. H. Henry, " " E. A. Clark,
" " S. Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " E. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

Mrs. Sarah Coates,
President.

Mr. I. R. Seymour, Sec'y

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
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Dec25-1y

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The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas-burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale foundries, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand.

WM STILL.

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Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banneker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banneker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. 1-sep4

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Nov 17

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CERTIFICATES.

Providence, R. I., Nov 27, 1861

Rev L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE.

Newport, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 16, 1861

Rev L. S. Lewis. Dear Sir, I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.

RICHARD WHITE.

Newport, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

Newport, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.

Mr Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.

Mrs EVELINA DEMUND

Providence, Dec 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs PHEBE A. MORSE

Newport, R. I., Oct 10, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861,

Rev. Mr Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs ADELINE JONES.

Stafford Point, Sept. 3, 1861

Rev. Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER

Providence, Rhode Island, Aug 19 1861

Rev L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT

Providence, Nov., 1861

Mr L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.

Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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NOTICE.

To the friends of Religious Literature and human progress of the City and County of Philadelphia.

This certifies that Miss Mary Still is a legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penna., to solicit subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

For the Christian Recorder.

BUCKS COUNTY ss. TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson—formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hawk, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appear by record on his docket, and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and I further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Emmanuel (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings (who[illegible] exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson, and the evidence, or affirmation of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed Before me May 6th, 1862. Wm Bisbey J. P. } her Emily Johnston mark

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The Post Preacher,	
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Pilgrim's Progress,	
Defence of our Fathers. Bishop Emory,	
Life of Wesley,	
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WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US.

Thou fairest Child Divine,
In yonder manger laid,
In whom is God Himself well pleased,
By whom were all things made.
On me art Thou bestow'd;
How can such wonders be!
The dearest that the Father hath
He gives me here in Thee!

I was a foe to God,
I fought in Satan's host,
I trifled all His grace away,
Alas! my soul was lost.
Yet God forgets my sin,
His heart, with pity moved,
He gives me, Heavenly Child, in Thee;
Lo! thus our God hath loved!

Once blind with sin and self,
Along the treacherous way,
That ends in ruin at the last,
I hasten'd far astray;
Then God sent down His Son!
For with a love most deep,
Most undeserved, His heart still yearn'd
O'er me, poor wandering sheep!

God with His life of love
To me was far and strange;
My heart clung only to the world
Of sight and sense and change;
In Thee, Immanuel,
Are God and man made one;
In Thee my heart hath peace with God,
And union in the Son.

Oh ponder this, my soul,
Our God hath loved us thus,
That even His only dearest Son
He freely giveth us.
Thou precious gift of God,
The pledge and bond of love,
With thankful heart I here will take
This treasure from above.

I kneel beside Thy couch,
I press Thee to my heart,
For Thee I gladly all forsake
And from the creature part:
Thou priceless Pearl! lo, he
By whom Thou'rt loved and known,
Will give himself and all he hath
To win Thee for his own.

Oh come, Thou Blessed Child,
Thou Saviour of my soul,
For ever bound to Thee, my name
Among Thy host enrol.
Oh deign to take my heart,
And let Thy heart be mine,
That all my love flow out to Thee,
And lose itself in Thine.
TERSTEEGEN. 1731

(From the Lutheran and Missionary.)

THE EXCELLENCY OF CREATION.

An attentive survey of the material works of God is eminently calculated to impress the mind, not only with a sense of *their* excellency, but also with a sense of the perfect excellency of that Divine Being by whom they were made. The perfection of the physical works attests the perfection of the Great Worker. The matchless completeness of the effect proves and shows forth the matchless completeness also of the cause. Thus "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead."

There are three considerations or aspects of the physical universe which reveal to us its excellency. The first of these is, *the admirable harmony and order with which everything is arranged.* Look where we will, there is nowhere disorder or confusion. There is nowhere an interfering of one part with another. There is nowhere anything superfluous, and neither is there [illegible] wanting. On the [illegible], there [illegible] perfect harmony; there is everywhere the most precise order; there is everywhere exactly the right material, the right orbit, the right bulk, the right density, the right velocity, the right proportion, and the right adaptation. In a word, the whole physical universe is a perfect and most wonderful *machine*, consisting of millions of separate parts, each part connected with and adapted to every other part, and yet all so skilfully and wisely arranged, so perfectly fitted to each other, and so harmoniously blended together, that although it has been running for many thousands of years, not a single so-called accident has ever occurred, not a single part of the machine has ever given way, or needed repairs, but it still is in the same good and perfect order as it was at first, and so, doubtless, will it also continue, until God, the Great Master Machinist who first made it, and who alone can wind it, shall bid it stop. Thus harmoniously and orderly has God arranged all his works. And to this unvarying harmony and order the universe owes its safety. And to this, also, is man indebted for the regular succession of day and night, of summer and winter, of spring time and harvest, of rain and snow, and of many other physical blessings which render the earth such an admirable habitation for him. In view, then of the admirable harmony and order thus existing throughout the material works of God, we are led with the Psalmist to exclaim, "All thy *works* praise thee, O Lord, and thy saints shall bless thee; they shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power."

A second consideration which manifests the excellencies of God's creation works is, *the marvellous beauty with which He has adorned them.* When we look at some ingenious mechanical work, if it only answers the end right well for which it was made, and if it only accomplishes the work speedily and thoroughly which it was intended to accomplish, we pronounce it excellent, and at once admire the talent of its maker. But if, in addition to this element of utility, it also possesses the element of fascinating beauty, we have our admiration both of it, and of him who made it, vastly increased. So is it when we look at the works of God. He might have created them good, yet not beautiful. But so excellently has He done all things, that all His works are both good *and* beautiful everywhere. His works praise him, saying, "The beauty of the Lord our God is upon us." See the sun; there is a glorious beauty in it. See the moon, moving like a queen in silent loveliness across the starry brow of night; there is beauty in her. See the stars, those quiet sentinels upon heaven's walls, those steady eyes of God, that nightly look down upon men and guard his slumbers; there is beauty in them. See the ocean with its mirror-like surface of to-day, and its mountain-billows and swelling tides of to-morrow, with its gorgeous coral reefs and variegated pearls, and sounding shells, and with its myriads of sporting fancy inhabitants; there is wondrous beauty in it. And, finally, see the earth, with its pearly drops of dew, with its rich varieties of birds and flowers, with its silvery streams and lakes, with its green forests and golden fields of grain, with its mountains and valleys, with its deep blue sky, and arched rainbow, and sailing clouds; there is beauty in it. And thus there is beauty in everything that God has made. The heavens are full of it; the earth is full of it; the old ocean is full of it, all nature is full of it. And, oh! would that men's heart were also full of love to God, and his blinded eye unsealed by the regenerating touch of the Great Spirit's hand, then also, would he possess the capacity to search after, to discover, to see, and to enjoy this "beauty of the Lord," that thus, like a mantle of glory, rests over all that He has made. And then, also, with David, would he daily be moved to sing, "Oh Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

There is yet a third consideration of God's material works which exhibits their excellency, at which we may still look, viz., *the wonderful provision for the comfort and happiness of man which they contain.* All nature, when we rightly look at it, appears to be a great store-house, abundantly supplied with everything that contributes to his comfort, and ready to impart to him all that he asks and needs. Man is a king, at whose feet every part of the great universe lays its choicest gifts, and he is him only receive them. Thus the sun daily pours upon him its blessings of light and heat. The ocean daily presents him with laden clouds and refreshing showers of rain. The earth annually opens its bosom and gives him his bread. The forest lays its mighty oaks before him, and thus supplies him with wood. The mine receives him to its very heart, and lavishly gives him of its hidden coal, of its useful metals and glittering wealth. The animal kingdom yields up its life to him, giving him its flesh for his food, and its covering for his clothing. And the invisible air ever floats silently about him, and becomes to him life and breath. Thus is all nature tributary to man's happiness. What a wonderful arrangement is not all this? What wisdom, what power, what goodness, does it not all display! With what inimitable excellence does it not mark the works of the Almighty! And how impressively does it not reveal His goodness toward the children of men! In return, therefore, let the children of men "Praise him for his mighty acts." Let them "praise him according to his excellent greatness. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord."

GARNI.

INFLUENCE OF HYMNS.

Magdeburg is memorable in the story of hymns, for it was at the cruel sacking of it by Tilly that the school children marched across the market place singing, and so enraged him that he had them all to be slain, and from that day, say the chroniclers, the fortune departed from him, nor did he smile again. Other hymns were more fortunate, for we read of a certain rough captain who would not bate a crown of the thirty thousand he levied off a captured town, till at last the archdeacon summoned the people together, saying, "Come, my children, we have no more either audience or grace with men, let us plead with God;" and when they had entered the church, and sung a hymn, the fine was remitted to a thousand. The same hymn played as merciful a part in another town, which was to be burned for contumacy. When mercy had been asked in vain, the clergyman marched out with twelve boys to the general's tent, and sang there before him, when, to their amazement, he fell upon the pastor's neck and embraced him. He had discovered in him an old student friend, and spared the place; and still the afternoon service at Pegau is commenced with the memorable hymn that saved it. Of another, it is said that a famous robber having been changed himself, sang it among his men, so that many of them were changed also. Rough hearts, indeed, seem often the most susceptible. A major in command of thirty dragoons entered a quiet vicarage, and demanded within three hours more than the vicar could give in a year. To cheer her father one of his daughters took her guitar, and sang to it one of Gerhardt's hymns. Presently the door softly opened; the officer stood at it, and motioned her to continue, and when the hymn was sung, thanked her for the lesson, ordered out the dragoons and rode off.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

DR. LYMAN BEECHER.

This venerable clergyman died at his residence in Brooklyn, L. I., on Saturday Jan 17th, at the advanced age of eighty seven years and three months. He was born at New Haven, Conn., on the 12th day of October, 1775. His father had followed the trade of a blacksmith, and during the early years of his life Lyman Beecher worked at his father's trade. He was, however, before he reached the age of manhood, sent to Yale College, where he gave evidence of his rising talents, in 1797. While in his twenty-second year, he graduated from that college, and studied theology under the direction of President Dwight. In 1798 he was ordained the pastor of the Presbyterian church at East Hampton, L. I. In 1810 he was called to the first church at Litchfield, Conn., and continued his pastorship until 1826. It was in this latter year that the great Unitarian controversy arose in which Dr. Channing took such an important and prominent part, and which controversy excited great attention all over the world. Dr. Beecher, having been chosen to fill the pulpit of the Hanover street church, Boston, threw himself into the dispute with great ardor. His deep learning, his oratorical powers, and his wonderful earnestness of manner, had great effect in stemming the torrent of dissent. In 1832 he was chosen President of the Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati. He remained at the seminary for seventeen years, part of which time he was assisted by his son-in-law—Dr. Stowe—and used all his efforts for the prosperity of the institution. In 1850 he returned to Boston, where he resided until he removed to Brooklyn.

Among other traits of his character, are his early identification with, and strong advocacy of the cause of temperance. He was also an author, and among his publications are the "Plea for the West," "Sermons on Various Occasions," "Views of Theology," "Skepticism," "Political Atheism," etc. His collected works have been published in three volumes, under his own supervision.

His remains were to be taken to New Haven, the reason of which was thus given by his son in his notice of his death on Sunday morning:

One of the most touching characteristics of his latter years was his affectionate remembrance of his early associates in the Christian warfare. His heart clung with peculiar tenderness to the memory of Taylor, Evarts, Cornelius, and Wisner. He loved them all, but especially Taylor. And in his last years, and in his dying hours, his heart turned not to Boston, the scene of his brightest triumphs; not to Brooklyn, where for so many years he has lived so near our beautiful Greenwood, from whence shall rise so many on the Last Day, when the trumpet shall sound which only they who are called shall hear; not even to Litchfield, where lies buried the wife of his youth, for whom he cherished all the tender affection which his loving nature could lavish upon an object; but his last request was, "Lay me by the side of brother Taylor." And there, in the old graveyard of New Haven, shall repose side by side the bodies of these two Christian soldiers and heroes, until the day when they shall rise glorified and incorruptible, to dwell forever before the face of God in heaven.

IMPERISHABLE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth,
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry;
The strivings after better hopes,
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed,
The plea for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart,
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss,
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel, but never tell!
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do,
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.
[illegible]

☞ Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.

EARLY LIGHTNING ROD.

A very singular fact on the subject of electricity is mentioned by Blanchini. There had existed from time immemorial in one of the bastions of the Castle of Duino, situated in the Friuli, on the banks of the Adriatic, a pointed iron rod, standing in a vertical position. In summer when the weather had the appearance of being stormy, the soldier who mounted guard in this bastion examined the iron rod, and presented to it the point of an iron halbert, which was always ready for this purpose, and whenever he perceived that the iron rod gave sparks, or displayed a small spark of fire at its point, he rang a bell, to give notice to the country people who were working in the fields, or to the fishermen who were at sea, that stormy weather was approaching. The custom was of great antiquity, and was mentioned by Imperati, in a letter dated 1602.

THE BAMBOO AND ITS USES.

This is one of the most useful plants in the world, especially to the Chinese. They rear it from shoots and suckers. There are about sixty varieties of it, but the yellow species is the most common. The tender shoots are cultivated for food, and are, when four or five inches high, boiled, pickled, and comfited. The roots are carved into fantastic images of men, birds, monkeys, or cut into lantern handles and canes, or turned into oval sticks for worshippers. They are used for all purposes that poles can be applied to, in carrying, supporting, propelling, and measuring, by the carpenter, and the boatman; for the joists of houses, and the ribs of sails, the shafts of spears, the tubes of aqueducts, and the handles and ribs of umbrellas and fans. The leaves are sewed upon cords to make rain cloaks, swept into heaps to form manure, and matted into thatches to cover houses. Cut into splits and slivers of various sizes, the wood is worked into baskets and trays of every form and fancy, twisted into cables, plaited into awnings, and woven into mats for scenery of the theatre, the roofs of boats, and the casing of goods. The shavings even are picked into oakum, and mixed with those of rattan, to be stuffed into mattresses. The bamboo furnishes the bed for sleeping and the couch for reclining, the chopsticks for eating, the pipe for smoking, and the flute for entertaining; a curtain to hang before the door, and a broom to sweep around it; together with screens, stools, stands, and sofas for various uses of convenience and luxury in the house. The mattress to lie upon, the chair to sit upon, the table to dine from, food to eat, and fuel to cook it with; the ferule to govern the scholar, and the book he studies, both originated here. The tapering barrels of the sang, or organ, and the dreaded instrument of the lictor, one to make harmony, and the other to strike dread; the skewer to pin the hair, and the hat to screen the head; the paper to write on, the pencil handle to write with, and the cup to hold the pencils; the rule to measure lengths, the cup to gauge quantities, and the bucket to draw water; the bellows to blow the fire, and the bottle to retain the match; the bird-cage and crab net, the fish-pole, the water wheel, and aqueduct; wheel barrow and hand-cart, &c., are one and all furnished or completed by this magnificent grass, whose graceful beauty, when growing, is comparable to its varied usefulness when cut down.—*Scientific American.*

OLD BUTTER.

"In 1814," says the *Journal de l' Aisne*, "a woman of Cassy, being surprised by the Cossacks, concealed a crock of fresh butter which she did not want them to have in a field near her house. After the departure of the foreign visitors, she endeavored to find the exact spot in which the butter was concealed, but did not succeed, and after a while the whole matter was forgotten. Last week some workmen digging the foundation of a house came upon the pot in question, and on opening what they expected to be a treasure discovered the butter as white and firm as when buried forty-eight years before. Since exposure to the air it has, however, acquired a rank taste.

ENEMIES OF BEES.

They are enumerated largely; various kinds of birds, poultry, mice, wax-moths, slugs, hornets, wasps, wood-lice, ants, spiders, and toads; vast numbers of lazy insects, birds and animals, are fond of honey, and, hating labor, will intrude upon the sweets of the hive, and, being not sufficient to withstand and cope with so formidable an adversary with so cool and skillful adroitness, their strength fails, and they become overpowered and succumb to these wanton, pillaging, filching, kidnapping depredators, who prey on their industrious labours, and their treasure becomes their booty, if men does not assist the bee.

AMERICAN WASPS.

We have various species; the mud-wasp is one of the greatest enemies the bee has; their superior strength is too great to be withstood by the bees. Their desire for plunder emboldens these rapacious invaders so much that they will with perfect impunity brave a whole colony of bees, and filch from them a stomachfull of honey. One wasp has been supposed to be a match for three bees.

An observer who has carefully studied their habits, says that their manner of working is to moisten clay and temper it into a little lump of the size of swan shot. This they carry to build with. They begin first at the upper end of the cell, and work downwards till it is long enough to contain the nymph or chrysalis. After they have spread out their little lump in a proper manner to form their fabric, they set up their musical notes, the sound of which may be heard at ten yards' distance, and return to temper and work up more clay for the next course. Thus they continue, alternately singing and working, until a cell is finished. When a cell is finished and smoothed inside, then at the farther end of each they lay an egg. Their mode of working is much alike, and it is very diverting and wonderful to see them at it—and after this, by a surprising instinct, they go and catch spiders and cram the cell full of them. Disabling the spiders, he thinks, but not killing them, for they are designed for the sustenance of the young infant wasp. Having stored up a sufficiency of this provender, the insect closes the cell and proceeds to build the next in the same manner. The maggot having eaten up all its provisions before October, prepares for its change. It lies all the winter in its chrysalis state and, in the spring, eats its way out of its clay dwelling. (These we speak of are queen bees.)

The destruction of queen wasps in the fall, winter and spring, as well as their nests in summer, will prove the best security against these formidable enemies of the bee. None but queen wasps appear in the spring. Every one which is then annihilated would probably have been the founder of a kindred colony, and every colony of wasps, at a moderate computation, may be calculated to produce thirty thousand in a season. These destroyers may often be watched to their homes and exterminated in the night by brimstone, gunpowder, or boiling water.

DRYING PUMPKINS.

We love pumpkin pies, especially when there is not an abundance of tree fruit. We have tried all modes of drying, but no plan is equal, we think, to this. Take the ripe pumpkin, pare, cut into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through a colander, as if for making pies. Spread this pulp on plates in layers not quite an inch thick, dry it down in the stove oven, kept at so low a temperature as not to scorch it. In about a day it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can be stowed away in a dry place, and they are always ready for use for pies or sauce. Soak the pieces over night in a little milk, and they will return to a nice pulp, as delicious as the fresh pumpkin—we think more so. The quick drying after cooking prevents any portion from slightly souring, as is always the case when the uncooked pieces are dried, the flavor is much better preserved, and the after cooking is saved. This plan is quite as little trouble as the old mode, to say nothing of the superiority in the quality of the material obtained. Try it, and you will not return to the old method, we ensure, and you will also become great lovers of pumpkin pie, "all the year round."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

MILKING ONCE A DAY.

Several months ago there was a considerable discussion, principally in Eastern agricultural papers, about the number of times a cow should be milked per day. The same subject recently came up before the Fitchburg, (Mass.) Farmer's Club. The proceedings were published in the Fitchburg *Sentinel*. Mr. W. G. Wyman gave his experience as follows:

"He selected a small heifer three years old, a grade Devon, whose first calf, dropped in September, was butchered in November, and milked her through December twice a day, obtaining between five and six quarts of milk daily. Through January and February she was milked only once a day; the quantity decreasing slowly at first, but constantly through all this time, until, at the end of February, he obtained a little less than two quarts per day. Through March she was milked twice a day, and during the first week the quantity of milk was increased to nearly three quarts; during the second week to two and a half quarts; during the third week to four quarts daily, and on the 31st she gave a little more than four and a half quarts. The feed and care was as nearly uniform throughout as possible, and the milking faithfully and regularly performed by himself.

"He intended to try the experiment with a larger and older cow, giving a larger quantity of milk, but the diminution of milking only once a day was so immediately apparent, that he chose not to risk the loss of milk and the injury to the cow, and contented himself with the one named—the result of which disappointed him in two respects. First, that the small quantity of milk obtained during the latter part of February was no richer, apparently, than a similar quantity from the larger flow; and second, the quantity having been diminished in the manner described, from over five to less than two quarts daily, that it should be increased again to more than four and a half quarts.

"Mr. W. stated as the result of his study and experience, that in his opinion, in order to obtain a reasonable quantity of pure wholesome milk, of best quality, in winter, cows should be regularly fed with the best fodder of the farm, embracing a variety, as of clover and finer hay, corn-fodder and oat straw, with a little roots if possible, a small quantity of meal once a day, and a few roots occasionally; and that the cow, not the milk one, should have access to pure cold water twice every day, should be constantly well bedded, and milked with the utmost regularity at least twice each day.

"A. F. Adams remarked that many good farmers in New York milked only once a day. He milked twice each day, and at a regular time. His cows were allowed to go out in the yard in the middle of the day, but most of the time during cold weather he kept them in the barn. It was important that they should have good pure water and be fed regularly.

"Abel Marshall said when he wanted to dry his cows he only milked them once a day."

SALT FOR ONIONS—ASHES FOR CUCUMBERS.—A correspondent writes: "I was recently told by one who had tried the experiment, that salt sprinkled between rows of onions, prevented the grub, and promoted the growth of the crop." The same writer speaks of ashes being used for manuring cucumbers. "A space is dug which will hold several quarts, and is filled nearly full with ashes over which soil is placed and the cucumbers planted. They thrive well."—*Boston Cultivator.*

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—An exchange states that the Census statistics disclose the fact that the dairy products of the United States amount to $320,000,000; that New York produces as much milk as the six New England States, with New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland added: and that New York and Pennsylvania produce as much as all the other Northern states.

TO CUT FERNS.—The most perfect and beautiful copies imaginable of ferns may be made by thoroughly saturating them in common porter, and then laying them flat between white sheets of paper, (without more pressure than the leaves of an ordinary book bear to each other,) and let them dry out.

TO PRESERVE THE COLOR OF LEAVES AND FLOWERS.—Lay the leaves in books, and when they are flattened, and before their colors are injured, brush them over with a mixture composed of ten drops of vitriol to a tablespoonful of water. If the mixture be too strong, it will almost immediately change the flowers red. The head of a small thistle when in seed has been found a good substitute for a brush, which the vitriol soon destroys.—*Exchange.*

TO CURE HAMS—LOSS OF WEIGHT.—A correspondent writes to the *American Agriculturist*: "I have never failed of having the most excellent hams by using the following recipe—the shoulders are equally good, only fatter. Rub the hams thoroughly around the hood with salt, using the best quality. To 4 pails of water add 1 quart molasses, 6 quarts salt, and 1 table-spoonful of saltpetre: they should remain in this pickle covered, five weeks. Cobs are preferable to any other article to smoke with; cash and whitewash, and you will have first quality hams the year round. In packing my pork last fall it occurred to me to ascertain the loss in weight in smoking hams. I cut out a ham which weighed 24½ lbs. After taking from the pickle, in which it had remained some five weeks, it weighed 24¼ lbs. To day, one month after smoking, it weighed 22½ lbs., having lost over 3 lbs. A barrel of sale pork weighing 200 lbs. that I packed freed from bone and most of the lean meat, on being re-weighed had gained 8 pounds."

Family Circle.

THE KING'S THREAD.

Some years since, an intelligent foreigner, a sailor, called on a clergyman in one of our seaport towns, to give him an account of his religious condition and to ask advice in reference to a religious profession. In the course of his recital, he remarked upon the darkness in which his mind had been for many weeks. He could see no purpose for which he existed, and no plan by which the moral world was governed. He set himself to inquire whether the world were really a confused and chaotic jumble of events, or a system of connected relations; whether, if there were a system of moral government in the world, he was an exception, or was cared for and an object of interest in this scheme. And finally, to use his words, he discovered the *King's Thread*. Being called upon to explain his meaning, he said that in his country every cable, consisting of a vast number of minute strands contained one thread of a peculiar color and material, and that however complicated the twistings of the cable, a careful examination would discover this thread. It was a symbol of the Sovereign's presence wherever a ship of his nation was found. So in his moral history he had been able to discover the evidences of God's supervision, a recognition of his presence and his plans. He had found the *King's Thread*.

This thread runs through all the government of God. The perplexity and darkness in which many persons pass much of their lives, is altogether unnecessary. If, instead of a selfish confining of ourselves and our thoughts to questions of our own present peace and welfare we were to feel after God, and endeavor to recognize his hand, and to see his purposes, we should then we should often have all mystery cleared up, and we should walk in the light and in the day. The *King's Thread* would be seen to run in perfect order through all the apparent tangle of life.

A GOOD HINT.—Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds.

From the Youth's Evangelist.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG SOLDIER IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Opposite Fredericksburg, Va.

DEAR CHILDREN.—With the beginning of the year 1863, a new and blessed era dawns upon the country, the world and humanity. The President of the United States has issued a Proclamation which gives freedom to the slaves in the States in rebellion against the government. The fatal canker, slavery, which has caused to flow rivers of tears and oceans of blood, is to have the sharp knife of military law applied to it. America, to advance in progress and secure the favor of the Almighty must do away with oppression. To become in reality what she is in name, *the land of the free*—she must eradicate this foul blot from her escutcheon. The rulers of the old world have given their aid for the overthrow of this barbarous sin in their principalities; Germany no longer possesses bondmen; France has no slaves; England, though she has done what she will yet be ashamed of, for the destruction of the Union has thrown the light of freedom over her possessions and extinguished slavery in her islands; the Dutch have proclaimed emancipation in their entire domain, and Russia is enfranchising her twenty millions of serfs. Loth as we are to say it, Columbia has long stood alone, of the great powers of the earth—the champion of bondage in the midst of universal light and liberty. But this blot is wiped out now.

Little readers did you ever think on this monstrous sin, in the land of Sabbath Schools, Bibles, and churches? of four millions of human beings held in tyrants' clutches in free, proud America which has boasted of her territory, her civil, religious, and free institutions? Poor negroes whose only crime is being black, are deprived of the glorious news that Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and died the death of the cross for mankind. It is a crime in many states south to teach the negro to read or write. They are bought and sold as cattle; bartered as brutes, treated worse than brutes, if the horse runs off he is caught and whipped; if the black man runs away and is caught he is tormented, perhaps hung; or as has been the case, burned. It is often the case, when human nature will no longer bear the pain of fetters on the naked limb, when the lash is heavily laid on the lacerated back the persecutor is struck to the earth. The ties which bind husband and wife are sundered, the father is sold from his family forever. The child is rudely torn from its mother's arms, in spite of entreaties and supplications, and exchanged for gold. This, in America in the 19th century when civilization is triumphant! The epoch of steam engines, steamboats, telegraphs and temples of worship to the living God! This takes place south. Why do we allow it? We as a nation are responsible to God and humanity for this crying sin. These slave overseers are the men we fight. Sumter's gun was the death knell to slavery; a people arose in their strength who, if they would have peace forever on the continent, and are true to themselves, God, and the world, will not cease in the strife, till the sin of slavery be washed from their hands, and our land be no longer polluted with its foul blot. God will not prosper us till we give freedom to all. We have it in our power to do so. We desire peace, but not with shame. No patched peace. The next generation must not fight the battle. We are the men. Now is the hour. Let us no boast of liberty while a slave is south. Those who would be free must strike the blow, the black man will not lie dormant whilst his tyrant crushes him to the earth; he will assert his freedom. This war is for freedom or slavery. The Union must and will be saved. Let us strike while the iron is hot. If we fail let us creep into the caves and holes of the earth and hide from mortal sight; fold our silken banner of beauty and glory, and place it where the spider will mar its grandeur, and the moth eat its loveliness, and as time sinks all into oblivion, the American fable will be written. The Lord has made all nations of one blood. He is with us if we are a people seeking righteousness. We ask your help. Will you pray to God to break the chains of the slave? Will you ask His blessing on the nation. Do.

Yours truly SOLDIER.

A SABBATH SCHOOL.

MR. EDITOR:—*Sir:*—Allow me to present to your readers a Sabbath School picture. It is rudely drawn, but may nevertheless be profitable. Your space will only admit of a few of the more prominent objects.

Observe that teacher on the right, how sad she looks: she has just returned the catechism to that little girl for the third time, remarking that the lesson should *always* be learned at home; that the Sabbath morning is not the time, nor the Sabbath School the place to prepare it.

How grieved that teacher is on the left. No effort has been made by a portion of his class to memorize the Psalm, and two of the members have tried to deceive him by repeating an old lesson. A meanness of which no Sabbath School scholar should ever be guilty.

Let us pass on to another evidently in a state of great perplexity, and no wonder. This is one of the classes just learning to read. This morning, as you see, one-half are without books; one has lost his, another gave his catechism to his mother, who put it away in the cup-board, and it could not be found; a third has forgotten his, and so has no lessons to repeat. Those whose duty it was to sow the good seed, slept a whole week, as is evident from their behavior; the evil one—he is always awake—took special pains to sow tares.

We now turn to the more attractive objects. Look at that teacher surrounded with little ones, just so high you have to stoop to listen to them: a few only can read. Her countenance betokens perfect delight. How could she help it? all have their books with them—their lessons thoroughly prepared, and are behaving with so propriety.

How pleased that one on the next bench seems. The lessons have here well committed and intelligently repeated. What pleasure he takes in presenting them with merit cards. He is manifestly encouraged, and has resolved to prepare himself more thoroughly to explain and enforce the lesson.

The most interesting object, however, is the class just beyond. You can almost discern the heaving bosom and falling tear, so tenderly does the teacher look at the precious immortals committed to her care. She is speaking of the amazing love of Christ to perishing sinners, to them, and a deep impression has been made on more than one tender heart. This teacher is evidently intensely moved. If the mother's affectionate concern for her new-born child is deep and abiding,—if the gardener, when he transplants a favorite young fruit tree, waters and watches until it takes root, rests on the promised sunshine and showers, to bring forth the blossom and the fruit, what a holy interest should the Sabbath School teacher take in the new born soul? Confidently wait and watch for the Spirit's fruits.

Parents, which do you prefer—the back or foreground—the light or the darkness? Much—very much depends on your faithful home-training. *Be sure* your children are always prepared for the Sabbath School. Carefully lay your plans to this end, and let nothing prevent you from carrying them out. The teacher's time is limited. They are only aids, nevertheless helps; that have been owned of God, and for which you should feel grateful. At the same time we warn you, as you value the souls of your offspring, if with them you would enjoy pleasure at God's right hand for evermore do not so beg of you, do not compress into one hour on Sabbath morning the teachings of a life time—what should be the everyday preparation for eternity.

SUPERINTENDENT.

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The skeptical and licentious Shaftesbury once visited Fenelon, in France, and on his return said to an infidel friend that he was obliged to tear himself away sooner than he designed, or the charm of Fenelon's Christian character would have made him a Christian.

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THE SPIRITUAL ARITHMETIC,
OR
Lessons out of School.
By JOSEPH T. COOPER,
Pastor of the Third United Presb. Church, Phila.
This is decidedly one of the best Sabbath-school books we have ever read. It is worth cart loads of such trashy volumes as often find their way into nearly all our libraries. Dr. Cooper possesses the rare and rich gift of discussing momentous themes in a way that is at once attractive and solid, interesting alike to young and old, suitable for children without being childish. In this particular, this work reminds us of some of the late Dr. Alexander's writings. The book deserves, and we have no doubt will receive, a large circulation. It is sold at $4 per dozen, or forty cents per single copy.—*United Presbyterian.*
We are much pleased with this arithmetic. It is free from childishness, and yet the important truths which it inculcates, are happily brought down to the capacity of those for whom it is intended. At the same time it will edify and interest those who are beyond children's years.—*Presbyterian Witness.*
The work is written in an easy, clear, and familiar style, well calculated to produce an impression on the youthful mind.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*
Although not a story book, the instructions of this little volume are exceedingly well adapted to youthful minds. The best kind of lessons are taught in conversations, which are simple, solid, and quite attractive.—*The Presbyterian.*
Dr. Cooper has succeeded well in the use of that free, familiar, simple style, which is adapted to the youthful mind. The work may be read with profit by an intelligent child of six years, and not without profit by the man of three score years. A friend at our elbow who has given it a careful perusal, says, that, for imparting knowledge on the more important doctrines of the gospel, it is worth a cart-load of many works which are prepared for the same general purpose. It contains many simple illustrations of important revealed truths, which ministers of the gospel would do well to mark for the purpose of copying after them.—*United Presbyterian of the West.*
We heartily thank Dr. Cooper for his excellent book, and believe that it is one of the signs of the times that indicate a radical change for the better [in relation to the religious training of young persons.] We feel much more disposed to commend the virtues of the book than to criticise any of its defects, by which we allude simply to doctrinal forms of expression on some points in which the Associate Presbyterian Church differs from our own.—*American Presbyterian.*
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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder

TWILIGHT MUSINGS

BY JOHN WILLIS MENARD.

Twilight shades are 'round me falling,
Like bright memories of yore·
And the bright and golden sunbeams
Gem the western clouds no more.

Luna, from her orb so lofty,
On the earth begins to peep;
While the doleful voice of nightingale
Calls the bum of light to sleep.

I am thinking, pondering, musing—
While the twilight fades away;
Of some brighter, sweeter hours
When this heart of mine was gay—

Of some angel forms and faces,—
Of the joyous long ago,
Who are now with angels winging—
Where immortal pleasures flow.

Evening songsters' notes are falling,
Like the dew-drops from above;
And on twilight's shades I'm wafted
To that purer world of love.

Washington, D C., Jan. 28, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY READING B. JOHNS.

"I call to remembrance my song in the night" Ps. lxxvii. 6.

How sweet to reflect, when our labors are o'er,
And we to our couches have gone for our rest,
On the blessings of grace which the Saviour doth pour,
O'er people of earth, who His name have confessed.

These favors so numerous, despite contradiction,
Come from the kind Giver whose bounties are free:
To call forth whose number without any fiction,
I own is a task quite too trying for me.

Christ formed us of dust, and prepared us for living
In peaceful enjoyment of all that be made,
And added to this, He is every day giving,
New blessings too ponderous by us to be weighed.

For instance, the food which is heaped on our tables,
Of which we receive our supply with a zest;
All comes from His bounty, and as it enables,
To go forth and labor and then to seek rest.

The garments He gives us with which we are covered;
By which we are warmed, though the weather be cold,
Are manifestation that round us He's hovered;
That He's the provider in Scripture we're told.

Of the air which we breathe, He is the preparer,
In copious effusions it on us does fall;
Of this precious gift, every creature's a sharer,
And each is indebted to God for it all.

The clouds in the sky which are ever in motion,
Though not at all times, by us all, to be seen,
Are formed of the fumes which arise from the ocean.
And are, from the rays of the sun, a good screen.

They're temporal favors to which we've alluded.
Which prove quite sufficiently, God to be kind;
But if of the spiritual we be denuded,
We come short of that which brings peace to the mind.

The truth, if we'd learn it, is, that we are sinful,
And, from our vile natures, deserve naught but hell;
But from sin's effects, of which all are most baneful,
We're rescued by Jesus, "who doeth all things well."

In the confidence, then, that Christ is our Saviour,
We wrap up our bodies quite snugly in bed;
And, then, ere we sleep, we review our behaviour,
And ponder the words which our Jesus has said.

Ashmun Institute, Jan. 26th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

AN EDUCATED MINISTRY. NO. II.

BY REV. GEORGE T. WATKINS.

The creative fiat, "Let there be light," has not lost its force and significance. It will continue to echo through this sin-cursed world as long as darkness strives to fling its sable mantle over all that is bright and beautiful. There is, between light and darkness, a mutual repellency which must and will develop itself. Sometimes these grand antagonisms, in the necessary development of their belligerent propensities, accomplish great moral results, through strictly moral and peaceful instrumentalities. At other times, their respective votaries leap into the field of battle, and contending armies, with the destructive insignia of war, paint the earth around them with human gore, and rend the air with groans and screams, and shouts of victory. These great revolutions must produce great social as well as political changes. The complicated machinery of human society is more or less affected by them Humanity everywhere feels the impress of their mighty grasp.

In my communication last week, I promised to allude to the great social change which the present revolution is effecting, and will continue to effect; secondly, to the influence which the A M E Church is destined to exert in the future; and thirdly, to the modus operandi through which this influence is to be exerted, viz.: intelligent and educated spiritual teachers

The present rebellion has sealed the fate of slavery in this republic. Its destruction is certain and irremediable. The social change which its abolition must inaugurate can be better imagined than described. Slavery lies so thoroughly imbedded in the social life, that any attempt to remove it, must seriously affect the whole anatomy of human society. The effect is already visible The throes of a great race, the reactions of millions of men, are enough to raise a fever in any body politic. The emancipation of four millions of the human race from galling servitude, is an event which will drag from the abyss of ignorance and degradation, and distribute through the varied ramifications of society, those who are to be instructed and enlightened, that they may assume the responsibilities of men and women, and thus become good and valuable citizens This is already being done with the freed slaves in those localities where they can be reached by the strong arm of the Government. It makes the heart of a true man leap within him for joy to contemplate the great change which the present Revolution has effected. Where once it was a penal offence to teach a colored child to read the Bible, colored schools and churches now spring up in rich profusion. Where once the slave braved death in its most terrible forms, in order to escape from his master, we now behold the master running away from the slave And last, but not least, where once such men as Major Gen Butler sang hosannas unto slavery, we now hear them make the welkin ring with their thundering invectives against the "sum of all villanies" The spirit of human freedom begins to permeate every department of society "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name be all the glory." "Hallelujah! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

In consequence of the great social change which is, and which is to be, to a still greater extent, one of the results of the present rebellion, it will be readily seen that a work of incomparable magnitude and grandeur is before us. As has already been intimated, ignorance and superstition are to be grappled with. Schools and Christian missions are to be established.

Slavery is a poor school in which to educate a man for the duties and responsibilities of manhood. But now that the slave, by the irrevocable decree of Almighty God, through his servant, the President of the United States, is to walk forth redeemed and disenthralled, he must receive that education which is essential to a proper development of his compound nature This reflection leads me, in the second place, to notice very briefly the influence which the A M E. Church is destined to exert in this direction. And here I take leave to premise, that colored men and women are better adapted than whites to the arduous task which has been alluded to We know how to sympathize with each other, for some of us have borne the heavy burdens of slavery. All of us have felt its withering influence We can, and do feel for each other as the white man cannot. I speak of the Anglo Saxon race as a race, for I am aware that noble exceptions can be found, But, colored teachers have the necessary qualifications for the colored race, as much so, at least, as white teachers for the whites. If this be so, then, what an important and sublime work devolves upon the large and flourishing religious body known as the A. M E Church. As a church, we have been singularly favored by Heaven Our fathers commenced the experiment of demonstrating upon a religious platform, the capacity of the colored race for self-government. Many thought the experiment would prove a sublime failure. Some of the most prominent colored men of that day were violently opposed to the establishment of a religious organization to be controlled by colored men. White men regarded it, some with contempt, and some with jealousy and envy But the corner stone of the edifice was laid by those who are strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, and the capstone will yet be laid with shouts of grace unto Him who has been with us and who will go with us to the end.

In nearly every part of the country are our churches established. We number our membership by thousands and tens of thousands. Our influence as a religious power is no longer doubted This influence is henceforth to be more widely extended than ever. Upon our wide-spread connexion devolve tremendous responsibilities. We are to be the special instruments in the hand of God, for the mental and spiritual enlightenment of millions God grant that we may properly appreciate the position we occupy. May we act well the part assigned us by Heaven, so that when called upon to render an account of our stewardship, we may do it with joy and not with grief!

This leads me to notice lastly, The agencies through which the influence adverted to is to be exerted

I remark that they are to be intelligent and educated religious teachers

"When the blind lead the blind, both fall into the ditch." This truthful saying is in the mouth of every one Ignorance is no remedy for mental or moral blindness. The man, therefore, who attempts to enlighten his fellows, must himself be enlightened John, the Evangelist, informs us, that "Light is come into the world" It is not to be expected that we are to see this light through the darkness The ambassador of Christ is presumed to be able to show us the light, that we may walk therein. But how often, (to use the expressive language of the prophet Isaiah,) "We wait for light, but behold obscurity, for brightness, but we walk in darkness!" An intelligent and educated ministry is a spiritual necessity This is especially true in its application to us as a people, when we take into consideration the peculiar circumstances which now surround us: millions of our race need enlightenment It is an insult to God, to send forth a "blind guide" to teach them It is offering a premium upon ignorance

We have in our connexion many "bright and shining lights," of whom we may well be proud. I point to our much esteemed Bishop Payne, to a Wayman, a Brown, and others, as living demonstrations of what can be accomplished by industry and perseverance, in the word, by giving attendance to reading and study

Every man who ascends the sacred desk to promulgate the gospel, ought to be able to read it correctly He should be able to compare scripture with scripture. To beat the pages of the Bible in the pulpit with the fist is one thing, to read and explain their contents for the instruction of the people is another We want no more of these pugilistic *ex pounders* They *pound* the *truth*, if they do not *ex pound* it. We have too many already. Give us such a ministry as the necessities of the people demand Let it be understood that the people will no longer tolerate the manufacture of counterfeit preachers, and no new ones will be thrust upon them. Let the standard be so elevated that none but men of intelligence and moral worth can reach it. The influence that can be exerted by such spiritual teachers is incalculable The A M E. Church, by reason of its adaptedness to the great and glorious work I have alluded to, is expected to do her duty. Brethren, awake! Both ministry and membership have a work to perform Summon into requisition all your energies for the accomplishment of your glorious mission God calls us by the infallible realities which now surround us. Come to the rescue, come to the rescue

In my next, I propose to explain what I mean by an educated ministry For be it understood that I do not think it necessary that a man should be a Bacon or a Wayland, in order to preach the gospel in its purity

P. S —I find the following errors in my former article. For "developments," in the tenth line, read "requirements," and for "an intelligent minister," read "ministry."

Baltimore, Md.

For the Christian Recorder.

HARMONY—RELIGIOUS OR PRACTICAL

Composed and read by Mrs E. J. Hunster, at the Teachers' Association, met in Cincinnati, Dec. 25th, 1862.

We are all of us at some time singers, and however dull our ear, or poor our voice, we cannot help singing forth in some way, the feeling that is in us Perhaps one of the best proofs that the instinct of song lies in our very nature, is in the fact, that many who have no music for others, have enough of it for themselves, and the sweet notes within the heart itself disguises to them the discord of their lips. Most of the chief incidents of our life journey are passed with a song. We go through our infancy to the sound of nursery rhymes, and as we enter the grave, faith sings her requiem over our dust. The workman cheers his task with some stirring strain; and the marriage feast is not complete until some song or hymn consecrates the union, by the harmony of voices I would carry out the remarks upon childhood by illustrating the Christian element in song, not as a passing sound, but as a permanent force. In other words, I would speak of true life as a continuous song, alike in its spirit, form, and object "O sing unto the Lord a new song," said the Psalmist. (Ps xcv 1.) We repeat the words, and trace them up to the true spirit of the divine kingdom. The lyric sentiment that breathes itself out in music, is but one of the forms of that universal fact of inspiration that pervades all nature, and culminates in the human soul. We are not speaking now of that supernatural inspiration peculiar to the great prophets of the human race, but of the gifts within the usual order of providence. Every creature in the measure of its faculties was made to be moved by a spirit greater than itself. The insect of a day flutters out its brief span in a glow of animal spirits passing its own power; bird and beast, in their larger care and forethought, obey an instinct higher than their knowledge; and man, made in his Maker's image, is called to keep his soul ever open to the heavenly breath that created him. Man, in all ages, and under all manners, customs, and creeds, is the most inspired of beings, and feels most deeply the movings of a force within, but not of him. This force makes him rejoice in lyrical sounds and actions, in songs and hymns, warlike marches, and every form of musical eloquence. The old dispensation is full of it, and the stern law-giver himself, more than once poured forth his devotion in a solemn song, and strung first the mighty harp which the Psalmist so perfected. What shall we do with this element under the Christian dispensation? shut it up as some try to do, within its ancient channels, and allow it to move only in the words of the old Hebrew Psalms? or shall we put it under ban altogether, as others try to do, and aim to reduce men to a calculating machine, or a logic mill, without enthusiasm, poetry, or song. Not so, but we will do with the lyrical element in our nature, with the fact most open to inspiration, just what the Psalmist indicates, and God himself decrees. Cherish it most sacredly, and make it animate the whole domain of life, instead of inditing a few hymns, or framing choral dances. The new song was to show forth salvation from day to day, and thus be a daily spirit instead of an evanescent word. In the gospel, the same idea is constantly recognised. Jesus came to incarnate the Word that breathed into nature all its harmonies, and the New Testament begins with the song of the angels at the birth of Christ, and ends with the new song of the redeemed around the eternal throne, and calls us all now to live lives in harmony with that heavenly strain It opens to us at once the height of the divine kingdom, and bids us open the deeps of our own being to its promised Spirit. It concerned itself less with nicely chosen words, and balanced verse, because it worked in a mightier material, and subdued men themselves into its mouthpieces and instruments, until life itself began to move to the hymn of heavenly love It is an essential fact of Christianity that it calls upon men to receive the divine Spirit, as breathed from the Father through the life of the Messiah. We cannot expect to change our temperament or our circumstances so as to conform our lives to the right spirit, and bear a true purpose to the end We cannot say to what heights or depths of experience we shall be called by the allotments of Providence, but we may in good measure say how we shall receive what comes to us, may never be giddy when on the high places of joy, and never despair when down in the depths of sorrow. The new song which the divine Comforter inspires, keeps the same essential spirit throughout all these variations From the same inspiration comes the dulcet, keeping humility in gladness, and trust in affliction "O come, let us sing unto the Lord a new song, let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation" What times we shall fall upon, it is not for us to decide; but it depends upon us in a great measure how we shall tune our plans and steps to events as they come Without such a tuning, feeble, broken, and vacillating is the Psalm of life—for indeed from the new song that declares salvation from day to day Too hurried sometimes in our fever of impatience, too sluggish sometimes in our easy indolence, we go from one extreme to another, and exhausted by haste, we sink into imbecile torpor Wiser and happier is he who keeps a healthy pulse throughout all vicissitudes, and has a time for everything, and everything in its time Then a true method regulates the countless cares and labors of our lot Thus a round of habits, orderly, but not slavish, free, yet not capricious, wins life into its cycles, and hours, days, months, years, move on, recurrent, yet progressive, like the verses of a hymn which keep that appointed measure, yet swell as they continue, and concentrate force as they advance

Happy the man whose life, thus timed and toned, chants from day to day the new song of faith and love. He draws ever nearer the true object of life, and harmonizes all his powers and opportunities into conformity with his master purpose. This is of all, the hardest and noblest task, to subdue into practical harmony the various and conflicting elements of our condition.

Most thoughtful men have the idea, and all earnest men have the aspiration, but only the thoroughly devoted make the realization of a true spiritual order in the whole method of life. In youth, certainly we often dream of maintaining a noble ideal above jarring passions and base expedients But the world is apt to be too strong for our aspiration, and find in our hearts too ready allies for its devices. Then we give in to the prevailing follies, renew our ideal only in romance or reverie, and allow life to be as vulgar and prosaic as our visions are proved to be impracticable. But no man can substantiate any claim to the true culture, much less to Christian fidelity who is willing thus to give up his fairest hope and blind himself to his bright star, because so many bewildering meteors flash along his path. The true man walks still by its brightness until the illusions disappear;—he keeps up the just tone of his spirit, and subdues all discords into peace. In the discord in himself or his circumstance, he does not despair of abating it. What man who has ever aspired to wisdom or self-command, has not found himself challenged by some rebel within the camp, who says, "I defy you, O imperious conscience, or master will, and if all others agree, I will not?" What man who has ever won wisdom and self-command, has not met the challenge bravely, and made of the very rebel, a submissive servant? Yes, made anger the spur of justice, pride the ally of self-respect, and even indolence the helper of just tranquillity. Let each man have a keen eye on the rebel passion or habit in himself, that makes the rudest jar against the harmony of life, and not be content until the rebel is trained into the general order, and swell the general strain. They that triumph in a degree in such self-discipline, may complain of the sad discord between their mind and circumstances, and live in a continued warfare of the desire against the deed, the wish against the opportunity. Here is the grief of the noblest souls, an ideal which no reality equals, and which common life insults Each heart shares the bitterness in its own way and complains of stinted fortune or an uncongenial society, or ill requited kindness or limited education—complains of some special disappointment that leaves a dark mark upon the memory, or of some abiding grief that clouds and mars the whole course of years

Let every man look well to the chief point of incongruity between his lot and his wishes, and try to bring it into harmony with his Master's purposes; he will find himself surprised at the triumph in store for him if he perseveres. Let him try to subdue the refractory circumstance to his own mind, and the effort cannot be utterly vain—let him, in respect to whatever incongruity is inevitable between his wish and his lot, try to subdue his mind to his circumstances, and a deeper peace, a diviner harmony may spring from the victory. The poor people whom he befriends may school him into better feelings than any fellowship of his wits;—the drudging labor that he performs cheerfully may develop nobler energies than any dainty leisure; the sacrifices that he bears patiently may nurture within him purer affections than the rarest ministry of the beautiful arts;—a brave purpose amidst the difficulties of his position, may do more to consolidate his character than a library of ethical abstractions;—fidelity, constant and judicious, in the trials of his business or the griefs of his family, may reveal more moral beauty than Italy can unfold, and tell him more of the divine kingdom than any oratory can convey. Not at once, but at last a true heart will subdue all things to itself, bring all jarring elements into the general harmony, and make every faculty and every circumstance join its voice in chanting the new song to the Lord.

Thus we meditate upon the new song, or a life inspired by God's love expressing itself in melodious form, and harmonizing all powers and opportunities into conformity with its aim. Is this too much to ask of us in this perplexed, working-day world, where we are beset with so many cares and temptations, that threaten our temper, break our time, and divide our thoughts? No one, surely, will be willing to state the opposite and say that there is nothing lyrical in life, and the new song is for angels and not at all for this world. The most practical men best exemplify our meaning, for they start with the most cheerful purpose, and bring all their faculties and chances into harmony with their aim. By all work that is earnest, and all prayer that is fervent, the end is sought, and every genuine life passes into deeper concord as it advances. When you work, O man, sing the new song of heavenly love, and make your work lighter, and yourself stronger for the strain. Take labor as the allotment of divine mercy, and use its discipline in such a way as to work out your powers into just play, and your opportunities into just order. It is God's method of discipline, and every man is a crude, discordant creature, until he sets himself to a worthy task, and works himself into true shape and temper. Toil on cheerfully, and the cares that once threatened to make you slave, shall make you master, and they shall sing to you of your triumphs instead of groaning to you of their exactions. Your work shall open to you God's purpose in your being, and help you in your prayers.

Life has its crowning joy when most pervaded by the sense of God's presence and grace—when daily experience chimes best with hymns and prayer. We sing the new song most blessedly when we yield up our wills to the divine will, and the infinite mind guides us, and the eternal Word moves us.

O, how poor all our definitions are, when compared with the least personal experience of the divine life within. What is the rythm joy of all nature, but the varied expression of the Creator's spirit—the uncreated word that is ever speaking from God and of God. There is rythm or song throughout the universe—in the recurrent order of the seasons—the cycles of the stars—the beat of the pulse—the step of the feet—the surging of the seas—the undulations of light and sound, as well as in the music of measured verse and song

Man can do nothing without touching upon this law of creation, and the recurrent roll or dash of the most utilitarian machinery, the march of the most prosaic procession, combines with epic and Psalm to illustrate the recurrent and progressive order which God has sanctioned throughout his universe. If the lowest creatures so feel the impress of this harmony, what must that mind be from whom it comes, and of whose infinite peace and blessed order, our holiest experience, our most rapturous joy, gives but a faint reflection. If God's words spoken in his works, spoken in the scriptures of revelation, and in a measure in every writing of true wisdom and eloquence, have such inspiration, beauty, harmony—what must the word itself be, the original of all that is loveliest in sound, or feeling, or thought! Let the hymns that are taught to happy childhood be imbued with the strain; and let youth, manhood, age swell its volume by their greater compass, whilst they must deepen its tone by their deeper and sometimes darker experience. Glory to God in the highest, that the Word has been so clothed in humanity and dwelt among us. Behold and reflect its glory, and with heart and life sing the new song. In conclusion, I would now speak more pointedly to the teachers of this Association.

O, ye who instruct, forget not that your influence tells for weal or for wo throughout the never-ceasing cycles of eternity. Let us endeavor to do our every duty by those intrusted to our care. Let us teach them the necessity of improving every talent that our Heavenly Father has given them; so that when the time of our dissolution draweth nigh, we can fold our arms in peace and say to those around, *It is all well*, and for them to go on and praise the Lord, quoting the 150th Psalm, "O, praise God in his holiness, praise him in the firmament of his power; praise him in his noble acts, praise him according to his excellent greatness; praise him in the sound of the trumpet, praise him upon the lute and the harp; praise him in the cymbals and dances, praise him on strings and pipes: Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord."

For the Christian Recorder

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:—Quietness has gained the day in our city The newspapers are trying ever and anon to excite the minds of the people, by heading their telegrams with large letters, and falsely coloring the matter therein contained, but it is no use, they cannot succeed in raising an excitement.

The army of the Potomac is still resting in the mud, or snuffing up the ashes of Virginia pine-knots, and are likely there to sit as long as the weather continues so inclement.

Vicksburg is still the rebel stronghold, and from all appearance will remain so, unless a new order of things occur. Gen. Banks is still knocking around New Orleans, and from his own indiscretion and hasty decisions in many points, would 'a as glad to leave there as creditably as he went, &c., &c

The bill for the enlistment of colored soldiers has passed the house by a large majority; some exceptions are being made at the idea of the colored officers not being privileged to command white soldiers. But I think that is one of the best features in it. I only wish it had been so provided, that no intermingling would have been allowed at all., I still hope that it will be so arranged, that no brigade, corps, or command will be permitted to intermix, unless in a case of special necessity, for unless this is done, there will be a hot time among themselves, for some prejudicial sap-headed soldier will be apt to endeavour to throw some contumelious epithets at the nigger as the Irishman says, and then the nigger will int thunder slip at him. Even if this did not occur, whatever honor we might be entitled to, would be conferred upon some one else, and the negro set down as a coward No, sir! If we do go in the field, let us have our own soldiers, captains, colonels, and generals, and then an entire separation from soldiers of every other color, and then bid us strike for our liberty, and if we deserve any merit it will stand out beyond contradiction, and if we deserve none, why, then brand us with the stigmatic infamy of cowardly dupes as long as there is a skull upon our shoulders. The more I look at the order of Providence in this war, the more admirably does God in mercy appear in all the events of human affairs. How adverse to the conception of man, he helmed the destinies of this nation If many, yea, if millions could have had their choice, the Bull Run battle never would have been a defeat. General McClellan never would have left the suburbs of Richmond when he was within hail-ring of that traitor-concocting rendezvous, where the forces met in council to defy the armies of the living God, after failing nine times, the space which measures day and night; neither would Gen. Fremont have been removed, nor Hunter recalled; Gen Butler, instead of sitting at New Orleans with an army much less than a Major General is entitled to, for so many months, would have been plenteously supplied with men, and ordered to take Mobile and sway the nation's sceptre wherever he could track a traitor's bloody heel, and so would the hasty rapids of many have borne things along their current; but God in mysterious kindness has held the raging elements with a calmer hand, and with an occasional whisper to the heels over head party, *steady, steady, more slow and sure* Of him it may truly be said, *omnium, elegantissime, loquitur.* And like the Psalmist, we shall be able to exclaim, "Thou art my Father, my God, and the rock of my salvation"

The third quarterly meeting was held in the Israel Church on last Sabbath; the day being very inclement the audience was small, but the Rev J M Brown, who was present on the occasion, preached two very able discourses I wish I had preserved a synopsis of his morning discourse, as it was too valuable to go unnoticed However, God sealed it to many hearts, my own among the rest. Rev. B T Tanner, who preached a very solid and doctrinal sermon in the afternoon, was taken with a bleeding at the mouth shortly after leaving the church, which could not be stopped until the following Thursday For several days he could not utter a word, and the only way he could communicate was either by motions or writing Most of us thought, and even the doctor had despaired of his recovery, but he is now in a hopeful condition, being able to utter some words

I believe Mr T. K Green, who is one of the most distinguished members of the Union Bethel Church, has gone on an errand of mercy through the North to solicit aid in behalf of the contrabands *God grant him success.* I wrot the other day to their quarters, and the sights which presented themselves before me, would, if it had been possible, made my skin crawl off my body If a skinned ox feels as bad as I did, there is no fun in being skinned I assure you But you ask, How is this? have not the people white and colored been supplying their wants? Yes, they have, but new contrabands are continually coming in, and old ones leaving; the old ones carry what they have, and the new ones bring nothing, so there is an endless want. Do you see the point?

Charles O. Moore, the newly appointed agent for the Recorder, is laboring for its further dissemination with all his manfulness; Mr. Moore is a class leader in the Israel Church, and peculiarly adapted to the extension of religious literature: possessing a wide-spread acquaintanceship among our people, as well as an indefatigableness in the work he is engaged in, makes him one of our best selections. He however regrets the unfortunate unappreciation which our people have for their own literature, which only enables him to sell one hundred copies of the Recorder per week, in a city where five hundred ought to be taken with the greatest eagerness.

He also labors equally as invincibly for the *Repository*, and *Ang's African* Excuse the imperfections of this communication, for I have not time to look over it H M T

Washington, February 7th 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr Editor:—The history of one of the greatest revolutions that has ever been accomplished in human affairs, is yet to be written The greatest results ever according to a disfranchised race are now about to be accomplished. Every wind that blows from the South, every breeze from the North, is freighted with omens of good to humanity, although many of those who have them, designed them otherwise The rude hand of war, grim, ghastly, and relentless, has had many glorious results Men who have been careless of the rights of humanity, of liberty to all men, have been stirred to look into these great questions of the day, to see and understand what bearing they have on their own destiny The nation at last begins to realize that its salvation is not in its own hands; but that there are others whose interest is involved in its continuance, as a nation, are rights belonging to the black, no less than to the white race, interests involving the perpetuity of a nationality,—a strong, powerful, peaceful, happy and prosperous republic. They are learning that liberty is the birthright of all the sons of Adam, not assignable to complexional differences, but based on the principles of eternal justice, on which basis rests the Throne of God.

The great aggregate of history is not formed by our nation alone. God in the whirl of the great wheel of time, has chosen to call from the most secluded spots of earth, instruments for the development of his Divine purposes. In the ages of the past he lived with the nations of western Europe in their mountainous fastnesses, till proud Rome had defied all principles of justice and had enslaved all mankind by her oppressions, and made the nations drunk with her wickedness, in that she traded in slaves, in men, women and children, and sat as queen of the earth Then God "hissed for his chosen ones," and like a mighty whirlwind, the rude nations of the North rushed upon her and destroyed her greatness, inflicting proper chastisement for the wrongs inflicted upon others Who can tell but in the economy of God the long years of suffering endured by the African race shall not eventuate in the salvation, as well as the punishment of Anglo-Americans! All this commotion in the land means something There are none of God's purposes meaningless. To every thing there is a time The flash of lightning from Washington, brings daily views of the contests going on in the Legislative halls of Congress, relative to the recognition of the rights and manhood of colored men in this country. It is exceedingly hard for those men to do justice to their fellow man, although their own destiny hangs in the scale, yet they will learn ere long, that the white race cannot live independent of the black, in this country God intended this continent to be the great field of training for the development of human mind, the display of genius, and solving the great problem of a universal brotherhood,—the unity of the race of mankind, and the eternal principles of intellectual, moral and spiritual development. Whatever the barriers interposed in the bill to arm and equip black soldiers, by the Wickliffs and their co-laborers, we rest assured that the ultimate results will be the downfall of the system of slavery, in this country, and the enfranchisement of the black race We can afford to wait patiently, for a while; in fact, we hail these demonstrations against us as prognostic of the swift flight of happier days to us, days full of joy and hope to our bleeding, suffering race. While there is no lack of patriotism in the black man, I believe that the encumbrances tacked on by the opponents of the bill will tend to retard the progress of enlistments in all the Northern States. Men in the North will not leave their homes and families, their avocations, at wages of $25 and $30 per month, to be sent to South Carolina, or Georgia, to fight rebel white men, with the prospect of a dog's death by the minions of Jeff Davis, should they be captured, all for $10 per month, without bounty at that; no, no we do not see any beauty or enough glory for such fool hardy madness What we want is the recognition by Government of our manhood, as soldiers, the same wages, the same protection, as others If we are captured in battle, and are hung by Jeff Davis, let the Government *demand a white rebel's head for every loyal colored man, hung by him, and let this decree be executed.* And let it be understood at the beginning, that such will be the treatment which this government will administer, and we will be satisfied on that point. If the Government want black men to fight as well as white why not pay them as good wages? Do they wish them to fight less than white men? or do they suppose that a rebel killed by a black hand will not be as dead, and incapable of doing mischief as one killed by an Irishman, or German volunteer, at $13 per month, and a bounty of $150 Surely one man's life is as dear to him as another. These are questions which are agitating the minds of colored men in this section of the country, and they will be settled before they rush to the battle-field. Upon the whole I think we are beginning to think more closely on matters of national interest. We have had our ardor so cooled by the rebuffs of Governors of the different States, when we were in haste to run to war, that we have, on the second sober thought, felt that they did us a kindness rather than an evil. We were coolly told in N. Y. City by the police, who broke up an assembly of young men, who were drilling, that when they were wanted they would be called upon. So we wait, and will wait till they raise the soldier's wages, and secure us from Jeff's. halters, or from his merciless whips and tortures.

JUNIUS.

For the Christian Recorder.

RELIGION THE ONLY BASIS OF SOCIETY.

Georgetown, D C.

Religion is a social concern, for it operates powerfully in society; contributing in various ways to its stability and prosperity. Religion is not merely a private affair, for the community is as deeply interested in its diffusion, and it is the best support of the virtues and principles on which the social order rests. Pure and undefiled religion is to do good, and it denotes very plainly, that if God be the author and friend of society, then the recognition of him must enforce all social duty. Piety must give its whole strength to public order. Few persons, perhaps no person, comprehends the extent of the support given by religion to every individual. No person, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were it not for a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social public would quake if the ideas of a supreme Being of accountableness, and a future were to be utterly erased from every mind, and men believe, thoroughly believe, that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs. That all these improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is not heard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total and everlasting extinction. Once let them thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow! We hope, indeed, that human laws and natural sympathy will hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that were the sun quickened in the heavens, our torches would illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize the creation! What is there on earth to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? What is he more, if Atheism be true? Erase all thoughts and fear of good from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite knowing no restriction and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraint of human laws and virtuous duty. Principles would be mocked at and spurned, as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every feeling, and man would become, in fact, what the theory of Atheism declares him to be, a companion for the brute location.

Mrs. Mary Isabella Dove.

For the Christian Recorder

A EULOGY ON THE LIFE OF SAMUEL RINGGOLD

From Isaiah xi 10

This eulogy was delivered in Bensalem, by the Elder of the Frankford Circuit, on the 27th of January, 1863.

Samuel Ringgold, the subject of this eulogy, was born in 1843 in Philadelphia. His parents died when he was quite young, and he was thus left to wander from place to place at so early age, until he lost his health for want of the care and comforts of this life. At length he providentially fell into the hands of George and Rachel Longster, who took him as their own child and tenderly cared for him,—but alas! his health was gone. The second year that he was with them, he embraced religion. At this time his health grew worse, and during the last five months he was not able to be about. He bore his affliction with great patience, and his Christian life was seldom equalled by any. On the evening of the 24th, he informed his aunt Rachel, as she helped him from one room to the other, that his life was near its close. He also exhorted several persons who called to see him to make their peace with God and keep it, for he had that which would soon take him where Father Roberson was. About eight o'clock he took from his pocket a paper and handed it to his uncle George, as he called him, and said, this is what you saw me writing three days ago, to be read when I am gone. He continued to talk until half past ten o'clock; he then calmly closed his eyes in peace, with a clear assurance of his acceptance with the Lord. His age was 19 years, 8 months, 2 weeks, and 6 days Mark the Christian boy; his end was peace!

Lawrence, Kansas, Jan 12, 1863.

Died of consumption, Sister Rachel Hunter, wife of Hiram A. Hunter. Sister Hunter was born in Hart Co., Kentucky, and removed to Missouri in 1844; and in 1862, removed with the family of Mr. Hornsby to this place. She had been a member of the M. E. Church. About ten years after coming here, she attached herself to the A. M E. Church, where she remained up to her death. Sister Hunter gave evidence in all her department of being a devoted follower of the blessed Jesus. In her sickness she was ever patient, saying, "The will of God be done, and not mine." Sister H—— was greatly beloved by all who knew her. She leaves a husband and four children to mourn her loss. May God bless Brother Hunter and his dear little children, and enable him to raise them up for Him, so that when done with this life, they may meet where friends will part no more.

J M W

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 14, 1863.

REPORT

Look here, brethren, read this, and remember it, too:—

The meeting of the Executive Committee and their appeal to the ministers having the charge of circuits and stations, and to the members of the A. M. E. Church, is as follows:

Dear Brethren and Friends:—According to the authority vested in our Editor and General Book Steward, he called together the Executive Committee of the Book Concern on the 13th of November, at which time we had a very pleasant interview together in relation to the present flattering condition of the Book Concern, and the wants of the Church.

Brethren, let me tell you for once that the Book Concern is really in a prosperous condition—and how it is that our Editor and General Book Steward has so managed to keep the Book Concern and paper in the hopeful condition in which we find it, and with such scant means, we confess we are at a loss to know—and more especially in times like these, when many a firm and paper, with a much larger capital, have succumbed. But, brethren, in order to hold this position, and to keep up a growing interest throughout the connexion, there are means needed—first, there is a very great demand for hymn-books, in every direction in the connexion, and our Editor and General Book Steward has informed us there are only seven or eight in the store, and he has no more to bind up. Therefore, the Committee deem it advisable, in view of such a demand for our hymn-books, and especially in the Western country, to advise our General Book Steward to get out another edition, so that our people may be supplied. To do this, brethren, it will require about $500. This should be done without delay. We therefore recommend each elder, deacon, and preacher to properly lay this vital matter before their congregations, and to take up a free-will collection, and to forward the same to the General Book Steward and Editor, so that it may be in his hands forthwith to operate with—and he will give each credit through this paper. Now we ask our brethren, shall the Book Steward have the amount? We will answer for the Philadelphia district, our portion will be forthcoming. We also recommend to our Bishops, while travelling around, to speak of this matter.

William Moore,
W. H. Waters,
Stephen Smith,
W. D. W. Schureman,
Elisha Weaver, *Ch'm.*

NOTICE

All the members of the Preachers' Aid Society are hereby notified to meet on Wednesday, the 25th inst., in Bethel church, Philadelphia, at 9 o'clock, A. M., by order of the Vice President,

Jeremiah G. Bulaugh.

CIRCULATE YOUR BUSINESS

The carrier of the *Recorder* will circulate through the city, Business Cards, Circular Hand Bills, Bills for Concerts, Exhibitions, Festivals, &c., at reasonable rates. All orders left at the office, 619 Pine street, will be attended to.

RELIEF FOR THE CONTRABANDS.

Brother Thomas Green, of Washington, D. C., the President of the A. M. E. Union Association, is in our city. He set forth the claims of the Contrabands before the people last Wednesday night, in Union Bethel, up town, and Thursday night in Bethel church. We refer our readers to their advertisement in another column of our paper.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

GEORGETOWN, D.C.	
H. J. Rhodes, for papers sold,	$1 00
BOSTON, MASS.	
John H. Beal, for Mr. W. G. Does, Esq.,	1 00
ATTLEBOROUGH, PA.	
Thomas Growden,	2 25
Joseph Omer,	2 25
PITTSBURGH, PA.	
Mrs. Susan Gaiter,	2 25
Rev. Henry Davis, for Alfred Hall,	1 13
and James E. Hall,	1 12

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

Last Sabbath was very pleasant for the season of the year, and reminded one very much of a day in spring. We attended Bethel Church in the morning, and heard a good, sensible discourse from a local brother, of Zion Mission, of the A. M. E. Church. The congregation was not as full as it should have been. In the afternoon, Rev. Stephen Smith preached the funeral sermon of an old lady. At night we were at Rev. Mr. Williams' (Wesley) church, in Lombard Street, and heard Rev. Mr. Scott, who stated, at the onset, that he had not been there before since the year 1855. He announced his text, which may be found in Mark, fourteenth chapter—"And he will show you a large upper room, furnished and prepared: there make ready for us." After his discourse, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. The church was densely packed. They had a good time.

This church, through the efforts of the pastor, Rev. John A. Williams, has advanced another step in improvement by introducing instrumental music into the church—a melodeon. We are very fond of the music produced from this instrument. We wish Brother Williams and his church great success in their labor—we ask it for them in the name of our Heavenly Father.

REVIVALS.

Rev. Jeremiah Young, of Bordentown circuit, writes to us that the Lord is pouring out his Spirit upon them, and that he has been carrying on a protracted meeting for some time, and was in need of all the help he could get. There are plenty of local preachers and exhorters here in Philadelphia who might render him much service if he could get them. The Rev. George A. Rue, of Boston, is getting along finely, and has had quite an accession to his charge; and things never worked better under the surrounding circumstances. May the Lord eventually gain them the battle.

The Rev. Mr. Reeves, of the Lombard Street Presbyterian Church, is still having a series of meetings every week for some time past, which have become very interesting. May the good Lord pour out his choicest blessings upon this noble work.

Mr. Reeves is a young man of good education, and studies hard to teach his people holy truths, that they may learn to walk understandingly in the paths of righteousness.

Rev. A. L. Stanford, of Wesley Church, Hurst street, is having a protracted meeting also, and has been working for some time, so we have been informed. May the good Lord ever sustain the work of grace, and finally save his people through grace.

PHILADELPHIA ITEMS

A lecture was delivered before the Banneker Institute, at the St. Thomas' Lecture Room, on last Tuesday night, by Prof. A. M. Green. The subject was—"Lessons in the School of Mythology." The speaker commenced by saying that we could learn many lessons from the heathen school of mythology. He also referred to some of the most important and interesting specimens of heathen religion, literature, and science. Passing from these subjects, he took up the habits and customs of the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians, and dwelt upon them most eloquently. The speaker also showed that in this, our own day, a considerable portion of the superstitions in our literature, science, and religion, were derived from the school of heathen mythology. He then concluded his subject by asking his audience if they could not see the difference between the religion of mythology and that of the Christian religion—he remarked, "Let the blind look and even they may see—yea, let even the poorest and most unlettered contemplate, and they will be convinced of the supreme grandeur, sublimity, and holiness of our Christian theology over the vast and stupendous worship of the pagan mythology."

In fact, the lecture was a grand affair, and deserves great praise. There is no doubt but Prof. Green is a gifted and talented man. As a political speaker, we must say, we have never heard his equal in Philadelphia. At the close of the lecture, Mr. J. C. White, Jr., read a question for debate, which was something like this: "Will the enlistment of colored men advance their political and social rights?" The disputants were Messrs. Sipsion, Weir, McCumb, and Bowers.

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY AND COLORED PEOPLE

For more than a century this country has bowed to the cruel villany of oppression, perpetrated upon a portion of God's own likeness and creation, in the most inhuman and unchristian manner that ever was witnessed in a land of civilization and liberty. All this has been brought about because God, in his all-wise arrangements, saw fit to make some of his created beings black, some red, some yellow, and some white. This God has done for his own glory, and where is the man who would dare to censure God for carrying out his own everlasting decrees? Still we see a number of those whose complexion God has caused to be whiter than those whom he saw fit to create black, for more than a century have kept them under the iron heel of oppression until their cries have risen to the throne of the Almighty.

This class of God's people, whose only fault has been the blackness of their skin, have been deprived of their dearest family ties. Fathers and mothers have been separated from their children, husbands from wives, brothers from sisters, never more to meet until the judgment day. The husband has been dragged from his wife and children and set upon the auction block and sold like a dumb brute. They have also been examined as a man would a horse or a mule, by opening their mouths, to judge their age before purchasing. For more than a century this has been but some of the treatment which this portion of God's creatures have received from the hands of a part of the white people of this country. They have delighted to make them tools, and to drive them late and early, and often with the lash. Multitudes of them are kept ignorant of God's Holy Word, and many, also, who know no more about the Sabbath, or when it comes, than the birds of the air or the beasts of the field.

For these and many other cruel, inhuman, God-provoking cruelties, God, the creator of these beings, has become angry with such treatment. He has heard the sighs, the groans, and the tears of his people who have so long been outraged and trodden under foot, and He has stretched forth his mighty arm to deliver them from the house of bondage.

Notwithstanding this many have hardened their hearts and declare they will not let them go, but it is God who speaks now in the terrible voice of this awful rebellion, "Let my people go." Will it be listened to? Pharaoh in the pride of his heart refused to listen to the voice of God through his prophet Moses, and what was the consequence? God hardened Pharaoh's heart to his own destruction and that of his whole army. Shall it be thus with this country?

In conclusion, we would say, that the colored people in this country who are *bona fide* citizens of the country, and who have suffered and groaned beneath the yoke and burden of oppression with the patience and suffering of a Job, and have waited for God's mighty arm to interpose for them, should give thanks to God for having raised up defenders for them in the persons of the Hon. Sumner, of Mass., Stevens, of Pa., Lovejoy, of Ills., Hickman, of Pa., and Chase, of Ohio, and other unfaltering apostles of liberty, who from principle have stood firm for the rights of all, but more particularly for the colored people in this country. We, as a people, should also rejoice that the President, through the instrumentality of God, has given to the world the Emancipation Proclamation, as an act of justice to a long-suffering and despised people, and that the colored man can at last enjoy the heaven-blessed rights of freedom, and say, "I too am a man and a *freeman!*"

THE CALL FOR COLORED SOLDIERS

WILL THEY FIGHT? SHOULD THEY FIGHT?

In answering the first question, we say in plain words, Yes, they will fight if it is necessary. And there never has been a period in the world's history that they have failed to show their courage when the hour and place has come. For persons pretending to be intelligent, to ask this question, shows a very limited knowledge of the history of the country and of this class of men in the world. Attucks, one of the heroes of the Revolution, spilt the first blood that was offered up on the altar of American independence. This is but one of the many instances which occurred in those days which "tried men's souls." But of the present war there are numerous instances of the courage of colored soldiers which can be cited, one of which we give in this week's *Recorder.*

The second question: Should they fight? We answer, That since they have become citizens they have as much right to save their country as any freeman, but at the same time, before they take any hasty steps, they should also know whether they are to have all the rights and privileges of other citizens in every state of the Union, and receive as much compensation for their services as any other soldier according to their rank in the army.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV RICHARD ROBERSON

NO. VII.

[Continued from last number.]

Brother Roberson met with his Conference on the tenth day of May, 1836, in the city of Philadelphia. This was the twenty-first Conference of the A. M. E. Church of the Philadelphia District. At that time there were only fourteen elders in the Church, and the Rev. Richard Roberson constituted one of that number. There were only sixteen Deacons in the entire Church. There were, also, only thirteen preachers, according to the statement recorded relative thereto, which, in the aggregate, would number forty-six preachers. These, with the Bishop, had to act as pioneers to prepare the way for the present generation, as well as those of the past. Rev. Richard Roberson was one of those upon whose shoulders fell the lot to stand the storm, no matter how keen and biting might the bitter blasts of adversity blow around his devoted head, while in the Master's service.

The changes that time has effected in the condition and prospects of the A. M. E. Church is indeed most striking. Just think of it a moment, dear readers. In the year 1836 there were only forty-six (46) preachers in the entire Church; now she can proudly boast the goodly number of over three hundred.

But, to resume our subject. Brother Roberson met with his brethren at Conference. Bp. Morris Brown presided upon the occasion, assisted by Rev. Edward Waters. Of course they enjoyed each others' preaching very much during the sitting of that august body. There is one particular feature existing which tends greatly to gladden the heart of the travelling preacher, especially in cases where, in the discharge of his benevolent duties, he receives but little pecuniary remuneration for his services; it is this: There was a number of good women who felt it their duty to meet together and form themselves into a Society known as the Daughters of Conference, who faithfully labored together to do what they could to help those men of God who had left their homes and friends to preach the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ to a sinful and dying world. These noble angels of mercy bestowed upon Brother Roberson many a dollar to help him onward in his rugged path. Therefore, when Brother Roberson would start for any field of labor to which he might be assigned, he did so with a light heart, feeling satisfied that if the people among whom he was consigned to labor during that year would fail to properly sustain him, that these good sisters, the Daughters of Conference, would, as far as lay in their power, make up the existing deficiency in money.

The day for the adjournment of the Conference came to hand, and with it the time for announcing the appointments that had been determined upon. The Rev. Richard Roberson is assigned to the Berks and Chester Counties circuit, in Pennsylvania. He goes to his old home, where he first migrated when he left old Maryland, and where he was married, and on the same circuit where he first sought the pardoning of his sins through the atoning blood of a redeeming Saviour. He had not been there for many years, and there was great rejoicing when it was made known to the people of that place that Brother Roberson was appointed to labor once more on the old Berks county circuit.

Brother Roberson entered into his new field of labor with gladness, and filled with hopes of success in God's name. He labored faithfully until the sitting of Conference, at which time he made his appearance, looking as well as he ever did; he meets his brethren, and makes his report to Conference. He states that his circuit has a membership of four hundred and forty-five persons, at that time, and a very reasonable proportion of salary.

Among business transactions, the Conference appointed Brother Roberson to the same circuit for another year, which appointment was gladly received, and he joyfully returned to his charge. This was in May, 1837. Thus Brother Roberson served the Berks county people for two successive years faithfully and without a murmur. He was beloved, as a general thing, by all who knew him on that circuit. We shall see in our next how he made out the second year.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

COLORED SOLDIERS.

The Hon. Mr. Sumner, of Mass., in the U. S. Congress, made the following amendment to Mr. Stevens' bill which passed the house with a large majority, which we hope before this the Senate have adopted.

ENROLMENT OF FREE MEN OF COLOR.

Senator Sumner introduced an important bill to-day for the enrolment of the freed and free men of color:

Sec. 1. Provides that every able-bodied person, between eighteen and forty-five years of age, made free by act of Congress, or Proclamation of the President, or by any other legal or competent authority exercised in suppressing the Rebellion, shall be forthwith enrolled as a military force of the United States, by the commanding officer within whose Department they shall be found, and shall be organized, armed, equipped and mustered into service, to serve during the present war, to a number not exceeding three hundred thousand men.

Section 2. Provides that such military force be organized according to the regulations of the branch of service in which they may be designated to serve, and receive the same rations and equipments as volunteers, and a monthly pay of seven dollars, half at the end of each month, and half at the end of service; be officered by persons commissioned by the President, and governed by the rules and Articles of War, and such other regulations as may be prescribed by law; each private to be entitled, upon his discharge, to ten acres of land, and each commissioned officer to twenty-five acres of confiscated land, to be occupied as a homestead by the person entitled to receive the same, and his family.

Sec. 3. Authorizes the President to order the voluntary enlistment or enrolment of every able-bodied free male person of African descent between eighteen and forty-five, for military service, to be paid like white volunteers, the whole number enrolled under the act not to be more than three hundred thousand.

It is believed that the provisions of this bill are more acceptable to the Military Committee of the Senate than are those of the House bill. This latter, in the opinion of prominent Senators, confers less authority than existing laws.

READ THIS, YE DOUBTERS.

Let all who doubt the bravery and courage of the colored man, read this, and thereby learn a lesson.

THE COLORED TROOPS IN ACTION.

Col. T. W. Higginson, with a detachment of his regiment, the 1st South Carolina volunteers, came down from Beaufort last week to attend to the wants of our rebel brethren in Georgia and Florida. At St. Simon and Jekyll islands the expedition captured a quantity of T railroad iron, valued at $5,000, live stock and farming utensils of much use to the contrabands, who are exceedingly anxious to make a crop this season. Arriving at Fernandina, Col. Higginson proceeded up the St. Mary river, about twenty-five miles, to a point called Township, where he landed his command, and after marching a few miles from the river, on the Florida side, he met and thoroughly routed a company of mounted Floridians, emptying at the first discharge thirteen saddles and killing and wounding many, while on the Union side only one man was killed, Mr. Parsons, a private in company G, and two others were seriously though not dangerously wounded.

Two days after Col. Higginson ascended with the John Adams as high as Woodstock, Fla. His troops made sad havoc of the rebels as often as they appeared in force on either bank. At Woodstock seven rebel prisoners were taken, and the expedition brought off forty thousand brick, lumber, live stock, and all the jewels belonging to Madame Aberti's slave barracoon, or, in chivalry parlance, jail, consisting of iron collars, bracelets for wrists and ankles, for both sexes. The only further casualty to our side was the death of Capt. J. C. Clifton, commanding the John Adams. While engaged in conversation with Major Strong, standing near the pilot house, a minnie ball, fired from the shore, passed through his head, killing him instantly. Two bullets, aimed at Major Strong, struck in fearful proximity to him, but then, as on several other occasions of extreme danger in face of the enemy, he behaved in the most gallant manner.

Col. Higginson sent Capt. Trowbridge, Company A, 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, from Fernandina, to look after the rebel salt works on the Georgian coast. Yesterday Capt. Trowbridge made the following report:

On Board the Planter,
St. Andrew's Sound, Jan. 31, 1863.

Colonel T. W. Higginson:

Colonel: In accordance with instructions, I proceeded yesterday in search of the salt works supposed to be at King's Bay. They have not been rebuilt since they were destroyed on the former expedition.

ENGAGEMENT NEAR ST. MARY'S, FLA.

"*Fort Clinch, Florida, Jan. 31.*—I send you the details of a fight which has just occurred at Scrubby Bluff about forty miles up St. Mary. The forces engaged were Clark's Rebel cavalry, about eighty men, and companies C, H and B of the First South Carolina Volunteers (colored). Our forces took seven prisoners. The Captain of the Union steamer *John Adams*, which assisted in the fight, was shot in the head. Our loss was two men and six women.

The steamer did not proceed to her destination, but left to obtain a load of bricks for Stockwell's yard. The rebels immediately skedaddled. One of them, who shot the Captain, declared that the enemy would soon attack Hilton Head. The man that shot the Captain was killed by the colored Sergeant. It was evidently the intention of the rebels to board the *John Adams*, after they had killed her commandant. When the rebels attempted to board the steamer, they were shot down like dogs by the negro volunteers, who fought like tigers. The *John Adams* was not injured.

For the Christian Recorder.

LIFE OF ST CYPRIAN.—THE AFRICAN BISHOP, MARTYR AND SAINT.

BY REV. B. T. T.

Chapter II.

Cyprian, the Youth.

It is Carthage, the city whose eventful, and withal glorious career, was the theme of the first chapter, that claims not only the honor of giving him birth; but also as the city in which the days of his childhood were spent.

The parents of this youth, who proved in after years to be the most distinguished Christian and churchman of his age, were heathens, and possessed in a very large measure, that zeal for the gods, and the religion of their fathers, which we have seen characterise the ancient inhabitants of that city. Living in a day, peculiar for the outpouring of God's Spirit, even to the working of miracles, they refused to believe the well supported truths of Christianity; choosing rather to bow before dumb idols, and sacrifice upon pagan altars. That miracles had been wrought, and continued to be throughout the second century, and at least to a limited extent in the third, is not doubted; save by those who discredit human testimony. It is no important interrogatory, Can human testimony, however acceptable, prove a miracle? The Hume school of infidels, answers, Nay. The Christian church with the rest of mankind, answers, Yea.

David Hume versus Humanity. Which shall be believed, one witness or the many?

Let us ask, What is a miracle? Standard authority answers, "An event, or effect, contrary to the established constitution and course of things." Then to heal the sick instantaneously or raise the dead, deeds contrary to the course of things, are miracles.

It is perfectly apparent then, that nothing short of Divine Omnipotence can be the cause of such an event or effect. And yet Omnipotence can do it, or in plainer words, God certainly can work a miracle; for that power, in the untrammelled exercise of its own sovereignty, which creates and ordains laws, can suspend them. But will God work miracles? When we remember the ends for which the miracles under consideration are said to have been wrought, even to substantiate the Messiahship of Christ, and if the Messiahship of Christ, then the salvation of man, we can see that to act thus, would be altogether worthy of God. And if necessary to prove this heavenly truth, as they doubtless were, these displays of His power became not only possible, but highly probable.

Christian writers of the first three centuries,—men of unimpeachable integrity, and of sound mind,—men who had every opportunity of knowing the things whereof they affirm, step forward and with one unanimous voice declare that such miracles,—miracles seen to be possible and probable—were wrought, and surely their testimony is to be believed.

The city of Carthage, Cyprian's home, was doubtless the scene of many of these wonderful works. In fact we have as we have seen in the preceding chapter, the express testimony of Tertullian upon this point, in this very city, and likewise at the very time when the parents of Cyprian were flourishing. Tertullian is heard to challenge the Carthaginian idolaters of his ability to confound their gods; and that in a way to be accomplished by which the power of Him unto whom devils are subject must be exercised. Yet so confident of success was he, that he was willing to risk his life upon its accomplishment.

Therefore, it can reasonably be supposed, the parents of Cyprian had seen some of these divine attestations to the truth of the gospel, or we may know, that such was their high privilege, and he who blindfolds himself, and refuses to behold the light, cannot say there is no sun. Despite all the proofs that God would vouchsafe, still would they cling to the ancient religion; and though an angel had descended and spoken to them, they would not have believed.

Ephraim is joined to his idols, and he must be let alone while he pays his homage to his man-made gods. Concerning the childhood and youth of Cyprian, history tells us nothing. From his biography written by Pontius, the deacon, "very little distinct information is to be gathered," as has been said by the historian, Milner. If Pontius has written so uncertainly concerning the episcopate of Cyprian, an episcopate which is unexampled for activity, we need not be surprised that he passes over in silence the incidental affairs of youthful life. But what is the youth of Cyprian, more than that of any other Carthaginian youth of his time and standing? Youthful days only become interesting and sometimes important, after the characters have become distinguished.

It is true, that in childhood, the foundation of a man's character is laid, and will often appear; still there is a certain uniformity found among all children, which is so apparent, that it makes them, in a very great measure, to appear as one and the same. "He is a child," is the exponent of that recognised fact.

In the absence of recorded childhood, the history of almost any youth can be gleaned from three sources, to wit:

What is known of the parents?

What were the customs of his age and country? and the known peculiar traits of character which were fully developed in manhood?

These are the three sources, or volumes from which we hope to learn, at least, a part of the history of Cyprian's youth; and they speak not uncertainly. Let us then glean the subject matter of this first volume, which relates principally to his religious instruction. We learn here, as we have seen, that Cyprian's father was a devout and earnest pagan; who, enjoying the opportunity of knowing the true God, and his Son Jesus Christ, continued to cleave to the religion of the empire.

This fact alone shows him to have been a man of strong religious attachment. The very idea of connecting himself with those despicable atheists, as the Christians were commonly termed, filled him with horror.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

For the Christian Recorder.

RELIGION

BY SAMUEL RINGGOLD

[The following is a true copy of Samuel Ringgold's own handwriting, done three days before his death.]

Bensalem, Bucks Co., Pa., Feb. 14, 1852.

On the 14th day of February, I, Samuel Ringgold, embraced the religion of Jesus Christ:

It is religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while I live,
'Tis religion makes the man—
Let any one deny it if he can.

It teaches me how to watch, and pray,
And live for Jesus every day
It fills my mind with content,
And pray for sinners to repent.

It makes me love my neighbor as myself,
And leads from bad company and strife;
It guides my feet into the way
That leads to everlasting day.

For the Christian Recorder.

A VISIT TO CHURCH.

Mr. Editor:—I attended the first colored (Wesley) M. E. Church, Lombard street, on last Sabbath morning. Brother S. Primrose preached upon the occasion, and he, observing that several distinguished divines were present, made an apology for any errors he might possibly commit, and assured the audience that he should not weary their patience. His text was—"Submit yourselves to God; resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

For the space of about twenty minutes Brother Primrose commented upon the theme with all the ability and skill of a master-hand. He gave the *old gentleman* of the cloven foot a very unenviable character, and honored him with titles even worse than the rebellious rabble of the South bestow upon honest men.

In the afternoon the Rev. S. T. Jones preached a very good sermon. He first referred to the instrument installed into the choir. He remarked that as vocal and instrumental music constituted a part of our worship, and also a part of the employment of the saints in heaven, we should therefore improve that department of service, and make it as near perfect as possible. He then announced his text, and for about one hour he held the audience almost spell-bound by his oratorical flow. He dwelt with great power upon the Christian graces and characteristics that are necessary for every one to possess, in order to appear at the Tribunal of Jehovah in the proper light. It was like some beautiful vision or flitting panorama receding from the view, while a master mind stood by, explaining each feature as it hove in view. Brother Jones then concluded his discourse with a most fervent supplication to the Throne of Grace. Such a discourse cannot but be productive of good results.

Rev. Brother Gibson preached in the evening. I was not there, but I learned that a large audience was in attendance—and that the sermon was very good, but a little too long. Brother Gibson makes use of the very best language in the pulpit, and that is just precisely what we so much love to bear upon all occasions.

I remain yours ever, J. H.

Philadelphia, Feb. 4th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM BRO SMITH

West Jefferson, Ohio, Jan. 19, 1863.

Mr. Editor:—I avail myself of this opportunity of writing to you, and, as this is the first time that I have ever been permitted to write for the *Recorder*, I wish you to publish my article, if you think it worthy. My theme is

ON THE MIND.

In the first place, we wish the reader to ask himself the question, What is the mind? Why it is that part of man that never dies. The noblest part of creation is man, and the noblest part of man is his mind. It enables him to go forth upon the earth, and perform the works assigned to him.

The mind enables man to perform many things that are sublime. The mind, when well cultivated, is the noblest treasure that he can possess. It is calculated to search the component parts of the earth. It flies from one part of the earth to the other in a moment of time. It flies from North America to the Eastern Continent, and traverses the plains of Egypt—and in another moment it dives into the depths of the sea. It then ascends to heaven.

The mind is something that cannot be crushed by the mightiest powers of man. You may imprison the body, yet that noble part of man must take its course. "Say to me, Go hush the thunder's roar; go stop the ocean's wave; and when you can do this, then you can stop the mind of man."

This noble part is called the soul; the soul, as I have before said, is that part that never dies. The mind must be cultivated here upon the earth; and when the body dies, that immortal part will live forever. It was the mind that laid the plan by which the mighty pyramids were built upon Egypt's plains. It was the mind of Banneker that raised him from the condition of a slave, and enabled him to become one of the first mathematicians of his day. It was the mind of Alexander the Great that enabled him to overthrow nations and subdue kingdoms.

Then, if the mind has done all this, it is our duty to try to improve it as much as possible. The mind is something that will live when other things have passed away. If we rightly improve the mind here on earth, and educate ourselves properly, the world may try to get it, but it will be in vain. How many possess money and riches of every earthly kind, and yet they are all liable to be lost or stolen.

But cultivate the mind, and though you may have your life taken, yet when the body is dead, the immortal mind will sing its way through the annals of time and eternity.

John M. C. Smith

EMANCIPATION CELEBRATION AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

Mr. Editor:—Sir, knowing that your paper is not only identified with, but deeply sympathises with the oppressed of this land, we thought it but proper to send you a brief account of our celebration which we held here in honor of the recent proclamation. The colored people here, in common with the colored people throughout the United States, being moved with a feeling to rejoice, set apart Wednesday, the 28th of last January, as a day upon which to celebrate this great event. The exercises of the day commenced with religious services at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Vine St. A. M. E. Church, where all, irrespective of sect, met and united in praise to God for the great work he had wrought. The sermon upon the occasion was preached by Elder Deaton Dorrell. Subject, *How shall we celebrate this day?* Text was found in Ps. l. 14, "Offer unto God thanksgiving." The discourse was an able one, and well adapted to the occasion; after which there was an intermission until two o'clock, P. M., when the people met again at the same place for a general interchange of sentiments. This was an interesting meeting, and was highly entertained by those who spoke. The meeting having adjourned at 5 o'clock, P. M., there was an intermission until 8 o'clock P. M., when there was a mass meeting held at Roth's Hall, on Michigan St. The great Hall was filled with both white and colored, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The meeting was opened with prayer by Elder Deaton Dorrell. A piece of music selected for the occasion was then sung, after which the proclamation was read by B. F. Randolph, and was received with cheers. The address upon the occasion was delivered by Mr. John Burk, Jr. Subject, *The Proclamation.* It was highly spoken of as a literary production, and was well adapted to the occasion. Some others followed with interesting remarks, among whom was our aged and respected friend, Peyton Harris, B. F. Randolph, and Mr. P. R. Lawe. The exercises of the day concluded with a supper at the Hall, prepared for the occasion, after which all retired to their respective homes, feeling, no doubt, that they had performed the duty which they owed to God and father Abraham.

Yours truly, B. F. Randolph,
Chief Scribe of the Day.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM IOWA.

Bro. Weaver:—I herewith send you $1.25 on my subscription; also $1.00 from Joseph Alexander. He promises to send the balance in a few weeks. Others have promised, but they are not ready yet. We have many changes out this way, and few for the better. I cannot write so favorably for missions at this time, for the people are very much divided, one against another. These divisions among our people were caused by certain articles which appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* and *Times* written by colored enemies against Brother Dove. The case was investigated by the church, and Bro. Dove was cleared of censure. But the report spread far and wide, and coming to the ears of Bishop Quinn, he went to settle the difficulty. He called Brother Travan from Richmond, Brother Macintosh from Bethel, and Brother John B. Dawson. They tried a certain charge which was placed in their hands, but could make nothing of it. The Brother, incensed at the malice of that people, resigned his charge of the Quinn Chapel, and came here, in full standing, holding his credentials, and the matter fully explained—but to no purpose. Yet I hope that the cloud will pass over, and that the mission may enjoy more sunshine. Pray for us. Brother Dove's wife and mother, and many of his relations live here.

A. T. Hall.

For the Christian Recorder.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Social, Civil, and Statistical Association of Pa., acknowledges the following contributions to the Contraband or Freedman's Fund.

Mrs. A. H. Richardson,	$31 00
Sarah L. Middleton,	10 00
Richard Middleton,	10 00
Miss Agnes Ordin,	2 00
Cash,	2 00
	$55 00
Previously received,	230 55
Making a total of	$285 55

Jacob C. White, *Treas.*

Philadelphia, Jan. 31st, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

Brother Weaver—Please publish this acknowledgment; we must not despise the day of small things. Notwithstanding, the Macedonian Church, Camden, is small, and its members are poor, yet they have done something commendable. On the 7th inst., a few of the sisters, viz., Mary Ann Mackey, Emeline Vanlybe, Emeline Anderson, Lydia Hamilton, Elizabeth Parker, Sophia Brown, and Jane Johnson, understanding that I had received but a little of my salary this year, formed themselves into a committee, and made a delicious supper; it was well patronized. The price of tickets was too low, yet they realized $10,81, which sum they paid over to the Elder on his salary in behalf of the church.

We hereby return our grateful thanks to said committee for assisting the church in that direction.

Peter Gardiner.

For the Christian Recorder.

Mr. Editor:—Thomas E. Green, the Agent sent forth by the Union Relief Association of Union Bethel A. M. E. Church to solicit aid for the freedmen in and about Washington, left here on last Friday morning, and is now in Baltimore. He telegraphs to us that the work of his mission is going on gloriously. He may be looked for in Philadelphia about next Friday, and next week in the city of New York. It is most sincerely hoped that the members of our churches, and the friends of humanity generally, will give Brother Green a warm reception, and contribute largely for the relief of our unfortunate brethren that have been thrown in our midst. The A. M. E. Church can accomplish a great work in this direction, and should be united in her efforts to relieve the distresses of those among our people that are not able to help themselves. Brother Green is a Steward in our Church, and merits the full confidence of our people.

J. L. T.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 2d, 1863.

ERRATA

Ashmun Institute, Jan. 30th, 1863

Dear Editor:—Please do me the kindness to correct two important typographical errors that were in the publishing of my article, entitled, "The Heavenly City." In the first line of the 12th stanza, for *enclosed*, say *unclosed*; and in the first line of the 16th stanza, for *was*, say *as*.

Very respectfully, R. B. Johns.

ADDRESS OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON D. C.

Brethren and Sisters:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them; and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful and happy nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

Thomas E. Green,
No. 490 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association:

James L. Thomas,
Hilliard Burr,
John A. Simms,
} *Committee.*

Washington, October 25, 1862.

SPECIMEN OF THE BIBLE UNION VERSION OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

KING JAMES' VERSION. CHAP. XXVIII.	REVISED VERSION. CHAP. XXVIII.	
Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they fine it.	*For* there is a vein for the silver, and a place for *the* gold, *which they refine.*	1
2. Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone.	Iron is taken out of the *dust*, and stone *is fused into copper.*	2
3 He setteth an end to darkness, and searcheth out all perfection: the stones of darkness, and the shadow of death.	He puts an end to *the darkness*, and he searches out, to the *very end*, stones of thick darkness and of *death-shade.*	3
4 The flood breaketh out from the inhabitant; even the waters forgotten of the foot: they are dried up, they are gone away from men.	He *drives a shaft* away from man's abode; forgotten of the foot, *they swing suspended*, far from men!	4
5 As for the earth, out of it cometh bread: and under it is turned up as it were fire.	The earth, out of it goes forth bread; and under it, *is destroyed* as with fire.	5
6 The stones of it are the place of sapphires: and it hath dust of gold.	*A place* of sapphires, are its stones; and it has *clods* of gold.	6
7 There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen:	The path, no bird of prey has known it, nor the *falcon's* eye glanced on it;	7
8 The lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it.	nor *proud beasts* trodden it, nor *roaring lion* passed *over it.*	8
9 He putteth forth his hand upon the rock; he overturneth the mountains by the roots.	Against *the flinty rock* he puts forth his hand; he overturns mountains, from *the base.*	9
10 He cutteth out rivers among the rocks; and his eye seeth every precious thing.	*In* the rocks he cleaves out rivers, and his eye sees every precious thing.	10
11 He bindeth the floods from overflowing; and the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light.	He binds up *streams, that they drip not;* and the hidden he brings out to light.	11
12 But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?	*But wisdom*, whence shall it be found? and where is the place of understanding?	12
13 Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.	Man knows not its price; nor is it found in the land of the living.	13
14 The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me.	*The deep* saith: It is not in me; and the sea saith: It is not with me.	14
15 It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.	*Choice gold* shall not be given in exchange for it; nor shall silver be weighed for its price.	15
16 It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.	It cannot be weighed with gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx *and* sapphire.	16
17 The gold and the crystal cannot equal it: and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.	Gold and *glass* shall not be compared with it, nor *vessels of* fine gold be an exchange for it.	17
18 No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.	Corals and crystal shall not be named; and the possession of wisdom is more than pearls.	18
19 The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.	The topaz of Ethiopia shall not be compared with it; it shall not be weighed with pure gold.	19
20 Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?	But wisdom, whence comes it? and where is the place of understanding?	20
21 Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.	Since it is hidden from the eyes of all living, and covered from the *fowls of heaven.*	21
22 Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.	Destruction and death say: with our ears have we heard the fame of it.	22
23 God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.	God understands the way *to it*, and he knows the place of it.	23
24 For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven;	For he, to the ends of the earth he looks; and he sees under the whole heaven:	24
25 To make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure.	To make the weight for the wind; and he meted out the waters by measure.	25
26 When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder:	When he made a decree for the rain, and a track for *the thunder's flash;*	26
27 Then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.	then he saw, and he declared it; he established it, yea, and searched it out.	27
28 And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.	And to man he said: Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.	28

AN INTERESTING CHAPTER IN OUR NATION'S HISTORY

[OUR CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LUTH. AND MISSIONARY.]

Camp near ——— N. C.,
January 9th, 1863.

MY DEAR LUTHERAN:—It is so long since you have heard my voice, it is no less since I have beheld your comely countenance. From the day after my last epistle was written, until less than a week ago, I have been cut off from some ecclesiastical and secular, and from the cheerful faces of those friendly messengers which bring intelligence, whether private or public, written or printed, from Home. Privation does not diminish one's appreciation of common blessings—and I need not tell you with what eagerness we, exiles of patriotism, seized upon the back mail of a month, brought us last Saturday night in one enormous pile. The ensuing Sabbath was not ill-spent for I had three numbers of the LUTHERAN to read. I had thought of you often in absence, and——but compliments are not in my line, and I don't want to spoil you by telling you how much I think of you. I am in my own tent again, though far from the scenes of my former letters—and glad am I to sit down, after varied wanderings, on a bench and at a table whose possession nobody shares with me, and talk to you once more in comparative comfort and peace.

Since my last, we have been undergoing changes and performing movements, as aforesaid. We have done a few things, which were duly lauded in the daily papers, and been at one or two places "where foot of (Union) man has seldom trod." Your correspondent, of course, has seen a little fighting, and got a little experience—enough, perhaps, to make him a reasonable excuse if he should write you several letters about it. He don't propose to describe the battles and report what has already appeared in secular sheets, but simply to record some of his personal observations, and give your readers a feeble idea of what "campaigning," in a small way, is like.

On Thursday, December 4th, about 9, A. M., the officers of the regiment were ordered to meet in Co. A's quarters. (We had just returned, the day before, from the expedition in which our cavalry took the Rocket Battery and twenty rebels, as fully described in the Philadelphia *Lutheran*, New York *Tribune*, and *Herald*, and other leading journals.) Assembled there, the Colonel informed us that we were to march next day, at 4 A. M., for parts unknown, taking three days' rations, and leaving baggage, stored, behind, that our quarters were to be at once occupied by another brigade, and we, perhaps, to return in time to ——, but probably not, and that we had better write whatever letters we desired, for an opportunity might not soon occur again. Well, that day was a busy one. With many a sigh we looked upon the houses we had built, the wells we had dug, the furniture and comforts we had procured, and must now abandon—for we had labored, and others were to enter into our labors. The ease, the security, the comparative luxury of that camp-life, we were done with. Ahead, all was uncertain, and everything possible. The General was reported to say that work was probably before us—and many and serious, I suppose, were the letters written home that day by those who felt they might not write again. But soldiers are accustomed to these things, and take them as matters of course. Farewell visits were paid, business settled, debts paid, servants discharged and hired for the march, valises packed and stored away, tents taken down, and all made ready for the morrow.

The morrow came: but, hours before its light, we were up and stirring. The uncertain weather of the night gradually settled into a steady soaking rain, which kindly accompanied us through the whole day's march. We turned our faces due Southward, and kept evenly on. It was one brigade alone, something over 2,000 men, with a small escort of cavalry. (The Richmond papers have since had it 10,000, and then that to 30,000.) By noon we crossed the North Carolina line, and were in Gates county. Nothing happened on the route; pine woods and flat cornfields were, as usual, all the scenery. But as we changed the State, the country somewhat improved. We passed a few fertile, well cultivated farms, and large, comfortable houses, from the porches of one or two of which the family ventured to gaze upon our progress. By 2 P. M. we halted, having come twenty-two Southern miles—more than as many Northern ones, I seriously believe. The rain had not abated; the dripping trees and wet grass gave promise of a comfortless night. I saw our Doctors turning towards the fine mansion which our General had wisely made his temporary headquarters. I remembered that my place was with the disciples of Galen, and I galloped after. We reached the buildings among the first, and tied our horses under a tight shed, the only one, I believe, not used by the General and his staff. Our Assistant-Surgeon—"Little Physic" is his official title—is a man of enterprise. He found and secured an unoccupied house in the negro quarters, of which we incontinently took possession. Don't sneer, fastidious Northern reader; we were very glad to get it—and so would you have been. I know what civilized life is as well as you; but several weeks in camp, so many days on the march, a night or two in the open air, and a very few hours' exposure in the rain, will convince any one that the humblest architectural production is to be held in esteem, and that any roof, innocent though it be of shingles, and any floor, however dirty, are welcome and valued objects. I remember one evening when we were marching late, tired and sleepy, and the encampment not yet: we passed one or two houses of the very humblest class, such as we would have looked upon only with pity and contempt in the daylight: but lights and human forms were seen, and I thought—and others, too—"How comfortable there! they are at home. How much pleasanter the within than the without!"

Well, we passed one evening in real comfort, with the pine logs blazing in the big fire-place, and the rain raging without. We thought pityingly of our comrades, with only shelter-tents and a few blankets to keep them from the wet ground and the wetter sky—and blessed our enterprise and good fortune. We ate our bread and ham in peace—and a good auntie, on whom the charms of "Little Physic's" appearance and manners had wrought a deep impression, brought us several potatoes, and regaled us with conversation. She had never seen so big an army before—acknowledged that we (the Yankees) had been represented to her as possessing horns and hoofs, but that we, in reality, looked much like other humans, only portlier, healthier, and handsomer.

During the evening, we called at the house, and were civilly received by the planter's son, a graduate of William and Mary College. He talked freely, called himself a Union man, but, like everybody I have seen of this State, condemned, with curious inconsistency, at once, the South for seceding, and the North for resisting that secession. The region, he said, had been strongly Union, but every one must go with his State. I told him we of the North did not understand how men could change their principles so readily, and believe it right to follow a multitude to do evil; but he saw it in another light.

The ensuing morning dawned bright and cold, and we soon caught up with our regiment. Some evil spirit, it was easy to see, had been at work during the hours of darkness; and I learned that some cavalry scoundrels had stolen a barrel or two of *apple jack*, (the peculiar fire-water of this region,) and administered to their infantry friends. Not a few of our men, and more than one of the officers, were in unusual spirits; and the order and good conduct of the march that morning was sadly marred. There was one fellow whom I had often noticed as the most boisterous and obtrusive in the regiment—always joking, shouting, swearing; he was now staggering alone in the rear, bruised and bloody, his gun gone, whooping, hurrahing, and calling every one a liar. As I passed him he cried, "The Preacher's all right!" and added, in a lower tone, with unconscious force, "but we ain't." He had been fighting in the night with another like himself, and got his fingers badly bitten. To this day, that man is unable to bear arms, and presents himself at Surgeon's Call with his hand tied up; his manners are changed, too, and he is meek and quiet enough. I hope his deserved punishment has done him good. A few hours brought us to the little town of Gatesville, N. C., which you may see on the map. Though one of the smallest of villages, it is honored as the capital of a county. A few comfortable white houses reposed lonely, one or two stores and churches looked as if there rather for ornament than use, and a tavern with a long porch straggled along the street. The young men were in the army, and had not left many others behind them. I entered the ancient Court House, before which two dismounted cannon bore a mark of the last century. Within were a few papers and law-books, a desk or two and desolation. Upstairs had been the public room of the county, used on festive occasions. Here the light fantastic toe had been wont to trip, though not of late—and here, doubtless, sundry beverages had often been imbibed with ardor not, alas, entirely peculiar to the South. Did "I feel like one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted!" Perhaps so, at any rate, I looked curiously upon the white-washed walls, decorated with many a fragment of literature and art, and many a feeble relic of former visitors. But I found nothing relating to the war, except a likeness, drawn in chalk, on the floor, of Bishop-General Polk. Behind the Court House were the Southern Institutions—a pillory, whipping-post, and stocks! and within the railing of the abode of law, under the Judge's seat, were discovered some twenty old muskets—whether Revolutionary relics, or Confederate arms, your correspondent knoweth not.

A mile or two beyond the village we halted, and there passed the freezing night of Saturday. I regret to say that the men again stole and imbibed a quantity of that villainous apple-jack, and produced a consequent uproar in camp. The Colonel tried to punish some of them, and had one fellow, who could barely stand, to carry a rail up and down through a limited space for an hour or more, but I fear the tramblings and apologies of the victim produced an effect rather ludicrous than solemn in the minds of beholders. It is a fact, strange, but true that some men always will get drunk the night before a move. For it was known by this time that we were within three miles of the Chowan River, and on a road which could lead no further but to transport vessels. Beyond that, all was yet guess work. We were not very far from Weldon—and I have since learned that newspapers North and South, had us going there with a force of 10,000 or 30,000, as any one might prefer.

About 9 A. M., on Sunday, we started for the river. The wagons which had brought our slender stock of baggage could not accompany us down the narrow road, and were to return to ——— escorted by the cavalry. So I put my valise upon my saddle, and started in advance. The way was one unbroken swamp—we had camped on the last dry ground. The road built up as it was, was several inches under water, or, rather, when we passed, under ice. On each side the trees grew densely, out of a soil in which no creature not amphibious might have found footing. The morning was brilliant, the scene picturesque and eminently Southern—for we don't have such cypress swamps in the North. Before long the river came in sight. There was a slight widening in the road, a rude wharf constructed by our pioneers, and barely finished, and, beyond, several vessels, large and small. I met on the road several navvies, with their flat caps and wide trowsers, and near the wharf stood a tall man of striking appearance, whom I soon found to be the General, commanding the Department of North Carolina.

Soon the regiments came up, and a busy, bustling scene commenced, contrasting markedly with the Sabbath stillness of the lonely swamp, a little while before. From the extempore wharf they climbed, man by man, into a small steamer, through that they passed in single file, to and into the transport Northerner, which had the honor of conveying our regiment and another. The men were packed tightly enough between decks; the officers had better accommodations, though not much more room, in the cabin. There we were fed somewhat scantily during the two days of the passage, on hard tack (i. e., Government crackers, or army bread) and salt junk. In the afternoon we started; had an uneventful passage through Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds; saw nothing but water and distant, low, reedy, uninhabited shores; passed the famous Roanoke Island—the beginning of our conquests in this region—while we were at breakfast, and did not see it, (except I should not have seen much if I had;) but saw sunset at sea the second evening, which is quite as magnificent in nature as in poetry or painting. During Monday night we entered another river, and arrived off ———. I have a foolish aversion to mentioning proper and descriptive names, but everybody knows what is our chief possession in this State, and where is the Headquarters of the Department of North Carolina. On Tuesday morning we went ashore, man and horse, and camped a mile or two outside the town, waiting for further orders, and the movement which we knew was coming soon. But I don't intend at present either to describe the town or follow one after movements. You shall have by subsequent epistles all that you care to know; for I will try, before we go on another expedition, (which may be any day almost,) to tell you about some of our adventures on the last. The Lord has led me safe through several dangers, and I trust to be preserved to tell you of several more.
B.

ACTIVE SERVICE

Camp near ———, N. C.,
January 11th, 1863.

I proceed to give you some account—though by no means news, I hope it will keep—of the adventures which your chaplain and his compatriots enjoyed or endured after reaching and leaving the Capital of Union North Carolina. We staid in a field near the city for three days and nights, during which time those of us who could get away from camp wandered about the melancholy streets of the deserted place, and spent our few remaining pennies (for we had not seen the Paymaster for some time) on such toothsome luxuries as had not been within our reach for a week past, and might not be for much more than that to come. These Southern towns are sad spectacles. Forsaken by almost all their own inhabitants, and occupied by a stranger soldiery, they show in dreary colors the desolations of war. This noble mansion, once the abode of culture, wealth and luxury, is now a General's headquarters, and orderlies, clerks, and officials, blazing in "blue and gold," fill with business and bustle the space once sanctified by all the sweet relations of social and domestic life. That smiling cottage, with its shade trees and garden-spot, is a Hospital; and the quiet office of some fugitive doctor or lawyer is tenanted by a Commissary or ordnance officer. At night, on my way back to the dreary camp, I gaze through spacious windows into a cheerful parlor, carpeted and furnished; but the light which flashes from gas-fixtures and grate reveals only the forms of one or two officers, lazily enjoying the possessions of other men. The business streets are full of stores, more numerous and better stocked than ever the town could boast in times of peace; but sutlers and soldiers give but an abnormal and unnatural life, in place of that which war has killed. A few officers have their families here—but the rare sight of women's and children's faces just reminds me of blessings far away. Oh, Home! Home! lost and longed for alike by rebel citizens and loyal soldiers, the war-fiend, who is thy enemy and thy destroyer, will but make thee doubly precious when God restores thy exiles to thee once more.

But I cannot stop to indulge in sentiment, or I shall fall behind the army in its advancing and devastating march. It was on Thursday, December 11, that we turned our faces Westward, and set out with ten days' rations. We had some 15,000 men—of whom our veteran brigade, brought over two hundred miles for this very expedition, were honored with the advance. We marched, on sandy roads, through a country but little different from that familiar to us in South-east Virginia. Pine forests—the dead or dying trees often clothed with a peculiar hanging and fairy-like moss; level and uninteresting spaces of cleared land, with an occasional descent or ravine formed by running water, made all the limited scenery. For twenty miles out, nearly every house had been burnt; and the tall chimneys standing alone amid ruins, and looking most desolate and barren fields, looked sad enough. We passed the remains of one church which had been similarly dealt with. All had been or might be used as rebel lurking places, and it had been judged unsafe to let them stand. We stopped for the first night fifteen miles out, near the only house standing for miles. The poor man saw us come with silent resignation, and his corn soon vanished.

There were rebels near. Our scouts had taken two prisoners that afternoon, and next morning we made our way through a mile or two of slashed timber. Our foes had been busy in the night, endeavoring to impede our progress, and felled many a noble pine tree upon our path; but Yankee axes are sharp, and Yankee arms strong, and our pioneers soon cleared the road. Further on, our cavalry in the van had a skirmish, known to us only by its soon visible results. Coming up to the spot we found several Butternuts by the roadside, and one on the ground, wounded in the groin. As we passed on, our ranks opened, and there came through two negroes, bearing the still breathing body of what had been a man, his head all gore, his limbs relaxed, helpless and insensible. Soon we saw a yet more pitiable sight. Our men were running to a small deserted house beside the road, and looking within a door there; they were called back to the ranks, and presently there came out the most wretched object that my eyes have yet seen. His forehead wrapped in a broad bandage, his face, hands and clothes covered with blood, he staggered out upon the porch, in full view of our moving line, stood feebly there a moment, then, with a cry, sunk upon the floor, where he lay groaning. Our Surgeon went to him, but he had no time to examine or dress his wound.

Soon we turned from the road into an extensive field skirted by woods, some said, to search for a masked battery reported by our prisoners. After some delay and much searching in vain, we crossed by a narrow lane and a bridge just built over a considerable creek, to another and less travelled road, which led us, by a longer route, to our first destination—Kingston. We afterwards learned that this detour had saved us from heavy loss, if not utter discomfiture; for on the usual and shorter road by which we were expected, formidable works were built—we passed them on our return—to go by which would have been neither safe nor easy.

On Saturday we had a small affair which will figure in history as the Battle of South-West Creek. Across the stream a rebel battery opened on us; our artillery came forward at a furious pace, the road was narrow and crowded; my horse, with unusual discretion, backed into the wheel of a gun-carriage, and very nearly ended the adventures of himself and his rider. But Providence graciously ordered that nobody should be seriously hurt. The fingers of my right hand are somewhat weak yet, and Billy bears a long scar upon his left hind leg—that is all. The rebel guns were soon silenced, and our men pursued their conquering march. The bridge was down, and the horses had to be left behind till it could be re-built, but down the hill, through a saw-mill which crossed the creek, along an extensive causeway, and a still greater length of swamps and woods, we pursued our eager way on foot, arriving in time at what had been a rebel station. Quantities of salt meat had been found there, and our men had their hands full. Part of the battery, and two rebel bodies, also, remained upon the road. I passed the latter when almost alone, and stopped to lift the covering from their bloody features. They were North Carolinians, and thought, I suppose, that they were defending their homes and liberties. There is something impressive in the sight of recent, sudden, and violent death, when one knows the same fate may soon be his.

Along the road, marks of warfare were constantly visible—broken guns, coats, blankets had been dropped by the flying rebels, houses were lying open, just deserted, with everything left in them. Papers and letters could be picked up in quantities, if one cared for such second-hand relics. We halted in a swamp, not far from the scene of expected conflict; a regiment was sent on to reconnoitre, and the Doctor and I pushed ahead to a farm-house, about which a New Jersey regiment had encamped.

Here everything was confusion. The father had gone on with the enemy, but his family remained, in a room by themselves. There sat the women of the house, rocking to and fro, sullen and silent, apparently determined to endure her fate. "I'm sorry for your troubles and losses, Ma'am," said the Provost-Marshall of the route to her. "But it's much less than your people have put upon ours." She made no answer. I went through the rooms; carpets were up, furniture scattered, dishes and books in fragments on the floor a liberal pot of honey in the closet, had been partaken of by many a one, and not a little spilt: the drawers of a bureau were pulled out, and the contents scattered about. I took therefrom a letter from some Rebel camp, addressed to "Captain Perrott, Kingston, N. C." (the small boy said his pa wa'n't a soldier, but we believed him not,) a few numbers of the Southern Illustrated News, which are now shedding their literary light on Northern habitations and a copy of a Raleigh paper, with the Prospectus, dated (I think) May, 1861. It was amusing to compare the promises of the latter document with their fulfilment, as exhibited in the larger sheet. The prospectus said, "it will oppose secession and disunion, and earnestly support the Federal Union. It will not despair of the Union as long as there is a reasonable hope of preserving it." The paper, of course, (a year and a half after) was sufficiently 'good Rebel!' Such is human faith and virtue in North Carolina especially.

Riding from the house we saw too many evidences that the bumps of Acquisitiveness and Destructiveness have an abnormal development in soldiers. Large pots and pans had been taken from the house, only to be left in the adjoining field; plates, broken or whole, lay by the roadside; and bedding would be carried a little way and then abandoned. Near the gate we met a Cavalry officer retiring with a wounded man: they had been fired at from an ambush a little down the road, and a ball had entered this young fellow's thigh. He was able to ride to the house; we got him upon a bed, stripped the limbs, and the Doctor probed and dressed the wound. It was an ugly round hole half an inch across, and I thought, as I saw the instrument diving half through the leg in its vain search for the ball, that it was strange what ill-usage human flesh can endure. He was a fine manly boy, and bore his sufferings with spirit. We did what we could for him, and then sent back to Camp.

The night passed without incident, and the Sabbath sun arose, not a Sabbath of rest, peace, or worship, but destined to be a busy and a bloody day. We had moved but a mile or two, when the roar of artillery commenced. My regiment was ordered to lie down in the woods beside the road; the officers had left their horses in the rear, and I found myself alone and mounted. It is not pleasant to be on horseback under fire; you are not so sure of your horse's motions as of your own. Soon the regiment moved on through the thick underbrush, and out of sight; a battery blocked the road just before me; I could not proceed, nor did duty require me, so I staid where I was. It soon became evident that the spot was just comfortably in range of the enemy's guns, shells fell to left and right, and not far off, but no one in my neighborhood was hit. Close in front our cannon banged and blazed. In a field to the right another battery added to the uproar; and a shell from another of our guns in the rear fell short, in the woods on my left, and horribly scared some stragglers and skulkers who had collected there. Directly after the musketry was most furious in front, and a New York regiment of our Brigade came down the road, marching right into the fight, their Colonel riding at their head. (He is now one General, and three of his men were killed that day.) I thought they looked solemn, and well they might. The wounded by this time were beginning to come in. I was talking to two of them at the edge of the woods, when a shell struck a tree close by, and something, I don't know to this day what—came spattering into the midst of us, and struck my horse between his hind feet. My companions jumped, and so did William, and we all found it convenient to withdraw. Soon I met one of our men with a broken arm, and went back with him to a house just out of range, and used as a temporary hospital. There we found our Surgeon and some half dozen wounded. Scarcely was the arm set, when more of our men came in by ones and twos at a time. All forms of hurt were there, from a disabled finger or scratched skin, to frightful, dangerous and deadly wounds. One whose face I knew well, was brought on a stretcher, just breathing, with death already on his face, he lasted but a few minutes. Another had a ball through his arm, and the bone in splinters, the Surgeon was an hour dressing it; his entreaties saved his arm, and he is since doing well. A good man, whose voice was often heard at our prayer meetings, was shot through the foot, the ball imbedding itself beyond reach in the bones and tendons. I supported him while the wound was being probed, and his groans were loud and earnest. But I pass by the accumulated horrors of that day. Before night, the house and buildings contained a hundred badly wounded men, while as many more less seriously hurt, remained around, in the open air. Not a few cheering instances I met, of Christian faith and resignation under sufferings; all were patient and manly, and I hardly heard an oath that day. All the afternoon the Doctor and I were busy, for we had some 30 of our wounded. We heard at various intervals, from the fight; our men had steadily pushed the rebels, gained the bridge, preventing their attempts to fire it, and chased them across the river, and taken Kingston. Some 200 prisoners were drawn up near the hospital and paroled—conscripts almost entirely, who fought well from mere necessity. "Would you have been in this business if it had been left to you," I asked a mild-looking, handsome man, who bore the pain of a wounded leg with uncomplaining patience. "No, indeed," he said, and several others made the same reply. The officers showed a different spirit. "We won't give up," said a Carolina captain to me. "For failure to us is total loss. I have all my life been investing my property in negroes, if you win, you take that from me, and I'll sooner die than lose my property." It was dark before we could visit another hospital across the road, where lay more of our poor boys. Our total loss that day was some 70 killed, 400 wounded; in my regiment, 14 killed and 58 wounded. Several have since died. I buried the twentieth to-day.

KINGSTON AND GOLDSBORO.

Camp near ———, N. C.,
Jan. 17, 1863.

The morning after the battle dawned, and the Surgeon and Chaplain rose from the ground where they had enjoyed the unusual luxury of a shed above them. After looking once more over our wounded, we set off to visit the battle field, bury the dead, and rejoin the regiment. We rode a mile or two through a forest, where scarred, splintered, and fallen limbs witnessed the work of bullet, shell, and solid shot. Then we came to a rural church, standing in a narrow open space, surrounded by woods. Here the fight had been hottest, and here the most of our men had fallen. The trees showed the fierceness of the contest: not one but was torn and mashed, most of them by many a bullet. The sacred building, too, was riddled and dented everywhere. Through this open space, under this leaden storm, my regiment had made the charge which settled the fortune of the day before. Through the swamp behind they had chased the enemy, who rallied at the church, and from beneath, behind, inside and around the house of God had poured their last and fiercest fire. It felled many a Union soldier, but it could not stop those who yet stood, with a cheer and a yell, our boys rushed after them with fixed bayonets, *after* and at them, and the day was won. Within the church lay the lifeless bodies of loyalist and rebel, side by side, the stiffened gore upon the breast, or a murderous hole in the forehead, showing how Death had come to them. Most of the faces looked calm and natural: but one Carolinian, shot in the eye, had just had time to throw his arm upward in the death spasm, and his hand, still raised and clenched, bore witness to the mortal agony.

Near by, just within the woods, the bodies of ten of my own men had been collected, lying on their backs, their faces decently covered, and a slip of paper, bearing his name and company, on the breast of each. There, in two common graves, I buried them; and a narrow pine board with a few rough letters is all their monument. Meantime our regiment with the others returned. Kingston was evacuated, and our troops were pursuing their onward march on the river's south side. But the Doctor and I had more to see and do before we could follow. A few hundred yards' gallop brought us to the river, the bridge, and a house now used as a hospital. There we found two of our men, dangerously wounded: one color bearer, shot through the body, (since dead,) and a private, through the neck. I spoke a few words to them. Each seemed sensible of his condition and resigned to his fate. "Yes," said the first, "I've always trusted in the Lord." He has since died, I hope, in faith. The other is recovering. Outside were several bodies: one of them that of a rebel, shot on the bridge while endeavoring to fire it. He had fallen into the flames he had kindled—charred, blackened and half consumed—a ghastly and horrible sight.

We crossed the bridge on which logs and brush were already being piled for its destruction. On the other side we met the last infantry regiment returning. A few cavalry and a battery remained in the town, which we soon reached. We found it a comfortable straggling village, with several churches, some handsome houses, and an educational institute of some kind. There had been some pillaging and a little destruction of property by our troops the night before and those who remained seemed much at home, and were making merry. The streets were full of paroled prisoners taken by us the day before, and let loose that morning. I found them sufficiently civil and sociable, not very bitter against anybody, and soldiers because they could not help it. Beyond these, the visible population was small. A few females eyed us with more suspicion than friendship. It's heard that General Evans, the rebel commanding, had told the inhabitants on Sunday morning that they need not move away or be alarmed, as he was going to show them the prettiest kind of a small fight, and whip the Abolitionists utterly, but in the evening as he galloped away louts the man, he cried to the sufferers of misplaced confidence—"Run, run, or the Yankees will catch you."

Numerous negroes had evacuated the town with our forces. I asked one free black why he left. "Dey say dey gwine hang us all after you go." I don't suppose they quite meant it—but he preferred to be safe, and was perhaps not wrong. At the bridge and in the Hospital back we left our wounded, under proper care, waiting for boats to convey them to safer quarters. There by the river remained a Lieutenant-Colonel from Western Pennsylvania, an excellent Lutheran, who might see this, but for ill-health and weakness of the throat, have adorned our ministry. He had been injured a few days before by his horse falling with him; and he says that those days spent in our absence at the bridge were the most anxious and troubled of his life. Unorganized and almost undefended, a few enterprising rebels might have taken them all prisoners; and he looked for some such pleasing event daily. I told him he ought to write an account of his adventures for the LUTHERAN. I was sure it would be appreciated. I wish I could get you another "special correspondent." You must get tired of my monotony.

Well, we caught up with the regiment and marched on for two and a half days farther. I must not stop to talk, by the way, or I shall never get through—but hurry to the close of the performance. Opposite Whitehall, eighteen miles North-west from Kingston, we had another fight. The cannonading was terrific, and lasted some time, but the engagement was not close, the loss was slight, and our brigade was not in it at all. The rebels burnt the bridge and ran; we took a gunboat or two, and went on with little delay. I'll merely mention one incident. As we came towards the fight, the wounded were returning to the hospital, we met a young fellow on foot, shot in the mouth. "They've got some hard tobacco back there, boys," said he. "I can't chew it." That boy certainly possesses pluck.

On Wednesday, December 17th, we came within three or four miles of Goldsboro', one of the most important places in the State. Here we expected to have the severest battle of all; though the result did not meet our anticipations. Our troops soon occupied a field where, a few hours before, the rebel force had been, and every preparation was made for the coming battle. The Doctor and I strayed off, as usual, to a large house which was being prepared for a hospital. There we found, up stairs in the garret, some interesting relics—old pamphlets and papers, among them an anti-slavery periodical, published in *Tennessee* some thirty-five years ago.

The big guns opened furiously, but the battle raged not long. A very few wounded were brought in, one or two prisoners were taken; the chivalry retired in good order I suppose, and so we (ignominiously in the rear,) heard great cheering, and saw a big smoke in front. The curiosity of Physic and myself was excited; and leaving the regiment, we pushed ahead as an independent exploring party. In the field below we met two battery men, who displayed high animal spirits, and a lively flow of conversation. "How did you come here?" I asked of one of them. "Why you see, they sent me ahead on scout, and I ran off and hid under the river bank, and when you came up, I came out." It was a Union man of Onslow County who had been impressed, and was glad enough to escape. He declined a parole, came back with us to this place, and I suppose is long since restored to the embraces of his domestic circle.

We soon passed the last of our forces, and reached the railroad which connects Wilmington, N. C., with Richmond, passing through Goldsboro', Weldon and Petersburg. To destroy this, it seemed, was the object of the expedition: for some miles the track had been torn up, and a few hundred yards before us, the Bridge across the Neuse River—said to have been an expensive and fine work—had been burnt. This had caused the smoke we saw, and we pushed on to see more. The railroad track was on a high embankment, below this. As best we might, we rode. A soldier or two were picking up relics at the edge of the field, near our last battery; and a solitary cavalryman rode with us to the river; but his courage or curiosity soon gave out, and we were at the extreme point of the great expedition utterly alone. We tied our horses to a tree, and climbed the steep bank. Before us was the stream, at its edge the remains of the bridge still burning. Instantly a voice called, "Come down here!" I looked, and in the hollow on the other side reclined a man clad in gray. Again he called, "Who are you?" "Union soldiers," we answered. "Come down here," he repeated. We descended and found a private and an officer, their legs shattered. I got them water from a brook hard by, and the Doctor gave them opium pills. The rebel Lieutenant spoke of his limb: the Surgeon told him it would require amputation. Very quietly he answered, he thought he'd rather lose his life than his leg. He regretted being a prisoner, had been in our hands once before, at Hatteras. A very courteous, spirited, gentlemanly man. We told him and his companion that we would send a party for them, and climbed the embankment again. Below it, not far from the wounded men, lay a dead body, and close to the bridge, his clothes on fire, his extremities partly consumed, was another. We took from the flames a knapsack, which had just caught fire, and robbed it of part of its contents; I shall write to my friends, for some time to come, on brown note paper bearing the Confederate stamp, and my canteen is of rebel make, and will long remind me of Goldsboro' bridge. In the knapsack we also found a partly written letter, dated Franklin, Va.,—on the Blackwater, the very place to which we went so often from our former camp. The writer with his fellows had been moved down just before we reached Goldsboro'. The letter spoke of how he expected to pass Christmas, and close by lay the luckless one with a ballet through his brain.

There was another object visible, which attracted and tantalized me greatly. Across the ravine to our left, and reached from the railroad by a single plank, was a little open space, surrounded by woods. At the farther edge of this was seen a small encampment; a dozen new and clean tents, and one or two huts of unusually neat appearance, from the chimneys of two smoke was still issuing. I would have given something to be able to enter them, for probably baggage, and perhaps papers remained: but we thought best not to risk it, and it was quite as well we did not. For twice a car whistle had been audible; and now I heard voices approaching through the woods. To untie our horses and gallop off with our plunder was quick work, at least we made it such. We found our army in retreat, or rather on the return march. Going to headquarters, we reported the presence of the tents and the wounded men, and suggested that they be removed. We were answered that the party who had burnt the bridge reported it to be impossible to remove, or even visit the tents, for that the woods across the river were lined with sharpshooters, and that it was unsafe and useless to attempt removing the wounded rebels, as they would soon be in the hands of their own men, who were coming on in force. I have since seen in a hospital here, the Adjutant of a Massachusetts regiment, who was one of the few who had fired the bridge. On the very spot in which I rifled the knapsack, he was struck, while two other balls grazed his person. We had joined the regiment but a short time, when messengers came flying through the ranks from the rear. Soon the thunder rolls back from the front, and directly we were faced about again, while the artillery again opened. But it lasted not long. A South Carolina Brigade, arriving after the first fight was over, had fiercely charged upon one of our batteries which was left alone and unsupported. But the captain was desperate, the gunners stood bravely to their pieces, and the rebels were driven back with dreadful slaughter.

This ended the fighting of that day, and of the expedition. We came back quietly and unopposed. Some time perhaps I may tell you how we live on the march, and give you a little taste of bivouacking, foraging, &c. But at present we are expecting daily to depart on another expedition of different character and greater moment, and when next you hear from me the epistle will, I hope, come from some city of greater size and note, and contain news of larger interest than any hitherto.
B.

A EULOGY ON A DECEASED BROTHER.

A [illegible]

He wears a crown of life! Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy art thou, my brother, in thy deliverance from the ills of this mortal state! Oh blessed art thou in thy exemption from the sorrows of this earthly ministry! Oh, joyful art thou in the possession of that crown, "with peerless glory bright." Through the vicissitude of ages, and amid the decay of nations and the wreck of empires, it will remain gloriously refulgent.

"Happy spirit! thou art fled,
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind."

THE SNOW BIRD'S SONG

I come, I come, little girls and boys
I come to increase, and to share your joys,
When your voices are merry, your hearts are gay
And you're all romping and laughing this snowy day
I come, I come, when the rude winds blow,
And the landscape is hid with a mantle of snow,
When the ghost of the tempest is frightening the trees,
And the howl of the night bird is borne on the breeze

I come, Oh! I come, for I love you so!
I would visit you barefoot in tempest and snow
And I'll sing you a ballad of mercy and love,
A song that I bring from bright angels above
The winter is gloomy, and cheerless so cold,
He frightens the tearful and worries the bold;
But he visits in mercy, he comes as a friend,
To provide [illegible] of blessings for summer to send

The poisonous vapors are swept by his breath,
The seeds of disease are frozen to death;
And the soil is prepared over valley and plain,
Where the rich golden fields will be bending with grain
But the heart has its winter as well as the earth,
A winter—the absence of pleasure and mirth,
When from morning till evening the heart is oppress'd,
And from evening till morning the soul has no rest.

Our country is suff'ring her winter to-day,
No longer so flourish the joyous and gay;
Her war's desolations are raging around,
And its sins, and its sorrows, and suff'rings abound
But winter is still the forerunner of spring,
And our winter will shortly its offering bring,
And the world will exult in our grand jubilee,
When every poor soul in the land shall be free.

D. F. R.

Domestic Items.

Rebel Army.—The *Delta* says that accounts from the rebel army at Port Hudson and elsewhere show a most wretched state of affairs existing among them, the men only being kept from mutiny by promises of peace being secured within ninety days.

The carrying out of the conscription law among the rebels proves to be a very dangerous operation, as over twenty officers have been shot while endeavoring to carry it into effect.

Christian Commission.—Estimates for the Future.—To extend the benefits of the Commission to the entire Army and Navy, systematically, there should be at least one man in commission with each Division of the Army, and each Squadron of the Navy, to receive and distribute Stores and Publications; and in connection with Chaplains and others, to do whatever they can for the bodily comfort and religious improvement of the men; and there should be Stores and Publications sufficient for them to distribute to meet the urgent wants of all.

To do this, one hundred men, besides those sent to meet special emergencies, would have to be kept in commission. And to give two cents' worth of reading matter—to say nothing of bodily comforts—to each man, once a week, would require one million and forty thousand dollars a year, besides the expenses of the distribution. Two cents a month, given to each man, would be two hundred and forty thousand dollars a year.

Done by the Government, or by any Agency that should pay for services, supplies and facilities which are given to the Commission without pay, this work would cost ten times as much; yet it cannot be done even by the Commission, with all its wonderful economical facilities, without generous support from the friends of the Soldier, the Country, and the Master.

The News from Charleston.—The rebels, after months of preparation, succeeded in building two iron-clad vessels. They are small—of limited power, and well managed. Taking advantage of time and tide, they sallied out of the harbor and assailed the wooden gunboat Mercedita, commanded by Captain Stellwagen. It was the old story of iron against wood, and iron was the conqueror. The Mercedita sunk, the crew being nearly all drowned. She seems to have emulated the gallantry of the Cumberland, and to have gone down to a glorious grave. The iron-clads also attacked the Quaker City, but she escaped with an injury. There was a rumor that another vessel had been sunk, while four others were set on fire.

Rev I. J. Stine.—Capt. Palmer writes thus:

Greencastle, Jan. 28, 1863.

Rev. I. J. Stine, Shippensburg, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—I take the earliest opportunity, after my return from rebeldom, to write to you. Nothing, during my confinement in Confederate prisons, caused me more regret than the report that you had been arrested and imprisoned on the charge of having betrayed me into rebel captivity; and I take much pleasure in saying that there never existed the slightest foundation in fact for the charge referred to. The services you rendered our army at the time of the invasion of Pennsylvania were of the most important and useful character; and, in my opinion, there is not a more loyal man in the State than yourself.

Allow me to add, that for the disinterestedness you manifested during your imprisonment, and since your release on parole, in not mentioning any of the particulars connected with my capture, preferring rather to suffer awhile longer under the imputation of being guilty, in the hope of my return, than to imperil my safety by attracting further attention to my case you have my profound gratitude.

The United States Ram, **Queen of the West**, passed the rebel batteries at Vicksburg on Monday, February 2.

The waters along the **South Carolina** coast are covered with vessels of war.

The enemy lost, in their repulse from **Fort Donelson**, in killed, over 100, and, in prisoners, [illegible]. It is said that we had but 2 men killed, and 41 wounded and missing.

George Francis Train was arrested by United States detectives at St. Louis, and obliged to leave the State.

The Army.—The *morale* of an army is a subtle something difficult to put into a formula, and yet a palpable and powerful presence. In this it resembles the imponderable forces which, while inappreciable by material weight or measure are yet potent, pervading principalities of earth and air. Everybody knows what its power is in war. "The moral," said Napoleon, "counts for three parts—the physical but for one."

Charleston.—The latest accounts from Charleston show that the rebel reports were untrue, and that none of our vessels were sunk. The rebel rams were driven up the harbor, and the blockade has not been raised. Our loss is estimated at eighty. The attack was made to rescue from us the Princess Royal, a British steamer which had been captured in attempting to evade the blockade, but failed. That vessel, with a rich cargo, now lies in the harbor of Philadelphia.

Latest—Tuesday.—Full and authentic accounts of the fight off Charleston have been received. Admiral Dupont despatches officially. The entire casualties were on the Mercedita, the only vessel which surrendered, and the Keystone State, one-fourth of whose crew were killed or wounded. Among these was Assistant-Surgeon J. H. Gotwald, (a brother, we believe, of Rev. Luther A. Gotwald.) The total number of killed was 24, of whom 9 perished by the escape of steam.

Church Directory
OF
PHILADELPHIA

FIRST (COLORED) PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Seventh Street, above Shippen.

SERVICES.

Morning, 10½ o'clock
Afternoon, 3 o'clock.

LECTURES every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the BENNEKER HALL, Seventh Street, below Lombard Street.

JONATHAN C. GIBBS, Pastor,
117 North Fifth Street

SABBATH SCHOOL.

The Sabbath School connected with this Church meets at nine o'clock in the morning, and at half-past one in the afternoon.

Jacob C. White, Superintendent.

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Lombard Street, below Ninth.

SERVICES.

Morning, Prayer Meeting, 10½ o'clock.
Preaching, afternoon, 3 o'clock
Preaching, evening 7½ o'clock

LECTURE every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.

JOHN B. REEVE, Pastor,
Residence 907 Lombard St.

A. M. E. UNION CHURCH — Coates Street, below Fifth St.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICES.

Preaching at 10 A. M.
" 3 P. M.
" 7 P. M.

Preaching on every Thursday evening
Class on Sabbath, at 12 o'clock M.
" Monday evening at 7 o'clock
" Friday evening, at 7 o'clock

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M., and at half past 1 o'clock, P. M.

REV. HENRY DAVIS, Minister in Charge,
Residence No. 61[illegible] Wood Street

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUSINS' HOUSE.
EAST MAIN STREET,
XENIA, OHIO.

This House has been thoroughly repaired, adding much to the comfort of guests. It is now open for the accommodation of old friends and the public generally. Neither pains nor expense will be spared to give general satisfaction to Bridal Parties and others seeking pleasure, and they will do well to call.

Feb 7-6mo. JOHN COUSINS, Proprietor

MRS MARTHA COLLINS.
730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary department of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

MRS. S. SHORTER HAWKINS'
DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, AND TRIMMING STORE,
No. 815 Lombard Street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. H. calls the attention of her friends and patrons to a new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Delaines, Calicoes, Flannels, Muslins, Drills, Shawls, Balmoral, and Hoop Skirts.

N. B. Regalia and dress Trimmings still on hand. All will be sold as near the old prices as possible. Call and see.

SHROUDING.
Mrs JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place.

No 818 South Eighth Street, Philada.,

and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

☞ TERMS MODERATE. ly

ENGLISH, SWISS AND AMERICAN
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FINE GOLD,
CORAL, PEARL, ONYX, JET, &
OTHER JEWELRY.

A large assortment of RINGS, BRACELETS, ARMLETS and THIMBLES.
Also, the latest styles of Silver Forks, Spoons, Ladles and other Silver Ware,

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS,
for sale cheap at
JOHN S. WILSON'S,
1808 MARKET STREET, PHILA.
nov29-3t

TO THE FRIENDS
OF
OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

Repeated applications having been made to the subscriber to establish a branch of his business in the vicinity of the late battle fields, with a view of reducing the cost of bringing home the bodies of the dead, he respectfully announces that he has now established a branch at Hagerstown, Md., and is prepared to attend to the business at greatly reduced rates. Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

The Burial Casket

furnished by me is equal to any other in use with regard to security, economy, and entire absence of any of the unpleasant circumstances which generally surround similar articles. Whereas, until it has given entire satisfaction, and the subscriber challenges comparison with any Casket now before the public.

Much complaint has been made of the nefarious practices used by unprincipled men engaged in this business, which the subscriber will honestly avoid.

JOHN GOOD, Undertaker,
No. 921 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

THE SPIRITUAL ARITHMETIC,
or
Lessons out of School.
By JOSEPH T. COOPER,
Pastor of the Third United Presb. Church, Phila.

This is decidedly one of the best Sabbath-school books we have ever read. It is worth cart-loads of such trashy volumes as often find their way into nearly all our libraries. Dr. Cooper possesses the rare and rich gift of discussing momentous themes in a way that is at once attractive and solid, interesting alike to young and old, suitable for children without being childish. In this particular, this work reminds us of some of the late Dr. Alexander's writings. The book deserves, and we have no doubt will receive, a large circulation. It is sold at $1 per dozen, or forty cents per single copy.—*United Presbyterian.*

"We are much pleased with this arithmetic. It is free from childishness, and yet the important truths which it inculcates, are happily brought down to the capacity of those for whom it is intended. At the same time it will edify and interest those who are beyond children's years. *Presbyterian Witness.*

This work is written in an easy, clear, and familiar style, well calculated to produce an impression on the youthful mind.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

Although not a story book, the instructions of this little volume are exceedingly well adapted to youthful minds. The best kind of lessons are taught in conversations, which are simple, solid, and quite attractive.—*The Presbyterian.*

Dr. Cooper has succeeded well in the use of that free, familiar, simple style, which is adapted to the youthful mind. The work may be read with profit by as totally great child of six years, and not without profit by the man of three score years. A friend at our elbow who has given it a careful perusal, says, that, for imparting knowledge on the more important doctrines of the gospel, it is worth a cart-load of many works which are prepared for the same general purpose. It contains many simple illustrations of important revealed truths, which ministers of the gospel would do well to mark for the purpose of copying after them.—*United Presbyterian of the West.*

We heartily thank Dr. Cooper for his excellent book, and believe that it is one of the signs of the times that indicate a radical change for the better [in relation to the religious training of young persons.] We feel much more disposed to commend the virtues of the book than to criticise any of its defects, by which we allude simply to doctrinal forms of expression on some points in which the Associate Presbyterian Church differs from our own.—*American Presbyterian.*

This is a good book for the young people—such as we find in most of the classes at the Sabbath-school. Its salutary lessons are given in the form of some twenty Evening Conversations, in which the author points out the advantages of study, and explains terms adapted to the minds of children, the more important doctrines of the gospel.—*Christian Observer.*

Price, $1 per dozen; or 40 cents per single copy.
WILLIAM S. YOUNG,
1023 Race Street, Phila.

THE YOUTH'S EVANGELIST

is published once every month and is prepared expressly for use in the Sabbath Schools of the United Presbyterian Church. It is printed on clear, white paper and embellished with fine engravings in every number.

Every number has a Psalm or part of a Psalm set to Music suitable to be sung in Sabbath Schools.

THE TERMS ARE PREPAYMENT, AS FOLLOWS:

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All communications, whether for insertion, or on business, should be addressed to
JAMES M. FERGUSON,
[illegible] Philadelphia, Pa.

[illegible]

A SERMON
on
SECRET SOCIETIES.

Preached in Portland, Oregon, October 31, 1858. By Rev. [illegible] Chamberlain, pastor of the First Congregational Church. Third edition. Price 10 cents—$1.00 per dozen, $7.00 per 100. Will be sent by mail, on receipt of the money and direction. Wm. S. Young, No. 1023 Race street, Philadelphia.

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PAPER WAREHOUSE,
No. 523 COMMERCE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
☞ Particular attention given to orders for Printing Paper. [illegible]

Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convocation, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:

From Garner Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No. 8, D. of T.; from Southern Union, No. 10, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburg, Pa.; from Dr. Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 19, D. of T.; from [illegible] Union, No. 16, [illegible] T., of Harrisburg, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Barclay; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Roberts, G. P. P. Sister Ann Keen,
" " K. Bowers, " " J. F. Bland,
" " M. H. Beauty, " " E. A. Clark,
" " K. Bowman, " " White,
" " E. Davis, " " E. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

The Seven Quarterly Meetings of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

Mrs. SARAH CASTLE, President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

THE BOOK DEPOSITORY
OF THE
AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH,
No. 619 Pine Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

We keep on hand, in connection with our other books Sabbath school books of various kinds, Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE REV JOHN WESLEY.

Wanted Canvassing Agents for this splendid large engraving which should be in every household [illegible]
WM. SMITH, Proprietor,
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WANTED.—The charge of a Public School. Reference as to ability can be given. Apply to
J. W. A., 1641 Helmuth St.

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Made in the Best Manner, expressly for RETAIL SALES. Lowest Selling Prices marked in Plain Figures. All Goods made to order warranted satisfactory. Our One Price System is strictly adhered to. All are thereby treated alike.
Dec 25-1y JONES & CO., 604 MARKET STREET.

GOOD NEWS

[illegible]

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.
Address REV. WM. BRADLEY, Centreville, Bucks Co., Pa.
Or, apply to Mrs. Mary C. Watson, (Wife of the Editor of this paper,) 618 Pine St., Phila. Jan 15—1y

JAMES DOWNS,
DEALER IN
NEW AND SECOND HAND
CLOTHING,
No. 225 South Second Street.
No 17—3mo. PHILADELPHIA

WILLIAM STILL'S
STOVE STORE,
107 NORTH FIFTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, at the best wholesale foundries, and [illegible] buying on the usual credit system. As very rare his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand.
WM. STILL.

JOSEPH H. COLE,
CONTINENTAL RESTAURANT,
No. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,
(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute,)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. ly

"UNION COTTAGE,"
ATLANTIC CITY, NEAR THE INLET.

The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

TERMS:
Board per week, $6 00
" " day, 1 25
Single meals, 50

S. H. WAILES, Proprietress.

BOARDING
IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made this a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING.

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banneker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the summer there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banneker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. 1-sept

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti-Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &c.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FIREBACKS, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

WM. STILL,
107 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia.

REFERENCES.
J. M. McKim, Dr. Caspar Wistar,
Samuel Rhoads, James Mott,
Dillwyn Parrish, Thomas Williamson,
Prof. C. D. Cleveland, W. H. Furness.

WANTED.

One or two respectable colored men in a quiet and respectable family to lodge, where they can secure all the comforts of a home, with a furnished room.

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WM. H. LONGFELLOW,
SURGEON DENTIST,
No. 1126 Rodman Street,
Between 11th and 12th, and Lombard and South Sts.,
PHILADELPHIA

Every department of Dentistry attended to. Persons waited on at their residence, if desired.
Nov 1.

THE HEART LONGING FOR THE INNER ADVENT.

Wherefore dost Thou longer tarry,
Blessed of the Lord, afar?
Would it were Thy will to enter
To my heart, O Thou my Star,
Thou my Jesus, Fount of power,
Helper in the needful hour!
Sharpest wounds my heart is feeling,
Touch them, Saviour, with Thy healing!

For I shrink beneath the terrors
Of the law's tremendous sway,
All my countless crimes and errors
Stand before me night and day.
Oh the heavy, fearful load
Of the righteous wrath of God!
Oh the awful voice of thunder
Cleaving heart and soul asunder!

While the foe my soul is telling
"There is grace no more for thee,
Thou must make thy endless dwelling
In the pains that torture me."
Yes, and keener still thy smart,
Conscience, in my anguished heart,
By thy venomed tooth tormented,
Long-past sins are sore repented

Would I then, to soothe my sorrow
And my pain awhile forget,
From the world a comfort borrow,
I but sink the deeper yet;
She hath comforts that but grieve,
Joys that stinging memories leave,
Helpers that my heart are breaking,
Friends that do but mock its aching.

All the world can give is cheating,
Strengthless all, and merely naught;
Have I greatness, it is fleeting;
Have I riches, are they aught
But a heap of glittering earth?
Pleasure! Little is it worth
When it brings no joy or laughter
That thou wilt not rue hereafter.

All delight, all consolation
Lies in Thee, Lord Jesus Christ,
Feed my soul with Thy salvation,
O Thou Bread of Life unpriced.
Blessed Light, within me glow,
Ere my heart breaks in its woe;
Oh, refresh me and uphold me,
Jesus, come, let me behold Thee.

Joy, my soul, for He hath heard thee,
He will come and enter in;
Lo! He turns and draweth toward thee,
Let thy welcome-song begin,
Oh prepare thee for such guest,
Give thee wholly to thy rest.
With an open'd heart adore Him,
Pour thy griefs and fears before Him.

Thy misdeeds are thine no longer,
He hath cast them in the sea,
And the love of God shall conquer
All the strength of sin in thee.
Christ is victor in the field,
Mightiest wrong to Him must yield,
He with blessing will exalt thee
O'er whate'er would here assault thee.

What would seem to hurt or shame thee
Shall but work thy good at last,
Since that Christ hath deign'd to claim thee,
And his truth stands ever fast.
And if thine can but endure,
There is naught so fixed and sure,
As that thou shalt hymn His praises
In the happy heavenly places
Gerhardt. 1653

(From the Lutheran and Missionary.)

UNREASONABLE MEN AND THE PULPIT.

NO. II.

2. Thes 3, 1, 2: "*Pray for us . . . that we may be delivered from unreasonable and wicked men.*"

II. THOSE CHURCH MEMBERS ARE UNREASONABLE WHO EXPECT THEIR MINISTER TO BE ALWAYS PRESENTING THOSE SUBJECTS WHICH ARE AGREEABLE TO THEIR OWN NOTIONS AND SUITABLE TO THEIR PARTICULAR STATE OF MIND.

There is a class who expect their minister to echo in every sermon their own thoughts, and upon every question that comes up to pronounce their views. Every discourse, too, must have something to meet their peculiar circumstances, and to gratify their individual tastes. Unless this is the case, they instantly display a spirit of dissatisfaction. They will return from the sanctuary, not with hearts bounding with gratitude for the opportunity afforded them of blending their thoughts, sympathies, and souls in the worship of the great congregation, but with uncomfortable and almost angry feelings towards their preacher, because he did not utter things according to their tastes and wishes. These people know the entire circle of truth. Although, perhaps, they have spent the whole of their time in tilling the earth, selling their goods in the shop, or keeping books in the counting-house, and never devoted a whole week in their life to an earnest endeavor to get a connected and harmonious view of the system of divine truth, yet they, forsooth, know all! They speak as if every particle of divine thought had been weighed in their little balance—as if their little plummet had sounded the depths of metaphysical divinity. Hence, whenever the minister pronounces an idea not exactly in accordance with their views, they have no hesitation in criticising or wholly denouncing it.

We call the man who thus act, "unreasonable men." First, *because their notions do not constitute the Gospel.* As astronomy is not the stars, and geology is not the earth, religious creeds are not the gospel—they are only a few imperfect human ideas about a grand and glorious system of infinite wisdom and love. Some human creeds are pitiable perversions and distortions of the pure "truth as it is in Jesus." But, is it not unreasonable to suppose that the minister who has consecrated his being to the exploration of the whole—to walk every road and scale every hill, to dig into every mine, to gather flowers and fruit from every zone, is to be shut up within the few square yards that your little logic has hedged off from this immeasurable territory of wealth and beauty! Is it reasonable to suppose that he whose work it is to study and sound out all the notes in redemption's scale of music, should be everlastingly ringing the few imperfect notes that you have acquired—notes, too, whose blendings, as yet, make no melody that can charm the world?

Secondly, *Because the duty of the minister is, to lead from "first principles."* His office is to bring out "things new," as well as old. He has to teach, and teaching implies the presentation of things not known before. The honest preacher, therefore, is not the one, who, parrot-like, is always going over the same subjects in the same old phraseology, but is one who presents new lessons of heavenly wisdom to his people. From the lower he advances to the higher branches, and none but the unreasonable will complain of him because he leaves the primer and first reader for the higher readers in the great Bible school. There is an infinitude for him to learn in the gospel.

"Were men to live coeval with the Sun,
The patriarch pupil would be learning still,
And dying, leave his lesson half unlearned."

Thirdly, we call such men unreasonable, *Because though his ministry suit not some of the church members, it may suit others.* Such are the diversities of our mental make, circumstances, and experiences, that though the sermon suit not that old saint, it may be just the thing for that young convert—though it may have no particular fitness for the Christian, well-grounded in the faith, it may be beautifully adapted to the inquiries of him who is exceedingly anxious to be rightly directed. The diseases of the mind are various, and the prescriptions adapted to some would have no value for others. Sometimes we think the sermon poorly adapted to the comprehension of the more illiterate of the congregation, but here, as in other cases, the mistake may be our own. The celebrated Dr. Bellamy was once preaching on the divine character and government, when he had among his auditors a pious old negro man. At the close of the service a deacon of the church, who thought the sermon utterly beyond the reach of the old man, and therefore of no profit to him, inquired with some anxiety, "Well, my old friend, I fear you here got but little food for your soul to-day." "O yes! my poor soul has been fed eber so much. Massa Bellamy make God *so big* in poor negro's soul, so big."

OUR DUTY TO GIVE.

It is the duty of every Christian to give to the support and to the extension of the gospel. And he who has the means to give, and yet does not give, does not come up to his duty, and is scarcely deserving the name of a Christian. Excuses many, and of diverse sorts, are made by such who are constantly seeking some pretence for not giving. One has lately had bad luck, another has debts to pay, another conceives that he is required to give too much, another wants to know first where the money is to go to, and so we go through the whole catalogue of excuses presented for not giving, yet all such Christians are perhaps, praying both privately and publicly, that the gospel may be proclaimed to all classes and conditions of men, that Christ's kingdom on earth may be extended from pole to pole, &c. How are those prayers going to be answered? Through ordinary or extraordinary means, think you? If through ordinary, then it is through your giving by which the kingdom and the gospel will be extended. Then accompany your prayers with substantial gifts, and you will see the desire of your prayers, for God works in the present day by ordinary, not extraordinary means.

I cannot, perhaps, better illustrate this subject of giving and its effects, than by relating a circumstance which took place way down in Dixie, some years ago. A meeting of the colored brethren was held, and a collection taken up for the spread of the Gospel in Africa. During the collection, a hymn was sung by the congregation; a part of the chorus ran thus: "Let the Gospel fly, the spacious earth around." Old "Aunt Filsey," who was noted in the congregation for every good work, save giving of money, was earnestly, with eyes closed, singing at the top of her voice, "Let the Gospel fly," &c., when the collector stopped at her pew and waited a moment for her contribution, but Aunt Filsey heeded him not, and his patience giving out, he said, "Aunt Filsey, it's no use singing dat away, de gospel won't fly ob itself, you must gib suthing to make it fly." Just so, fellow Christians, you must give something, for the Gospel will not fly of itself. H.

TO THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

Mrs Emily C Judson, known in the literary world as "Fanny Forrester," became for five years the faithful wife of Rev. Dr. Judson, till his death in Burmah, when she returned to find an early grave in her native land. "She gazed sadly," says the memoir, "upon the receding shores of India, caught for the last time 'the spicy breezes' that blew from those groves of balm and islands, clothed with eternal summer, and once more the *Southern Cross* looked down upon her—but with a deeper, sadder meaning than when she first gazed on it through the glowing atmosphere of hope. Its strangely blended lesson of serenity and kindness she thus sweetly interpreted:"—

Sweet empress of the southern sea,
Hail to thy loveliness once more!
Thou gazest mournfully on me,
As mindful we have met before.

When first I saw the polar star
Go down behind the silver sea,
And greeted thy mild light from far,
I did not know its mystery.

My polar star was by my side,
My star of hope was on my brow
I've lost them both beneath the tide—
The cross alone is left me now.

Not such as thou, sweet thing of stars,
Moving in queenly state on high,
But wrought of stern, cold iron bars,
And borne, ah me! so wearily!

Yet something from those soft warm skies
Seems whispering, "Thou shalt yet be blest,"
And gazing in thy tender eyes,
The symbol brightens on my breast.

I read at last the mystery
That slumbers in each starry gem;
The weary pathway to the sky—
The iron cross—the diadem.
—*American Messenger.*

THE WHITE WHALE AND DOLPHIN IN THE MENAGERIE.

The following is an English description of an American exhibition, as published in *The Field.*

Sir:—The very amusing and most interesting experiments made use of by Mr Buckland to prolong the existence of the invalid porpoise, and the general remarks contained in his very practical letter, suggest to me that a short account of an interesting exhibition of fish and wild animals kept by a Mr Cutting at Boston, Massachusetts, which I visited in the course of a tour in the States, exactly twelve months since, may not be out of place at this time. I make the following extract from my diary as then written:

"The chief feature of this collection is a noble living specimen of a white whale. With the exception of another specimen at Barnum's, I suppose this is the only—and it is really a wonderful instance of a whale being kept in healthy confinement. It was taken about a year ago at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, and was dragged by horses through the woods and along the roads in a wooden box, packed in wet sea weed, pails of water being dashed over him at every convenient opportunity. He is kept in a splendid circular tank, some ten yards in diameter, placed in the centre of the room, with a fountain playing from the midst. There is also a dolphin, a sturgeon, and various other small fish in the same tank.

"I have often heard it stated that the dolphin and the whale are inseparable companions, and that they are fond of each other's company. Though they are necessarily forced into each other's society by the limits of the glass house in which they are immured, yet the above is, in the present instance, very beautifully exemplified. There they go, pursuing their endless round beneath the fountain, our friend the dolphin easily outvying in speed his more unwieldy comrade, and occasionally darting across his back with the most complacent self reliance

Inde alios ineunt cursus aliosque recursus
Adversi spatiis.—*Æneid*, Lib. v. 583

"It is a curious sight to see these creatures every few moments coming up for air, thrusting their snouts above the water, and spirting forth the pent up gases which they have exhausted from the briny fluid from an orifice with which they are provided upon the surface of the head, with a force and noise that reminded one of a badly-fitting slide-valve to a steam engine, and descending again with redoubled vigor. Sometimes the long, pointed dorsal fin of the dolphin, rising above the water, would shine and heave like a silver ploughshare.

"The proprietor tells me that he is training the dolphin to draw a good sized boat which floats upon the tank, and if he does credit to his instructions, he will be harnessed to a shell, and driven by a boy in accordance with the old classic legend. If Charles Waterton could only have seen this exhibition, what an interesting chapter he would have written!

THE COW TREE.

The *Cow Tree* is a native of Venezuela, South America. It is only found growing on the poorest and most rocky soil. Its leaves are dry and leathery in appearance, and for several months of the year not a shower falls to moisten its roots and branches. Yet, by piercing the bark, it yields a liquid resembling milk which is sweet and nourishing. At sunrise this fluid seems to be especially abundant, and at that hour the natives go to the trees in great numbers to get their daily supply.

THE SORROWFUL TREE.

The *Sorrowful Tree* is found near Bombay, India. It is so called, from its habit of blooming only at night. While the sun is shining, not an expanded flower is visible, yet in half an hour after the sun is below the horizon, the tree is full of them. There is little beauty in them, though the odour is pleasant. At sunrise the petals close up, or drop to the ground. This tree, it would seem, must have some sort of relation to the night blooming Cereus.

CURIOUS FACTS.

A writer in the Philadelphia *North American* says:

Mr Hubbell, the well known apothecary of Philadelphia, was experimenting upon different colored glass with a view to finding the tint that would best prevent chemical change in substances contained in the jars and bottles made from it.

This was four years ago. He applied the test to African peppers. These peppers are bright vermillion in color, with a surface as beautiful as coral. They are as hot as a dozen American peppers concentrated into one. He filled with them two jars, one of white glass, the other of bluish green, made to his order. The pepper in the white jar underwent a change, and after two years, though the vessel was hermetically sealed, were filled with minute worms. No ordinary vermin could exist among African peppers. Opening the jar a short time since, there was nothing left but odorless powder, utterly void of pungency, composed of the dead and dried worms and the worthless debris of the peppers. The contents of the other jar were as sound and as bright as on the day when first deposited.

We were also shown a tin can of sambow, a medicinal root, in thick slices, brought from Siberia. It had arrived sound, but not being immediately used, had become full of little purple insects, unlike to any thing hereabouts to be seen. The germ of those insects must have existed when it was dug up by the Russian exiles in the high latitude from which it came. If not, why not? Be this as it may, the fact is worth knowing, that greenish blue neutralizes the chemical agency of light, and entirely prevents the efflorescence of chemical salts, and the deterioration of quality in articles kept in bottles of that color.

A POSITIVE WITNESS.

It is of Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," that this sharp practice in the examination of a man accused of swearing falsely to a will case, is related. It shows great dramatic power unconsciously exhibited in his daily business.

The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will and demanded of the prisoner whether he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered, he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as a subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer in his desk."

"How did he light the piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit it?"

"I lit it."

"What with?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get the match?"

"On the mantel-shelf in his room."

"You did?"

"I did."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large blue eye upon the prisoner, he held the paper above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and in a solemn, measured tone, said.—

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will, he signed it in his bed; at his request you signed it as a subscribing witness; you saw him seal it; it was with red wax that he sealed it; a piece of two, three, or four inches long; he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard; you lit that candle by a match you found on the mantel-shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir—upon your solemn oath—you did?"

"I did."

"My lord—*it is a wafer!*"

The prisoner was convicted.

DIRECTIONS FOR SOLDIERS HARD TO FOLLOW.

A correspondent of the *Congregationalist*, writing from the seat of war, remarks on the lack of judgment manifested by many in their benevolent endeavours to furnish reading matter for our soldiers. After describing some unsuitable volumes which have been sent, he says:

"There are some which excite only ridicule. For instance, there is a little book, entitled '*Valuable Hints to Soldiers*,' issued in Cornhill. It tells what a soldier needs—'A Bible;' so, he doesn't; he needs a Testament. 'A cheap portfolio of ——;' won't any other portfolio do? a 'filter;' of which he disengages the tube to smoke through. 'Three flannel undershirts, ditto shirts, ditto drawers, four or five pairs of woolen socks!' I wish the man who wrote this had to march the eight hundred miles our men have with such a load on his back. Then it tells us that the soldier 'should never sleep at night in the flannel shirt, drawers, or socks, worn during the day.' How, when off on picket duty, one night in two or three? How, when at the close of a march, he is too tired to do anything? 'No one should on any account, be in wet clothing.' Suppose he bivouacs in the rain, as we have, over and over again? Suppose he changes and gets wet again immediately? 'Blankets must be aired in the morning.' Of course, when up before daylight to march on, with just time enough to pack one's knapsack. 'Soup may be omitted at one dinner, and beef at another.' How many courses do soldiers have? They are glad enough to get one article, even if they get down to green corn, as we did on the Rappahannock. 'Never be afraid of good beef.' No, nor of turtle soup or blanc mange. 'An entire meal should never be made of bacon.' What will he eat, then, when beans are the only dish? 'In certain cases 'increasing' the quantity of 'vegetables.' He can't increase it, especially as two thirds of the time in marching he does not have any. Soldiers laugh at such directions. It may be a very good book, but it doesn't suit the latitude of a regiment that has been out a year and a half.

(From the Christian Inquirer.)

THE BABY WALKS. THE BABY WALKS.

Joy fills the house; the baby stands
Alone upon her feet.
With quivering lip she lifts her little hands,
And wonderingly doth gaze into her mother's face,
Thus timidly she starts upon life's fitful race.

How many hopes, how many fears,
How many smiles, how many tears
Hang o'er her dangerous walk through coming years!
Almighty God! to Thee the child is given,
Guide home her weary steps at last to heaven
Ann Arbor, Mich. Dec. 8 1862.

The Hampton Lectures for 1862 have been published in London. They contain "A Critical History of Free Thought in Reference to the Christian Religion." The author is Adam S. Farrar, M. A., a volume of whose sermons, entitled "Science in Theology," was published some time since by Smith, English, & Co., of Philadelphia.

Messrs Little, Brown, & Co., will shortly issue in three volumes the works of Robert Burns as a part of their edition of the British Poets.

Family Circle.

RHYMES ABOUT ANIMALS: FOR THE NURSERY.

MASTIFF

The Mastiff has a well-built form—
His shaggy coat endures the storm;
He is to man a faithful friend—
He'll guard his house—his life defend.

BALD EAGLE

The great Bald Eagle looks on high—
Right on the sun he sets his eye,
His nest is on some dizzy height,
His strong wings bear him out of sight

FOX

The Fox is very sly,
He's also very spry,
He's full of naughty tricks,
He likes to steal the chicks,
His cunning little head
And bushy tail are red.

OWL

The Owl hides away
From the light of the day;
He is droll and sedate
Until it's late,
And then all the night
His eyes are quite bright,
He steals birds and mice,
Which he eats in a trice.

RABBIT

The timid little Rabbit
Has a silky fur
Like snow—his eyes are pinkish;
And whene'er you stir,
He cocks up both long ears,
For he is full of fears

RAT

A wondrous set of teeth
Has the ugly Rat;
He will gnaw everything,
Be it round or flat;
His whiskers and his tail are long—
Where there is one, there is a throng
Merry's Museum

(From the Youth's Evangelist.)

WHO WILL SAVE THE LAND?

Near Fredericksburg, Va

DEAR CHILDREN:—Time in its rapid flight, reminds us if we would pay you our usual visit, we must collect our thoughts. In this letter we have to tell you of another dreadful battle. Our heart, though full of hope feels sad to tell you that our arms were unsuccessful in storming the heights of Fredericksburg. We will give you an idea of the sanguinary conflict which will take its place in history as one of the most desperate battles of modern times. The rebels concentrated their army on the south side of the Rappahannock river. A chain of mountains runs parallel with the river which was a strong position by nature for defence, but rendered doubly so by art. Strong forts were erected in the mountains, with rifle pits and earth works connecting them. Mounted on the forts were the heaviest cannon. For hundreds of yards in front of the rebel works trees were felled, sharp sticks protruding; deep gulleys, and every obstacle calculated to impede those who would attempt an approach to the mountains. One hundred and fifty thousand bayonets supported these rebel strongholds. They were in our path to Richmond. Friday, Dec. 12th, the Union army received the order to cross the river. It was accomplished with the skill and gallantry which only brave troops can do, under a murderous fire. Friday night the trustful men of the North lay down to rest with their rifles in their hands. Early on Saturday morning as the effulgent beams of the December sun chased away the thick fog, the work of death began. As the day advanced the conflict waxed deadlier and bloodier. The last *reveille* was sounding, summoning hundreds of soldiers to their last account. The musketry grew more rapid; the wild shouts, in desperate charges, from the masculine throats which can only be heard in such a carnival of desolation, re-echoed above the din of the strife. The storm swept on in exploding shell, and flying grape. The earth shook as if by the convulsions of nature, as hundreds of cannon belched forth their anger in tones of thunder. On, on went the work of death; the Vesuvius of art. Column after column was hurled against the impregnable works of the rebels, but only to be cut down by successive fire as grass by the keen scythe of the mower. As the shades of night gathered over the Golgotha of the New World, the firing slackened until only the random shots of the pickets could be heard. About 9 o'clock at night, in darkness, the combat on the centre was renewed with desperation, and continued until nature was exhausted, and by mutual consent of both parties, the contestants sank to rest. So ended the tragedy of the old year—the darkest record the page of history will transmit to posterity. Our regiment, which is very small, suffered but slightly. How grateful we should feel to the Almighty, who was as a wall of fire about us! Sabbath day was broken by skirmishing, neither army bringing on a battle, dreading the wrath of God for the profanation of his holy day. Alas! what a day of agony to our poor wounded comrades; hundreds closed their eyes to the beauties and light of nature forever, without a word of cheer. Monday was spent as the Sabbath, and in the night we recrossed the river. The crossing of the Rappahannock was a lamentable failure! We are not going to give vent to passionate remarks, and upbraid our leaders of the war, but we think incompetent men have managed the war. On their heads must accumulate the precious blood of Northern soldiers. The gory tide which has washed the earth, and the bones of the brave boys that will fertilize southern fields, call for intelligence in the conduct of the war! We fear that *self* rules; that self is the god of many who have control in high places.

My little friends, when we reflect on the immoral condition of our army, we are led to say, "God have mercy upon us." Sabbath-breaking, profanity, intoxication, and every species of vice stalks through our camps unchecked. Soldiering has ruined many; others have profited by it. Young men away from the restraints of home, and its Christian influences, think they are licensed to sin, and plunge into wickedness like adepts. Unless the army reforms from the private to the General, the God of battles will not prosper us. Will Gens. Halleck, Burnside, Secretary Stanton, or Northern Patriotism save the republic? No; *no*. God rules. His almighty arm is in the war. He only can give us victory. He only can save our beloved land. Will we look to him? Will we pray to him for success? Your prayers have been with us; we still ask them for the army and the cause, and if we are a host of Christian warriors, *the Lord will save the land.* Failure is impossible, if He is on our side. "Who breaketh the bow and cutteth in sunder the spear, and burneth the chariot in the fire and maketh wars to cease."

Yours truly, SOLDIER

"REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY."

"Will you go skating, Will with Tom and me?"

"What! today?"

"Certainly, Sabbath School is out early. See, your teacher has gone into church, and won't see you and we will have some fine sport before dark."

"No George, I don't think it would be right."

"Nor do I, Will," added his sister laying her hand on his brother. "That is not what we go to Sabbath School to learn."

"I wasn't speaking to you, *Miss Prim.* What is it your business where Will goes?" said George roughly.

"You are a bad boy, George, to dare to go yourself, and my brother will not go with you," said Will's sister.

"Is breaking the Fourth Commandment no sin?" asked Willie.

"Well if you are going to preach a sermon I won't wait. I am bound to have my fun, and if you won't come because your little sister will not let you, good by," and off he ran to the pond.

Who did right, children? I hope you all reply, "Willie." Yes and I honor him for his moral courage. He was not ashamed to do as his conscience directed. If I were a [illegible] I would not be [illegible] take Willie with me. Never be afraid to do rightly, but always be afraid to do wrong. Never forget the solemn words "Thou, God, seest me," and if tempted to commit a sin, think a moment of the kind, good God you would offend, and of the vile master you are about to serve, and be not long in choosing whom you will serve.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. R.

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CRACKERS—6½@7

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NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.
Mr Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public
Mrs. EVELINA [illegible]

PROVIDENCE, Dec 10, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs PHEBE A MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.
Rev Mr Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

STEAMER PERRY, Sept. 2, 1861.
Rev Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug 10, 1861
Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.
Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it
Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing in this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 Pine St. Phila.

For the Christian Recorder.

BUCKS COUNTY SS —TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson—formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hewh, Esq., at Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and I further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Kemmons (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is a brother) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed before me May 8th, 1862.
Wm. Blakey J. P.
her
Emily ✕ Johnston
mark

THOMAS CHARNOCK,
GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER
NO. 427 SOUTH 6TH ST.,
Second Door Below Bethel Church.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

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Notice.—All letters and matters pertaining to the Book Concern, subscribers, sale of papers, and all moneys belonging to Book Concern or the paper, must be directed to Rev. Elisha Weaver, Box No. 430, Philadelphia, and all matters sent by express, and in our city, must be directed to E. Weaver, No. 619 Pine st.

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Rev. L. ROSS.

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER

BY BEAVER A. D. JAY.

'Tis sad to think my sister dear
Is sleeping with the silent dead;
That in the grave so dark and drear,
They have made her cold and narrow bed.

Ah! is it so, and can it be,
That I on earth no more shall hear
That tuneful voice, nor ever see
That smiling face so loved and dear?

Are those bright eyes forever closed
That once so pure and sparkling shone,
And from those blooming cheeks where health reposed,
Alas! both health and beauty flown?

Those lips so often pressed to mine,
Alas! they are too pale and cold,
Those hands so ready and so kind,
They, too, are overspread with mould.

'Tis so, alas, and far away,
The solemn tidings reached my ear,
I could not watch her swift decay,
Nor know my sister's end was near.

But when cold Jordan hove in view,
She calmly step'd down to the shore,
With rapture fill'd, she sweetly sang,
I'm going home to die no more.

Dear Ada, we shall meet again,
Far, far above the azure sky,
Where grief nor sorrow, tears nor pain,
Can ever dim the immortal eye.

Then in the glorious world above,
With all the blood-washed throng we'll sing,
In sweetest tones of heavenly love,
To Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.
Providence, R. I.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE SPRING OF LOVE.

BY JOHN WILLIS MENARD.

There is a fountain deep of love,
In every human heart;
A fount that never drieth up,
If never choked by art—
In childhood's days of innocence,
It knows no resting place,
Encircling all our little world
Within its fond embrace.

But after-years come freighted with
Earth's selfishness and pride;
Which choke the sacred fountain up,
Until it seemeth dried;
Yet he who deeply probes the heart—
Who searcheth it with care;
Will find, e'en in the stoniest,
That fountain still is there.

For tho' it seem beyond thy power,
The worldling's heart to move,
That heart, couldst thou but reach the fount,
Would overflow with love,—
And often when we deem it lost,
It gusheth forth again:—
The worldliness that buries it,
Its sources cannot drain.

There is in every breast a lamp,
That never goeth out:
Tho' sadly is its blaze obscured,
By falsehood, fear and doubt,
The lamp of truth! by Heaven bestowed,
To light man's devious way;
Who ever duly heedeth it,
May never go astray.

If one there be to love and truth,
Seems dead for evermore,
Believe it not, but humbly strive,
Their winnings to restore;
Assured that tho' they may at times
In vain assert their force;
All heaven-born things must ever be
Undying as their Source.

For the Christian Recorder.

SPIRITUAL WORK.

BY ELI HASBAN

My head and hands I work with skill,
To try to do my Master's will,
But yet there's work I've left undone,
So now the faster I must run.

At work my mind and hands have been,
To keep and cleanse my soul from sin.
Tho' I do sin, God will forgive,
So I will work that I may live.

With all my might and strength I run,
That soon my task on earth be done.
A life time's work I now do start,
To work with head, with hands and heart.

I'll work in spite of hate and strife,
That I may gain eternal life.
Though Devils tempt, and people may,
Yet I will run the pilgrim's way.

The flesh opposes, the world may too,
A pilgrim's work I have to do,
World, Flesh and Satan leave thou me,
For Christ, the Lord, I'm bound to see.

I work by faith and live by hope,
My little barge is on the float.
Redemption now I must work out,
While I am on this pilgrim route.

The work my Master gave to me,
Will always keep my liberty.
So free I live and free I'll die,
In freedom live with God on high.

A plain brother was very anxious to write for *The Western Recorder*—the paper of which at that time Dr. Waller had charge—had often expressed his desire, without much encouragement from the Doctor—but was finally told to write, and the article should appear. He wrote, but, said the Doctor, "SUCH A MESS!" But, supposing that one effort would satisfy his correspondent, he put the article in shape, and gave it a point, thought, and connection, and sent week the brother saw it under his signature.—He came to the editor under a glow of delight, and said, "Why, Bro. Waller, I did not know I could write so well! I MUST WRITE AGAIN."

The Chinese Exhumed.—California journals say that the Chinese never allow the bones of a deceased countryman to rest outside of China—their burials abroad being only a temporary deposit, to be taken up sooner or later and sent back to the flowery land for proper and permanent burial

For the Christian Recorder.

LIFE OF ST. CYPRIAN—THE AFRICAN BISHOP, MARTYR AND SAINT.

BY REV. B. T. T.

Chapter II.

Cyprian, the Youth

Christianity known to be aggressive.—Will Cyprian become a Christian?—Religion inherited. School days.—What Quintillian says

In his eyes everything forbade this,—the cherished memories of the past, every circumstance of the present, and all the hopes of the future. All things said to him, No, no! ever pay thy devotion to Carthagenian gods, and thy vows upon Carthagenian altars.

It is not to be presumed that he was ignorant of the aggressive spirit of the religion which was regarded by the popular mind as a hated sect, and a dangerous superstition. That which gave him the greatest uneasiness was, that while the Christians were scorned, yet very mysteriously they were respected, while feeble and helpless, yet they withstood the fury of the Emperors, and while the people derided their religion, yet would they inevitably embrace it; even patricians and plebeians, men of every rank, from the hovel of the slave to the palace of the Cæsars. Recognising these facts, he was ready to conclude with the Pharisaic council, if let alone all men would believe on Him. As he had resisted all the gracious influences of the gospel, and maintained his integrity with the gods, his chief desire was that Cyprian should exemplify the same steadfastness and devotion. With him patriotism and religion were one; his country and its recognised gods must be his. The possibility of the child Cyprian becoming a Christian, had already appeared, and as he dwelt upon a prospect so disagreeable, he mused,—Can it be that Cyprian will ever become a Christian? Will he forsake the religion of his fathers, so ancient and glorious, and ally himself to that sect, so often under the ban of the august Emperors? Will not paternal love restrain him? will not a patriot's zeal anchor him immovably to the thousand sacred altars of his country?

With a blind affection would he engage young Cyprian with the glory of Pagan mythology, of the beauty and consolation of polytheism,—each nation having its own gods. What! my son, one God! are not many gods better than one? Who has ever seen the Christian's God, and indeed their own books declare that no man hath seen Him at any time; while our gods are before our eyes? And the worship of these atheists! how empty is it. Where are their gorgeous temples, perfumed with rising incense, and illuminated with ten thousand brilliant tapers?

Thus would this religious Pagan impress the susceptible head and heart of his child with a feeling of reverence, and even love for the old superstition. The religious belief of man is almost hereditary: with the rarest exception he inherits it as certainly, and as completely, as he does the body which he receives. The general rule in reference thereto, may be expressed with the laconic phrase, "So father, so son." The Christian father has the Christian son; the Mahommedan father has the Mahommedan son, and the Pagan father has the Pagan son. Nor does this fact run counter to the recognised truth of man's free agency, and consequent accountability. Were we to say that he who inherits a diseased body, does not owe it to himself and to society, to use every and all means within his power, in order that his inherited malady may be removed, and he possess a sound body, the whole world would not scruple to call us insane. It is thus with the man who inherits a diseased religious belief: such a belief as does not suit itself to man's present condition and necessities, and is plainly seen to come short of that for which true religion is designed, to wit, to create charity in the hearts and lives of men. Inheriting such an incompatible belief as this, it is clearly the imperative duty of that man, to use every and all means within his power, to bring himself to the light of a true, practical faith. And God and the world and his own soul demand such action. Cyprian inherited his father's religion with a sublime fulness; and while he listened to the words of praise uttered in his ears by his father, his youthful heart was filled with zeal towards the national religion. He accepted the paternal reasoning, and concluded that many gods were better than one,—that sight is to be preferred to faith, and that the flesh is to be over the spirit.

We thus see that the first scroll, or volume, treats entirely of the religious training of our youth. Let us now turn to the second volume, which treats of the customs of his age and country. From this date we are enabled to gather some facts in reference to the school-days of the Carthagenian bishop:—the probable time of entering school, the studies pursued, and how and when his scholastic days were concluded. There are some potent facts in reference to education. Its very necessity should appear to all. Man's nature calls aloud for it, and its voice must be heeded.

The beauty, the strength, yea, the real man depends upon the proper development of the physical system; and in vain may we look for such among the idle and the effeminate. Idlers are but half men, having spongy muscles, dull eyes, and pallid cheeks. It is very similar with the soul. Its various faculties must be properly developed before they assume their original loveliness and power: and none more so than the intellect, which is as the right arm of the soul, and must not be palsied by inactivity, nor severed by confirmed ignorance. "Knowledge is power" is both an adage and a truth. None understood this more truly than the ancients; and with them the education of their youth was never neglected. This was more particularly true of those families who were in the easy circumstances of Cyprian's parents. Occupying no mean position in society, his father was anxious that he should receive such training as the glowing prospect which he had formed of the child's future, made obligatory. He hearkened to the voice of hope, and procured the best teachers. In the commencement of their children's education, the ancients began at quite an early age. To their mind the opening bud must have light. Latin was the principal language of the Carthagenians, and the Latin teachers generally began at the age of seven. But Quinctillian, of whom it is sufficient to say, that he was preceptor to the prudent emperor, Trajan, and who is universally acknowledged to be one of the first teachers of his age, thought and practised differently. He strenuously advocated the very early age of three years. Writing in defence of his opinion, he asks: "Now if from that early state (that is three years) the memory may be cultivated, what hinders also, but the mind may also be improved? What is a child to do from the time that he begins to speak? for undoubtedly he must do something. Is it proper to abandon him entirely to the discourse of women and men servants? At that age we know that he is incapable either of pain or application. Then this must not be so much a study as a play, whereby these first years of infancy till the seventh, which are generally lost, may be usefully applied in teaching him a thousand agreeable things within the reach of his capacity.

B. T. T.

Washington, D. C.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

For the Christian Recorder.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Inactivity prevails—Congress sits late—Senate on the Missouri Bill—Sumner's bill on Colored soldiers—leather-tongued babblers—quail before an Irishman—tramp over Jordan—Christ not a coward—prefer Stevens' bill—Mrs. Wm Slade—S. S. C. Society—Hospital Convention—Rev. Mr. Turner misrepresented—Israel meeting—Rev. J. D. Brooks—marriage between Mr. Lucas and Miss Wallace—she charms the preacher—Street-sweeping machine—colored recruiting offices to be opened on the 4th of March—force measures surmised, &c., &c

MR. EDITOR:—I shall be compelled to give you the smallest correspondence this week that I have for some time, as everything is so dull in our city, and as stand-still-ness has gained such an ascendency over the general hurly-burly-ness and activity which has hitherto characterized our thoroughfares and street commotion, that our news is scarce and valueless.

Congress is in session very late every day; the Senate appears to be so exuberantly engaged with the affairs of the nation, that in many instances it is difficult to get an adjournment till late at night. The Missouri question or bill has occupied the Senate longer, I believe, than any matter during the present session.

Mr. Sumner has offered a bill in relation to colored soldiers, as a substitute for Mr. Stevens', which provides that all free-born volunteers of color, who may enlist in the army, shall receive the same, in every respect, as white soldiers; provided the number does not transcend a hundred thousand, and all freedmen who may enlist to be allowed $7,00 per month, &c. It is presumed the bill will go through like a flash of lightning. I think it will meet with a very favorable reception.

A great many persons prefer Mr. Sumner's bill to the other, because it does not define the colored man's position in relation to those over whom he is to exercise jurisdiction. I hope none will become enraged at me if I express a different opinion; for I find that in too many instances our people are very little disposed to give idea for idea, word for word, and pen work for pen-work in the discussion of their idealistic differences, but as soon as a man entertains a view dissimilar to theirs, they are ready to sneak around in every hole and corner, and vent their venom, by puffing from their leather tongues such words as these, *He ought to be hung.* You will find them unable to meet an intelligent colored man in argument, by giving reason for reason and thought for thought. Yet they will believe nothing he says, nor heed a particle of his advice, but sit with their heads down, till he leaves, then to rise up and pour a flood of bitter invective upon him. Now, sir, that same class of our people will go out and meet an Irishman or a Dutchman who can neither read nor write, knows nothing of the country, knows but little more about the colored man's condition than a horse; and he will look up and say, *See here, you negroes better keep quiet,* else you will catch the devil. Down goes every nerve, and they are ready to poke their trembling heads in an auger-hole. Now, it's a pity, but I come in contact with this class of people, to some extent, everywhere I go. And until they take a tramp over Jordan, the uprising and successful distinction of our down-trodden race will be retarded. If Jesus Christ, our blessed and all honored Redeemer, whom we are commanded to follow, had partaken of that hateful cowardice, God would have long since shot from the rugged clouds of his most fearful ire and heaven-scathing indignation, his sin-treasured wrath, in such terrible volleys and fearful thunderbolts, that the place where the world's ecliptic swings would long since have been blotted from among the glories of the universe, and left a wreck to sink into a state of most disgraceful annihilation.

Now for the point. The reason why I prefer Stevens' bill to Mr. Sumner's is, because one, I think, contemplates the colored armies being to themselves, while the other looks to an intermixture. This question, however, I have noticed in my last letter.

Mrs. Wm. Slade, one of our most distinguished ladies, and one whose circumstances in life might, if she was not a solid-hearted lady, lead to an undue state of elation, informs me that there is quite a large proportion of sickness in the city. No one has a better chance of knowing than Mrs. Slade, as she is constantly among them, and her name will stand gilded in letters of immortality for her invalid sympathy and great-hearted benevolence, when the names of many, far better constituted and physically adapted, will allow their fastidious squeamishness to bury them in the lake of oblivion.

The S. S. C. Society has appointed two agents for each ward, to hunt up the colored children, ascertain their condition, whether they go to day or Sabbath schools, whether freed or born free, the amount of taxable property, &c., and report to the body at a specific time. This is a judicious move, and highly commendable. I am sorry to inform you that the convention for the erection of a hospital, has come to an decisive point. I was informed that a residentiary question had staggered its contemplated measures. But I think the indifference of the members to the call of the President, Mr. Wm. Slade, has done it more harm than the question of residence, though I regard the entire residential question as foolishness, unless they are going to build the hospital, and generally such agitations give the least.

Rev. Mr. Turner desires me to state that he has seen his name in several papers, in connexion with Mr. Joseph E. Williams, as being one of a party who contemplated opening a recruiting office in this city for the enlistment of colored soldiers, and that he had contradicted the report through the same channel from whence it emanated. He wishes his friends to know, through the Recorder, (if any have seen the report) that the idea of him leaving the ministry and engaging in the recruiting business, had not yet entered his mind; but he is not opposed to the measure, and don't know what events may evolve.

There has been a protracted meeting going on at Israel Church for the last week. Much good has been done.

I believe the Rev. J. D. Brooks, Pastor of the Zion Wesley Church, has had a protracted meeting going on at his church ever since last August—over six months. That's pushing the gospel car, indeed.

A marriage took place on Thursday evening, 13th instant, between Mr. John Lucas and Miss Adelaide D. Wallace. The nuptial party were among our most popular residents. The young Miss appeared on the floor so very attractive, that the preacher could not look in his book while reading the ceremony for viewing her.

I was walking down the Avenue a few days ago, and to my great surprise I saw several horses pulling a machine through the street, that appeared to be cutting up a dash. Such a winding and twisting I never saw before. After making some inquiries as to its business, I found it to be a street-sweeping machine. The longer we live the more we see. I told you in the commencement that I would be unusually short. So I must stop, if I would keep my promise.

Just as I had closed my letter, Mr. Joseph E. Williams came into my office, and informed me that he had just been told by one of the generals, high in command, that the recruiting offices for colored soldiers will be opened on and after the 4th of March, and if rumor is to be accredited, I am fearful that colored men this side of Mason and Dixon's line will stand but a poor chance in refusing to fight, whether they desire it or not, though I presume that's a hoax.

H. M. T.

Washington, Feb. 14th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

TRUE MANLINESS

Be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man.
1 Kings ii. 2.

Such was the counsel of a dying monarch, to his youthful son, the heir apparent to the kingdom. That monarch's life had been of a most eventful character. He had risen from a shepherd's cot to the throne of a mighty empire: and in his progress had passed through many and strange vicissitudes of earthly condition. While yet a stripling, he had met the fierce Goliath, the giant champion of the heathen host, in single combat, and came off conqueror in the unequal strife. He had been in turn, the hero of the songs of the people; the son-in-law of the king; the bosom friend of the prince of the realm; the fugitive from the court; the haunted outlaw; the forest wanderer; the exulted monarch; the victorious general; and finally, the successful and prosperous king. Now in his old age, being about to depart from the scenes of his earthly greatness, and lay his head as low in the dust as the meanest of his subjects. The aged monarch summons to his side his son and heir, to give him his last counsels and his parting blessing. "I go the way of all the earth; be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man; and keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in his ways, to keep his statutes and commandments, and his judgments, and his testimonies, as it is written in the law of Moses, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever thou turnest thyself." He did not say to the youth, who stood by his side, make thyself a great warrior, a mighty conqueror, a powerful sovereign, a wise statesman. There was a nobler character still, to which he bade him aspire. "Study to show thyself a man." Such was David's dying charge to the youthful prince, and he did not only charge him, thus, to aim at true manliness of character, but he directed him where to seek for its attainment. It was not to the precepts of philosophers nor to the counsels of statesmen, that he bade him look for instruction. It was not in the career of the warrior nor the intrigues of diplomatists, the enterprises of commerce or the accumulation of wealth, that he was to find the elements of true manliness; but in the walks of virtue, in the practice of piety, in obedience to God. Here and here only, was the secret of a manly character, and of sure and abiding honor. Believing that in the heart of every young man, whom I address, there is a chord which vibrates in unison with the monarch of Israel to his son, I shall proceed to address you for a few moments upon this subject. There is no higher style of earthly character than that of a true man. He is the noblest work of God. There has been but one exemplification of such character since the fall of the great federal head, Adam. It was the great and noble man, Christ Jesus. Without the adventitious distinctions of rank or wealth, in poverty, in obscurity, in sorrow, and in shame, his was a character which the world had admired for two thousand years, and will admire to the end of time. In all the elements of real manliness, he has never been equalled by the sons of men, laying out of view his divine power, by which he wrought the wonderful miracles which won for him the shoutings of the multitude, and contemplating him simply as a man. Looking at those elements of dignity, and nobleness, and virtue, which properly belong to humanity, how admirable was his character, how symmetrical, how beautiful, how sublime. Listen to the language even of a skeptic himself, the famous Rousseau, and mark how he speaks of Christ. "Is it possible that the sacred personage, whose history it (the Bible) contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the air of an enthusiast, or an ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity, in his manners! What an effective gracefulness in his delivery, what sublimity in his maxims, what profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what truth in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and die, without weakness and without ostentation?" Such is the impressive tribute paid by one who was no follower of Christ, to the beauty and splendor of his character as a man. In acquiring such a character, my young friends, I will place before you those traits and qualities, which are universally considered as belonging to a true and noble man. 1. Courage is generally considered as essential to manliness. It is esteemed the highest and noblest characteristic of a man. 2. Is Magnanimity. The literal meaning of this term is greatness of soul. It also composes a real manly character. 3. Another is Candor, a fair and candid mind. 4. Is Reverence. We should regard our Creator at all times, and in all places. I only wish I had time to expatiate further upon this important theme.

J. H. TURPIN.

Western Theological Seminary, }
Allegheny City, Feb. 5th }

For the Christian Recorder.

AN EDUCATED MINISTRY.

BY REV. GEORGE T. WATKINS.

(Continued from last week.)

NO. III.

In my former communications, my aim has been to show the utility and the necessity of an educated and intelligent ministry. I regard such a ministry a *sine qua non* to the proper instruction, and, consequently, to the advancement and elevation of those committed to its spiritual guidance. An ignorant *preacher* (or teacher) is as much a paradox as a white blackbird, an honest thief, or a sober drunkard. For as the word preach signifies to teach, the word preacher must necessarily involve the idea of intelligence and instruction. A minister of the Gospel must, then, logically speaking, be an intelligent instructor. Those ignorant men who ascend the sacred desk, from Sabbath to Sabbath, with the stereotyped and common-place platitudes which the people have heard from infancy; those who never feed the intellect with wholesome nutriment; who cannot explain the plainest texts of Scripture, and who delight in putting their hearers astride the beasts of Revelation, and then go prancing, they know not where, over the mountains of vain repetitions, unmeaning circumlocution, and bedlamitish absurdities, are, at best, but very poor imitators, of acceptable and approved ministers of the word of God. The sooner they divest themselves of their ministerial habiliments, and prepare, by a proper cultivation of their whole nature, for the discharge of the responsibilities of the exalted position of Christian ministers, the better for themselves, the Church of Christ, and mankind generally.

But the question arises, To what extent is it necessary for a man to be educated before he is qualified to discharge the duties of a minister of the Gospel? Or, in other words, what are the indispensable qualifications of a Christian minister?

These qualifications may be ranged under two heads, religious and intellectual.

That vital godliness is an essential qualification for an ambassador of Christ, no one will deny. In the 12th Canon of our excellent Discipline, it is stated, that a preacher should be qualified for his charge, "By walking closely with God, and having his work closely at heart." We learn from the whole tenor of Divine Revelation, that a man to be moved by the Holy Spirit to preach, must know God as a pardoning God, have the love of God abiding in him, and be holy in all manner of conversation. The apostle Paul, in his epistle to Titus, (whom he calls "mine own son after the faith,") after exhorting and instructing him, how and what to preach, gives him the following advice: "In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works; in doctrine, showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech, that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you." The youthful preacher Timothy is exhorted by the same eminent servant of God, to "follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness." He is exhorted to "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses." Timothy is most solemnly and earnestly exhorted "to keep this commandment without spot, unrebukable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is clearly seen, then, that a minister of Christ must be an "example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." He must not stultify and disgrace himself, (as too many often do) by preaching Christ and practising the devil. O that those who profess to be called of God to preach the unsearchable riches of redemption, would demonstrate in their lives, the Divine reality of the religion they profess! Alas! it is to be feared, that too many, (to use the language of Paul to Titus) "profess that they know God; but in works they deny him, being abominable, and disobedient, and unto every good work reprobate."

So much then for the religious qualifications of Christian ministers. Their intellectual ability next merits our candid consideration.

It may not be inappropriate to premise just here, that I do not deem it essential that a man must be a master of science, as well as Revelation, in order to be a worthy and qualified preacher of the Gospel. He *need* not be an Adam Clarke, or a Wesley, or a Watson, though it would be very desirable if *he could be.* But there are, doubtless, certain pre-requisites without which he cannot properly discharge the duties devolving upon him.

He must possess, as a basic qualification, the ability to "Search the Scriptures, to give attendance to reading." In order to fulfil this apostolic injunction, a man must certainly know how TO READ, and read, too, understandingly. I believe that God calls no man to expound the Scriptures who cannot read them. He may be moved by the Holy Ghost *to prepare himself* for the work, but not to perform it. Too many mistake the call to prepare, for the call to preach. The time has come to speak plainly and boldly on this subject. I repeat what I have already remarked, that a man should be able to read the Scriptures correctly and understandingly, or he is no more than a ministerial caricature, and his so-called preaching a ridiculous comedy. He may say many very excellent things while in the pulpit, so can a parrot. The one is as much related to instruct as the other.

To read the Scriptures understandingly, implies a *thorough study* of them. He must be acquainted with the Sacred Word, its doctrines, chronology, etc., and be an adept in the use of this "two edged sword," for he will need it in his conflicts with those who "will not endure sound doctrine." Paul observes, "Holding fast the faithful word as he hath been taught, that he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and to *convince* the gainsayers." The apostle Peter, in speaking of the epistles of Paul, says, "in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned, and unstable, wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction." Some of our preachers betray in their pulpit efforts, a most lamentable deficiency in scriptural knowledge. They often *make* scripture, and such scripture as *they* make, does not redound to their credit.

Again. A knowledge of the grammar of one's own language, a limited, if not a thorough knowledge of it, is necessary to a proper appreciation of the Scriptures, and to their proper elucidation. The preacher should be able to communicate his ideas intelligibly and correctly. This he cannot do without a knowledge of the rules of grammar.

It will also be necessary for him to know something of geography. He will often find it requisite in reading and expounding the Scriptures, to be possessed of some geographical knowledge. A minister preached to one of the colored churches of this city last Sabbath, and informed his people that Arabia was in the desert of Africa. He said, farther, that the account he was giving them was more reliable than anything they "could get from *Pagoners or Astrologers.*" And such men presume to teach the people! The good Lord deliver us from the ignorance they would entail upon us!

History, ancient and modern, rhetoric, and logic, should be well studied. The use of these branches must be obvious to all, and I need not here elaborate. Now if a man can read, and has read and studied the Scriptures, with the various standard works on divinity, or, at least some of them; if he understands the grammar of his own language, or, to say the least, if he understands its fundamental rules; if he has a tolerably correct knowledge of geography, history, rhetoric, and logic, and withal, is "apt to teach," I think he possesses the *necessary* intellectual qualifications of a Christian minister. If he possesses other qualifications which I have enumerated, he can become a useful, acceptable, and approved minister of Christ.

But he must not content himself with a superficial knowledge of these things. He should, after receiving his license, continue his studies systematically. He will always find something to learn. For all the space between his finite mind, and the infinite mind of Jehovah is crowded with truths waiting to be discovered and appreciated.

In conclusion, I would observe, that those men who feel that they "must preach or burst," and who have not the qualifications to do the former, should be compelled to "tarry at Jerusalem," until they make the requisite preparation. In my next communication, and probably the last on this subject, I shall endeavor to show the impropriety of appointing exhorters to fill the sacred desk as ministers of the Gospel, and the pernicious results attending such a policy.

Baltimore, Md.

For the Christian Recorder.

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE

MR. EDITOR:—Events are crowding upon us, and we are borne along by time,—the sweep of ages, and conflict of political interests. Since I last dropped you a few lines, we have had many changes of note. The mind that is wont to investigate all that passes before it, will pause to inquire what means all these demonstrations which the colored gentlemen of New York and Brooklyn are engaged in getting up. Who is profited by these demonstrations? One reading the columns of the *Anglo-African*, would suppose that the people of these cities do nothing but "*demonstrate*," and dance, and frolic away all their earnings. It is a notable fact that, in all their over-much enthusiasm for the slave and the "contrabands," and proclamations of liberty, there is not an effort made to benefit the poor famishing people who are reported to be in great need. There is a very great lack of principle in those who are at the head of the affairs of the colored people; they will lead the masses to believe that they are going to do a great thing, gather them in some large church or hall, and make a few bombastic speeches, get the money, pocket it, and go off laughing in their sleeves at the manner in which they duped the "plebeians." It has become a regularly established system to "fleece" the natives here; unscrupulous men and women sit plotting how they may lay "inductions deep and dangerous," for their own profit, and the detriment of others. No doubt but hundreds of dollars have been made by these land sharks since this war has been in progress, and the freedmen have been a great source of profit to these gougers of the public. It is not strange that humanity is so corrupt as to trample down every principle of honor to accomplish its selfish ends; but it is rather singular that minds claiming leadership, should be so truculent as to ignore the higher considerations of the moral and social, intellectual and religious improvement of their race, and succumb to the dictates of sordid gain, as has been the case in our midst. A people are in great danger when their leaders are pensioners on their bounty, bestowed through pandering to their baser nature. It is lamentable that all classes of our leading men seem to be in the same category. Clergy, editors, teachers of all kinds, rush on in the current of popular demonstration, full of most ardent patriotism. But these efforts are for their own personal benefit. How much good ought result to the poor liberated, if the moneys spent in these gatherings were properly applied. Why there has not arisen one noble-hearted man to propose some measures for helping our distressed people in the South, is a question I am unable to answer. I suppose that not less than eight hundred or more dollars have been realised by these various gatherings, but it has all been appropriated to personal profit, and the public have had to foot all the bills besides. It is time our leading men should cease these kind of operations, and take a higher stand. The everlasting "shuffling" of our people in the ball room, the eagerness with which the gathering together to dance and frolic is seized, is indeed a sad comment on the morals of the community. These practices vitiate the tastes and habits of our young people, and sow the seeds of their ruin. And it is remarkable that the New York and Brooklyn people never think of closing their gatherings till near daylight. Young women are here who might be ladies in the future, were it not for the baleful influence brought to bear on them by these midnight revellings, sanctioned by men who would wish to be thought the conservatives of the interests of the community. The people squander their money and living, break down their constitutions, live in cellars and garrets, alleys and by places, like so many swine, their children in rags, and practising all the habits incident to such a state. How imperative the duty of the better informed to rescue, save, and elevate their less favored neighbors. Instead of getting up promenades, re-unions, and dances, they should establish *reading rooms, societies* for their *intellectual culture*, lectures on science, art, government, war, economy of life, and thus create a healthy tone in society, by bringing all these things within the reach of all classes, laying the foundation for their future usefulness and national recognition as more qualified for the performance of all functions pertaining to manhood. I hope the day is not far distant when we shall see a change in the habits of our leaders, the nature of our newspapers in New York, and in society generally.

Frederick Douglass lectured in Cooper Institute, on Friday evening, the 6th, to a large and respectable audience of both colors. He held them spellbound for nearly two hours; it was a masterly effort, and he came fully up to the exigencies of the times. The black man's cause will never suffer in his hands.

Rev. Jabez P. Campbell preached in Sullivan Street A. M. E. church, on Sunday, the 8th, to an orderly crowded house, the funeral sermon of Father Robinson. Prov. xxxvii.—39: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." He began at 3½ o'clock, P. M., and closed at 6 P. M.; hundreds of people went away, not finding standing room inside the wall. His discourse was exceedingly interesting, though lengthy. Many people had remained there from morning preaching without having had any dinner. To them his discourse was exceedingly long. If a man could be crowned in heaven by sermons alone, all ought to send for the Rev. Campbell. He could do that thing for them.

Fred. Douglass will lecture in Rev. R. H. Cain's church in Brooklyn, on the 19th inst. I shall try to be there in time to get a seat, and report to you the incidents of the occasion.

That church which was advertised for sale, I learn has been purchased by Rev. Edmond Crosby and Robert Jackson, both members. The first an old elder for many years in the connexion, now over seventy years of age, the latter, President of the Trustee Board. May they live long, and be happy. I will watch and wait to see what shall turn up here, and will report in due time at the gavel's sound.

JUNIUS.

For the Christian Recorder.

AFFLICTION

MR. EDITOR:—We have recently visited so much among the sick that we thought we would say something in reference to affliction. That person who enjoys health, enjoys one of the greatest blessings that is to be enjoyed in this life, temporally speaking. What are riches without health? What are all the honors that can be bestowed upon us in this life without health? In a word, I may ask, What is life itself without health? If health be so valuable, how we should labor to possess, or in other words, to keep it. But let us inquire what is affliction, and what is its cause? Affliction is the cause or state of pain, sorrow, calamity, or distress. Let us inquire after the cause of affliction. Sin is the cause of affliction.

Hear the language of God to our first parents, when in the garden. Unto the woman he said: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow," &c., and unto Adam he said, "Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hath eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it, cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life." (Gen. iii. 16, 17.) This is sufficient to show us the cause of affliction. We hear of no sorrow until after the transgression. Then some may be ready to say that affliction is God's judgment sent upon us, (as the Jews believed.) This may be in some instances, but not always. God desires to instruct men, and he uses affliction as the teacher.

The first lesson that he would teach is, that man is mortal. View that ungodly man as he spreads himself like the green bay tree—especially if he is rich or holds a high position in society. He imagines that there is none above him, and that he is independent. But God would show him that he is but a man, and is mortal. And this he teaches him by affliction. But God would not only teach man that he is mortal, which is but dust, and shall return to dust, but He would also inform him by affliction that he is dependent—that as an individual who has severe affliction of body is dependent upon some one to wait on him, or to take care of him, and give him something to nourish life, so also God gives them to understand that they are dependent upon him for life itself. Then, the Almighty would by affliction teach us that as we are dependent we should be obedient.

It is not because God hates us that he afflicts us, but because he loves us; and to the child of God, every affliction is sanctified. The Apostle says, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." They may be many, but there is a deliverer. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

If afflictions be sanctified, they must be good. The royal Psalmist, says, "Before I was afflicted, I went astray, but now I keep thy law." Again, he says, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes." Ps. cxix. 67, 71. The word of God says, "that all things shall work together for good to them that love God." "Pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks unto the Lord." Thank him for affliction. Let patience have her perfect work. Know "that tribulation worketh experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart."

H. J. R.

Georgetown, D. C., Feb. 10th, 1863

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS

No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words, by bitter, scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whoso, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 21, 1863.

REPORT

Look here, brethren, read this: and remember it, too—

The meeting of the Executive Committee and their appeal to the ministers having the charge of circuits and stations, and to the members of the A. M. E. Church, is as follows:

DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—According to the authority vested in our Editor and General Book Steward, he called together the Executive Committee of the Book Concern on the 13th of November, at which time we had a very pleasant interview together in relation to the present flattering condition of the Book Concern, and the wants of the Church.

Brethren, let me tell you for once that the Book Concern is really in a prosperous condition—and how it is that our Editor and General Book Steward has so managed to keep the Book Concern and paper in the hopeful condition in which we find it, and with such scant means, we confess we are at a loss to know—and more especially in times like these, when many a firm and paper, with a much larger capital, have succumbed. But, brethren, in order to hold this position, and to keep up a growing interest throughout the connexion, there are means needed—first, there is a very great demand for hymn-books, in every direction in the connexion, and our Editor and General Book Steward has informed us there are only seven or eight in the store, and he has no more to bind up. Therefore, the Committee deem it advisable, in view of such a demand for our hymn-books, and especially in the Western country, to advise our General Book Steward to get out another edition, so that our people may be supplied. To do this, brethren, it will require about $500. This should be done without delay. We therefore recommend each elder, deacon, and preacher to properly lay this vital matter before their congregations, and to take up a free-will collection, and to forward the same to the General Book Steward and Editor, so that it may be in his hands forthwith to operate with—and he will give each credit through this paper. Now we ask our brethren, shall the Book Steward have the amount? We will answer for the Philadelphia district, our portion will be forthcoming. We also recommend to our Bishops, while travelling around, to speak of this matter.

WILLIAM MOORE,
W. H. WATSON,
STEPHEN SMITH,
W. D. W. SCHUREMAN,
ELISHA WEAVER, *Ch'm*

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE RECORDER

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For Israel Church, Eastern Division, Brother Charles O. Moore, a very worthy and active young man, who is prosecuting his agency with success. May the Lord bless his efforts in so noble a cause.

For the Union Bethel Church, Western Division, Brother James L. Thomas, who is Secretary of the Contraband Relief Association. He is a gentleman of considerable information. He is waking up the members of the church to their duty of taking the Recorder as a weekly family paper, and not only the members of *that* church, but others also. He is doing a good work. He wants to increase his list to three hundred. Will the Washingtonians, white and colored, patronize to that number! The Lord bless his efforts with success.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The Rev. G. T. Watkins, who has one of the most interesting, and probably the largest school in that city, as an agent for the Recorder has been unusually successful, and falls short of supplying the demand for the Recorder almost every week. Such is that good brother's anxiety for the spread of the paper, containing, as it does, information concerning our people and our beloved Zion, from east to west, that he declines receiving any percentage for the sale of the papers.

FRANKFORD, PA.

Mr. Wm. S. Walker, another very active young man, is our agent in this place, and is getting along finely. He is a person of fine habits, and makes a good agent.

MOORESTOWN, N. J.

Bro. Theodore Coombs, a zealous and good young man, goes into the work as though he had always been used to it. He manages to dispose of all his papers.

TRENTON, N. J.

Bro. James R. Seruby, of Rev. Wm. Moore's church, so far has proved faithful to the cause, and seems much encouraged. We shall be glad to hear of him having the honor of introducing the Recorder into every family in the city of Trenton.

NOTICE

EPISCOPAL CIRCUIT.

By Divine permission, I will preach at Danville on the 12th of March; at Reading, Pa., on the 13th, and will be in Philadelphia on the 14th; at Trenton, New Jersey, on the 18th; at Princeton, New Jersey, on the 23d; at Brunswick, New Jersey, on the 27th, and at Salem on the 1st of April.

Ministers of those respective circuits and stations will be pleased to regulate appointments after the above arrangement. W. NAZREY.

THE PRINCIPIA.

We have received a copy of the Principia which is published every week in New York, and edited by the learned and Rev. Dr. William Goodell, and Rev. G. B. Cheever, D. D., and which is published by J. W. Alden. The price is the low sum of two dollars per annum. The Principia comes out in strong terms, advocating the rights of our people. We recommend it to all of our people as a true friend, and as an exchange for the Recorder, we shall always be happy to receive it on file with others.

We have also received a circular from the association, of which we hope to say more about in the future.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Trustees' election took place on the first Monday in January, 1863, and were as follows: Richard Middleton, James Gray, Thomas B. Taylor, Nicholas Wanner, Thomas Brill, James Hames, Thomas Henson, William Thompson, and Lewis Hilleray, were duly elected for two years as Trustees of Israel Church.

The Cherokees have no word which will compare with our English word "Amen;" they say, in [illegible], "Sa yanen ching sung"—"The heart was exactly so."

AT WORK—DESERVE MERIT

The Rev. H. M. Turner, of Washington, D. C., is a young man, who by his own industry has made himself a representative man in the A. M. E. Church. He can now read and translate Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, better than many who make a great deal to say and to do about it. He did not go to college to obtain this knowledge, but he has put his mind right down to it, and attended to the charges which have been given to him from time to time. Brother Turner works for the spread of knowledge among our people. He long since has been satisfied that the Christian Recorder is the home of the only weekly religious intelligence among the colored people of this country, and therefore deserves a liberal share of support; and since he has been appointed to Israel Church, has done much to advance the literary character of the Washingtonians, and an appetite hungering for it. If the Rev. Daniel W. Moore could have had him in Washington, when he (Moore) was there, the Recorder would ere this have been a weekly visitor in the majority of the families in that city. We wish we had many like Turner of Washington, Cain of Brooklyn, Desmond of Newport, Shreeves of Providence, Turner and Wilkerson of Kansas, Davis of Peoria, S. T. Jones of Steubenville, Theodore Gould of Princeton, and Rhodes of Georgetown, and a few more in the itinerancy whose names we here not mentioned. The A. M. E. Church would flourish with such men.

The Recorder ought to be read in every colored family, and so many of the whites as can be induced to take it. Why not? It compares well by the side of any of the weeklies. We hope that our brethren will all bestir themselves for the Recorder.

HEAR YE, MY PEOPLE

Perhaps there never was a time in the history of my people in this country, when there was a greater responsibility and demand for solid union than now. God has done, and is still doing a great work for us, showing that man to be man, and he is God, and ruleth over all. And first, he has put it into the heart of the Attorney General to say, by setting aside all other claps, that the poor, oppressed negro, who has been so long robbed of his rights, is now a *bona fide* citizen of the United States. This decision sets aside all other decisions, and thus, my people, millions of bondmen are made free, and not only freemen but citizens. Now, in view of all this, let us be a unit—let us see eye to eye, and let every body be doing something; for I do say that the fields of politics, literature, science, art, commerce, agriculture, and every avocation, including that of arms, are opening before us. Yes, let us show to the world by our deeds, that we greatly appreciate every avocation opened up to us. Let us then take care of our money, and buy farms, houses, lots, &c., and let us, when necessary, join in the march of fame. Thus, while we recommend a unity of purpose among us, there is one important fact to be noticed, and that is, we have a host of prejudice and wickedness to contend against. But let us meet it like men, and stand upright, and God will protect the right.

Again, we would warn our people against those persons who will come as wolves in sheep's clothing, pretending to be our friends, and seeking by our debasement to gain their own advancement. Beware of all such, whether they come in a military capacity, seeking to enlist and drill you, or in a more peaceful one. Let every one of us bide his time, and when it comes, let us go forth boldly and strike for our freedom and our homes. Let us array ourselves under some General like Fremont.

EXHIBITION AT ST. THOMAS' CHURCH ON LAST MONDAY NIGHT

When we arrived at the place where the little folks were showing their trained strength, it was late, being half-past eight o'clock. The lecture room was crowded, and many could not gain admittance. We were piloted by Mr. Price near the platform, but had to push our way through the great crowd. This Sabbath School is under the Rev. William Alston, a countryman of ours, who is very much liked. Mr. Revels is the Superintendent of the Sabbath school. The exhibition passed off finely, and was attended with singing, and solos, assisted by a melodeon, flute, bass violin, and the violin known best by our people, as a fiddle. A little miss, whose age we are not permitted to give, by the name of Louisa Matthews, was the charm and attraction of all. Her voice and style were melodious. We were also charmed with another little miss, who recited a piece about the little contrabands. Miss Cole appeared on the stage with her mild, pleasing, amiable, and ever attractive countenance, and fed the audience with her voice of melody. It was really so warm that we were almost suffocated; but a very precious friend of ours, Mrs. Wilkins, passed around to us a dish of ice cream, which revived us greatly. It was half-past ten o'clock when we left.

THE ANGLO AFRICAN.

Our neighbour, the Anglo-African, is regularly received, and we wish it and its gentlemanly editor a long life. The columns of said paper are filled with accounts of great demonstrations among our people over the Proclamation, which is all well enough. But would it not be well to make great demonstrations to unite our people together, and to aid each other, and suffering humanity? and to recommend our people to learn more about economy? Also to the forming of Stock Companies. What think you, brother Anglo?

We clip the following from the *Anglo*. Let all read it, and learn a lesson.

A HEARTLESS TRANSACTION.—A neighbor of the parties furnishes us with the following statement, which we hope, for the sake of humanity and the Order with which they are said to be connected, may prove untrue: It appears that a lady residing in the upper part of the city, had a young man boarding with her, who became sick and crippled from a white swelling or some other similar affection. His means were exhausted, and of course his friends but few. A few days ago his landlady finding it necessary to vacate the premises she was then occupying, removed her furniture and left him lying on the floor, in a position exposed to the coldest weather that we have experienced this winter. When discovered by the neighbors the next day, he was in a dying state almost, but means were instantly used by which his condition was greatly improved, sufficiently so, to warrant them in sending him off to his relatives in New Haven.

The heartless landlady claims to be a member of the Order of Good Samaritans.

At a recent ordination in Worcester, Mass., by Bishop Eastburn, five of the officiating clergymen present were formerly Unitarians—Rev. Dr. Huntington, Rev. Messrs. Coolidge, Sever, Huntington and Peles. Rev. Mr. Patterson, once a Unitarian, was also present.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. RICHARD ROBINSON

NO. VIII

[Continued from last number.]

In our last we wound up with Brother Robinson's four years' services as rendered to the Philadelphia District after he returned from his missionary labors in Hayti, which brought us to the 10th of May, A. D. 1838. This conference held, or continued in session by adjournment, up to the first day of June, 1838. At this conference, Brother Robinson is again to be separated from his Philadelphia brethren, for a season, to work for our Lord and Master, in another district, but under the same identical Bishop, Morris Brown. He must now take the parting hand of his brethren, whom he had met for four consecutive years in friendship and brotherly love; but while they, the Philadelphia brethren, will remain home in their own district of acquaintance, Brother Robinson will aid in the promotion of the same work, the same cause of saving souls from that awful abyss of pain and wo. Hence, the church professes and ought to be a unit, a oneness. He embarks on board of the steamer, for the New York Conference, by virtue of the contemplated arrangement of the bishop, under whose command were all the appointments in those days. After the death of the sainted Richard Allen, the first bishop of the A. M. E. Church, he meets with the New York Conference, which sat at that time in the city of Brooklyn on the 10th day of June, and continued by adjournments, to the 19th of the same month. Brother Robinson received his appointment for the first time in life, in the great New York District, which was New York city. This appointment was one of great importance. First, because it was the head quarters of the New York Conference District, and in this district the following appointments, were at that time, under the jurisdiction of the said New York Conference, viz.: Brooklyn, Long Island; Albany, New York; Rochester, New York; Upper Canada, Boston, and Providence, were six. The second reason is, because New York sounded loud in the ears of all who had never been there; and well it might, too, for it is the great metropolis of this country; and hence, to be stationed in New York, was the acknowledgment at once of a great and mighty man. The news went back to Philadelphia that Rev. Richard Robinson was stationed by the bishop in New York city. There is one thing to be remembered, and that is this, that the conveniences for travelling were not like they are now; those brethren thought nothing of walking and riding eighteen, twenty, or twenty-five miles, and then preaching twice a day, and four and five times a week, and sometimes more.

Brother Robinson, young and hearty, in the prime of life, he enters upon the great work assigned him, in disseminating and diffusing gospel truths to sinners. The people were proud of him, they were glad to have the honor to sit under his preaching, and that he was their leader for the time being; and all who knew Brother Robinson, knew him to be very zealous, and their loving minister of Christ. He was a true friend of the church of which he was a member. He was a lover of the laws, rules, and regulations, so we are informed. He was a man for law and principle. He would speak truly what he conceived to be law and right. He was in favor of every man in the conference having his right, and would contend to the very last. He was also a great lover of young men, though it is said, he was somewhat rigid in training them for the pulpit in his Quarterly Meeting Conferences.

Brother Robinson, having served that people one year, he comes to conference with a good report, both spiritually and financially; at the last Annual Conference his predecessor reported four hundred and forty-eight members to the conference. Brother Robinson increased the number, according to his report, to five hundred and one, which was fifty-three more than had ever been made before. This showed that he was beloved in his charge, and that God gave him souls for his hire, and fruit for his labor. Yes, a man of God feels much better in mind, when he can realize the hand of God in his work; and a man who has God for his guide, will always succeed.

Brother Robinson was re-appointed to New York city the second year, which appointment is said to have been warmly appreciated by the members and congregation. He enters upon his work with fresh vigor, to push forward the good work for his Lord and Master, knowing that he must account to *Jehovah* for all his works here below; looking forward to the day when he shall receive his reward more than treble for the services which he rendered God.

Brother Robinson established to himself influence and reputation in New York, that instead of losing confidence and influence, it grew stronger and stronger while he lived, till the name of Richard Robinson when mentioned in New York, kindled up a spark of reverence, love, and esteem for him, that his friends can hardly forbear screaming out aloud for every expression, and the emotion of soul and body goes for him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

We wish to say that we find on record, two different ways in which our fathers have spelled Brother Robinson's name. Some here put it Roberson, and some Robinson. In order to get it right we are told that the proper way is Robinson.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

WASHINGTON, D. C.	
Mrs. Helilah Jones, per J. L. Thomas,	$2 00
LOUISVILLE, KY.	
Rev. A. Woodfork,	1 00
STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.	
Rev. J. T. Jones, omitted last week,	1 35
MOORESTOWN, N. J.	
Theodore Coonis, for papers sold,	75
BUCKETOWN, OHIO.	
Mr. J. D. Harper,	1 00
TRENTON, N. J.	
Mr. James R. Seruby, for papers sold,	3 00
Mr. Adam Davis, on subscription for Recorder,	1 12
PEORIA, ILL.	
Rev. W. J. Davis,	1 25
WASHINGTON, D. C.	
Bro. Charles O. Moore, Ag., for papers sold,	15 00
BROOKLYN, L. I.	
Rev. R. H. Cain, for papers sold,	5 00
GEORGETOWN, D. C.	
Rev. J. H. Rhodes, for papers sold,	1 00
BALTIMORE, MD.	
Rev. G. T. Watkins, for papers sold,	1 00
CAMDEN, N. J.	
Mr. Freeman Gould,	2 50
Phila., Miss Rebecca Shinn,	2 25
Thomas Coonis, of Moorestown, N. J.	50

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

Have we got rebels acting as ministers in the A. M. E. Church? We really would like some of our brethren to answer this question for us. We most humbly, and in a manner truly Christian, appeal to our ministers and friends to aid us in the Book Concern and paper—for it is now much more difficult for us to make ends meet together, by far, than it has ever been before, either with us or any of our predecessors as General Book Steward and Editors—and yet, in a great measure, our solicitations have met with but a comparatively feeble and unsatisfactory response. Brethren, why is this? Have we failed to do our duty, or have you grown careless—careless whether our noble sheet shall continue on in its glorious mission of intellectual improvement, or sadly droop and pass away from our hands and sight forever?

We are not disposed to be unreasonable. We know that the pressure of the times occasioned by the Rebellion, lasting as it has for over eighteen months, the foulest blot of shame on the fair and beautiful page of America's fame, has incapacitated many a well wishing friend from cheerfully doing his part—but there are many cases which this excuse will not exonerate—many who never have put their shoulders to the wheel in our weary journey. Our expenses have averaged over fifty dollars per week since the first of the year, and to meet this outlay but few brethren have lent their aid. There is but one Annual Conference that will meet twice before the General Conference. That one is the Baltimore Conference—the rest meet but once. We shall see, by the help of God, how much two-cent money the brethren will bring to their Conference. Those brethren who have done most in supporting our Book Concern and paper have been those who had the poorest circuits and stations, and the fewest number of people. We ask again, Have we rebels in our pulpits? Brethren may say that the times were so hard that they could not do so and so. Well, as we said before, we grant that this, to a certain extent, may have been the case. But how did those more generous brethren manage to aid and get subscribers? Was it not as hard for them as for you? Consistency is a bright jewel.

Another item. Some brethren say that the people had lost confidence, and thought the paper would die—which it most surely would have done had it been dependent solely upon them for support—but this is a poor and flimsy excuse for any one to make now. The paper has lived for two full years, and has entered upon the third, and has never in a single instance failed to appear in that time. We say, then, brethren, if the people are to blame, it ought to be known far and wide—known whether they are in favor of moral and mental improvement, or opposed to it. And, if any of our ministers should chance to prove recreant to their holy calling, they should be at once reported to the public, and shunned as we would some loathsome toad or poisonous cobra di capello.

We have received a letter from Rev. A. Woodfork, of Louisville, Ky., stating the postmaster had told him that his papers, sent in packages, had not been returned to Philadelphia. Whether he is aware of the fact or not, they have been returned, and we have paid the postage. We send all the other copies regularly every week, and if they do not get them, we will call the attention of the postmaster here to it.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

We have just seen a number of photographs of Rev. Shepherd Holcom, taken by Mr. Stephen, of Burlington, N. J., which are quite striking. They can be had for 25 cts. each. We have some for sale at our Book Store.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Grand demonstration—several addresses—donation of $35 66—two associations turn out in full regalia.

MR. EDITOR,—Although I have sent you a very lengthy article, yet, if not too great an intrusion upon your columns, I hope you will insert the following:

The Trustees of Zion Wesley Church (Rev. J. D. Brooks pastor) having made some improvements on the basement of said church very recently, which involved them in a debt of near $100, invoking the aid of two associations, viz., the Young Men's Island Benevolent Association, (President James Thomas) and the Benevolent Sons of Levi, (President William Becket) who turned out this afternoon at three o'clock in full regalia at said church in a kind of an orational capacity. After religious services by Rev. Mr. Dixon, Mr. John Mitchell addressed the audience, and was succeeded by Mr. James Black; but in short the speakers were John Mitchell, James Black, George N. Newman, James N. Bowen, James Burns, and Robert Dick. Most of the speakers were fluent and deep-thoughted. Mr. Newman expressed himself in a style very imposing. Mr. Dick's speech was well-timed, and of a very religious character. I thought he wanted to preach. Mr. Bowen made (though indirectly) a regular war speech, and commanded the attention of the audience most masterly. He spoke my feelings to a fraction, and was much applauded, &c.

After the speaking was over, Doctor William Becket asked the congregation for a collection, who gave in a few minutes, $19.26. The sons of Levi then came forward and laid down $6.05. There was hardly one fourth of this association out, for they number fifty-six. The Young Men's Association then followed, and they gave $10.35; they number seventy members, and a very small portion of them were present, because both societies only had fifty-six in regalia, yet there might have been others present. However, they realized from all parties the handsome sum of $35.66. Notwithstanding, the collection being very good, and very thankfully received by the Trustees, yet I thought for the size of the audience, that $50 would not have been an exorbitant donation.

The demonstration upon the whole was a very grand affair, and spoke well for them in a social point; and as for the associations I cannot speak in terms too commendatory, from the fact, that they do not only look to the physical benefit of the members and the public in general, but equally as much to their moral, religious, and literary necessities. H. M. T.

Washington, Feb 16th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM THE EAST

MR. EDITOR:—I suppose the friends would like to know what we are doing in Boston, more especially at this time, which affords me great pleasure, indeed, to inform through the columns of your paper, that the spiritual condition of our church has never been better since I have known Boston. And as to the financial condition of the church I must say, that it is not as bad as I have seen it. Therefore, upon the whole, we are on the gaining ground, thank God! We have been holding a protracted meeting under the auspices of our brother, G. A. Roe, our Elder in charge for the last four weeks, which has proved a complete success under God, for we have had some thirty-five converts, among which are many of the rising generation, and upon which, also, the glory of our church rests. The work is still progressing, and we mean, by God's help, to push the battle through. Pray for us that the word of the Lord may be glorified. You will please excuse this short communication. I shall give you further particulars in my next.

Yours in great haste,
J. P. TREASA.

For the Christian Recorder.

MENTAL CULTURE.

MR. EDITOR:—In order to acquire the proper development of the mental powers, we should remember the dependence of all our faculties on one another; the idea that intellectual power may be the result of the development of a single faculty, ought to be received with some doubt; indeed, it is scarcely true in any respect that genuine vigor of mind ever springs from the prominence of one faculty. Where the higher offices of the mind are considered, wherever the nobler forms of truth are to be apprehended, and brought home with intense vividness to the consciousness, it is not reason or imagination, or judgment, as such, that are exercised, but all the powers of the mind are engaged in the process, and concur in the result.

Often, where not apparent to us, memory may be engaged in the use of its garnered treasures, and association may be suggesting it concealed resemblance; but be this as it may, there is no one province of the mind that does not derive aid and advantage from every other: there is practical value in this fact. Let us suppose that we are cultivating the memory; to store it simply with the results of perception, to burden it with the contents of books is certainly not to cultivate it; memory is something more than a chest of drawers, or a furniture shop; such a course may make it a mechanical memory, but that is not the memory which an intellectual man needs.

To cultivate the memory is to awaken its power of action, with the kindred faculties of the mind, to identify it with their operation, to make it their close companion in all their exercises. It is very desirable to remember this law of relation, and derive from it those benefits which it was designed to confer; we often lose much of the power of one faculty by the weakness of others. It is one of the infirmities of our condition that intellect and affection should be so frequently divorced, nor can there be a more satisfactory proof of the healthy condition of the mind, in the discipline of its ability and attainment of excellence, than this union of thought and feeling.

Another principle that should govern us in the work of mental culture, is to use all the means within our reach to promote its advancement. Among these, books are prominent. They are the best gifts of former generations. In them the past ministers to us with even more wisdom and devotion than it served its own day; books create a social world of their own, and afford us the most genial fellowship that intellect can enjoy; they yield us intercourse without the restraint of conventionalism, and the forms of etiquette are set aside by the gentle force of sympathy; the satisfactions of companionship are found in them; if not adapted to our mood we dismiss them; if we are weary we can resign them; we have no character to sustain in their presence.

There is a better bond than courtesy to unite us; a common interest in the truth, a kindred joy in the beautiful and glorious, inspire the hope and trust, create the same intellect and heart. Books feed the mind; we derive much of our most valuable nutriment from them; by them we grow into larger stature; they add the sense of others to our own, and we have a clearer eye-sight, a keener touch; they are the open highways of thought, along which we are borne on distant journeys to realms more gorgeous than the east, more fertile than the tropics. In this respect books are often our most valuable friends; they have a more subtle penetrating insight into our character, comprehend our wants more fully, and respond to our aspirations more kindly than even our warmest friends.

Let me ask, what benefactors are like good books? The great lawgivers have gone, prophets have completed their vision and departed, apostles walk the earth no more, but we can never want for the presence of majesty and goodness, as long as books enshrine the wisdom and piety of the world. If you desire a horizon of boundless sweep, a landscape of vast extent, a firmament of unlimited expanse, books only can furnish such a scene of magnificence. Judicious friends may give you advice about books, but you must remember that the benefit of advice is found in the subsequent ability which it creates to advise you. You will soon learn that books do not conform in many instances to recommendations, and few prove to be to us what they were promised by our advisers.

Books are like articles of diet. The mind is quick to learn what can be best digested, and make the healthiest blood. Do not read merely to get information; that is the least advantage of reading. If you are simply a well informed man, you will never have much pleasure, or power in the exercise of your intellect, nor will society ever have much use for you. Read that you may get something more than reading; be a reader, that you may step higher and be a *thinker*. A true education begins where acquirement ends; and at the precise point where your favorite author terminates, the growth of your manhood will commence. If a wise author arrests you by a profound thought, hours may be spent profitably over it.

We have endeavored to show that all the faculties of the mind are intimately connected, and find their development in assisting each other; a similar principle applies to the means of culture,—reading, meditation, the study of inward experience the study of outward objects, and social relations, are all combined into a great system auxiliary to this end.

JOHNSON WOODLIN.

For the Christian Recorder.

DIED on Thursday evening, the 12th inst., at eight o'clock, in Pittsburg, Pa., Mrs. M. Ella, wife of Mr. John D. West.

The amiable lady whose decease is above noticed, has passed away from life in the morning of her days, and within a few short weeks after having become a happy wife. On the 24th of December last, she completed her eighteenth year; and, on the following (Christmas) day, was united in marriage to the companion who is now, so soon, called upon to mourn his bereavement. The womanly virtues and estimable qualities of the departed secured to her the love and respect of all who knew her; and many, both in this city and elsewhere, will join the writer in deep and heartfelt regret for her early death, and in kind sympathy for the bereaved ones whom she had left behind. But, she died in the triumphs of Christian faith; and our loss is her infinite gain. Still, while we submit with reverence to the decree of Him who doeth all things well, we cannot but mourn the loss of a true friend and a pleasant associate. J. H. B.

Pittsburg, Pa.

☞ See last Advertisement on next page

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—The Union Relief Association of Union Bethel Church desires through the Recorder to acknowledge the receipt of the following goods for the Freedmen in and about Washington.

From Bethel Church, Baltimore, (Rev. A. W. Wayman pastor) two boxes containing two hundred and twenty-three pieces of newly made clothes, twenty pounds of sugar, twenty pounds of rice, fifteen pounds of arrowroot, and one and a-half pounds of tea.

From Union Church, Philadelphia, (Rev. H. Davis pastor) one box and barrel containing clothes, shoes, hats, bonnets, &c.; in all four hundred and forty-two pieces. Sixty-eight school books; packages of sugar, tea, rice, farina, and corn-starch.

From a demonstration of good Samaritans and daughters of Samaria, Baltimore, Maryland, nine dollars in cash.

From Mrs. Elizabeth Harris, Newtown, Pennsylvania, one box of goods; all of the above named goods, &c., has been received since Jan. 7th, 1863.

The association had a very interesting meeting last Thursday evening, the 12th inst., and had the pleasure of listening to two letters from the President, Bro. Thomas E. Green, and was much pleased to learn that our people in Baltimore and Philadelphia was doing so much for the Freedmen in the city. Truly a great deal has been done, but the demand for all kind of aid is still very great. The association feels very grateful for what our friends have done, and are still doing, and will be glad at all times to receive whatever it may be their pleasure to forward on to them, which will be properly distributed among the most needy.

It was Bro. Green's intention to have gone on to New York last Friday, but was obliged to return to attend to some important business that required his personal attention. J. L. T.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 15th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.
Chicago, Feb. 17th, 1863.

REV. E. WEAVER:—Dear Brother:—In the Recorder bearing date Feb. 14th, 1863, I find a letter from the Rev. A. T. Hall, giving you a short, but *incorrect* account of the trial of the Rev. W. A. Dove. He says, "that the bishop called the Rev. Trevan, McIntosh, and Dawson; they tried a certain charge which was placed in their hands, but could make nothing of it." The first error is found in the fact, that I was not one of the committee, but only acted as secretary, by the mutual consent of both parties: Brothers Trevan, Dawson, and Newborn, being the committee. Second, the committee "did try a certain charge placed in their hands," and *did* make enough out of it to silence Brother Dove "from all official standing until the next ensuing Annual Conference." And if Brother Dove did not know it it was because he did not stay to hear the report of the committee. The bishop knows it, and so does the committee; and I know it by virtue of the position I occupied as secretary of the trial. As to the justice or injustice of the decision of the committee, I have nothing to do or to say. For the benefit of all concerned I have given the simple facts in the case, and to set myself right.

Yours truly,
A. McINTOSH.

HUMAN REASON AND DIVINE INTELLECT COMPARED

"Human reason, in comparison of the divine intellect, is but as the moon in reference to the sun; for as the moon is but a small star in comparison of the sun, and has but a dim light, and that too borrowed, and has her wane as well as her full, and is often subject to eclipses, and always blemished with dark spots; so the light of human reason is but very small and dim in comparison of His knowledge, that is truly called in Scripture the fountain as well as the father of light: and this light itself, which shines in the human intellect, is derived from the irradiation it receives from God, in whose light it is that we see light, and this, as it is but a communicated light, is subject to be increased, impaired, and oftentimes to be almost totally eclipsed, either by the darkening fumes of lusts or passions, or the suspension of the provoked donor's beams; and in its best estate is always blemished with imperfections that make it incapable of an entire and uniform illumination." Sir Robt. Boyle.

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money;* and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

ADDRESS OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old men and women to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them; and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and unfortunate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful and happy nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS E. GREEN,
No. 490 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association.

JAMES L. THOMAS,
HILLIARD BUSH,
JOHN A. AIKEN, } *Committee.*

Washington, October 29, 1862.

THOUGHTS OF LUTHER ON THE LORD'S PRAYER

THE THIRD PETITION.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

"For, as in a well constituted government, there must be, not only those who are occupied in its improvement and in the judicious administration of its laws, but those also who are engaged in defending, guarding, and firmly maintaining it: so also here, when we shall have prayed for the most necessary things, with respect to the Gospel, faith and the Holy Spirit, that he would rule over us, and liberate us from the power of Satan, yet we must also pray that God would cause his will to be done.

"This prayer shall be our protection or defence to avert and overthrow all that the [illegible], the pope, the bishops, tyrants, and heretics, are able to do in opposition to the Gospel. Let them all rage at once, and do their utmost, and devise ways and means for the purpose of oppressing and subverting us, so that their will and counsel may prosper; and in opposition to these one single Christian or two with this single petition shall be our wall against which they may run and wreck themselves."

THE FOURTH PETITION.

Give us this day our daily bread.

"Here we take into consideration the necessaries of our bodies and temporal life. And these words, although they are brief and simple, are, however, very comprehensive. For if you pray for, and mention daily bread, you pray for all that pertains to the possession and enjoyment of daily bread; and, on the other hand, you deprecate all that tends to withhold it. You should, therefore, expand your thoughts, so that they may extend, not only to the limits of a kneading-tray or of an oven, but also to the wide fields and over the whole country, which bring forth and produce daily bread and every species of nourishment for us. For if God did not permit all kinds of fruits to grow out of the earth, and bless them, and preserve them from destruction, we would never draw any bread out of the oven, nor have any to put on the table.

"This petition includes all that pertains to this life, since on account of it alone we must have daily bread. Now, it is not sufficient for life, that our bodies have food and raiment, and other necessaries alone, but it is necessary for us also to enjoy peace and tranquillity among those persons, with whom we live and converse, and with whom we carry on our daily transactions, negotiations, and contracts of every kind; and in short, whatever belongs both to domestic and political or civil matters and government.

"God wishes to exhibit to us how solicitous he is about all our wants, and how faithfully he provides for our temporal sustenance. And although he grants and preserves these blessings bountifully, even for the ungodly; yet he desires us to pray for those things, in order that we may acknowledge that we receive them from his munificent hand and that we perceive in them his paternal goodness toward us. For if he should withdraw his hand, nothing could prosper, nor finally be preserved, as indeed we [illegible] and feel daily."

HOW TO SING HYMNS.

A friend writes to us thus:

Ministers and other Christian brethren, in leading religious meetings, oftentimes are quite careless in giving out hymns to be sung. They will give out a certain number of stanzas, without even knowing the contents of the hymn. This sometimes leads to so great a perversion of the sentiments contained in it, as to turn the whole into nonsense. To illustrate this, I will refer to a case that occurred some time ago. A young man was leading a prayer meeting, and gave out the hymn commencing, "What various hinderances we meet, in coming to a mercy-seat." But instead of giving out the whole hymn, or those parts which are connected, he requested that the first and the last stanzas should be sung. Now by reference to this hymn—the 484th in our collection, it will be seen that these two stanzas, if taken together, contain in them no sense at all. Here they are:

1. "What various hinderances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there!

8. Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent—
Your cheerful songs should oft'ner be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me!'"

The last stanza is not independent, but must be taken in connexion with the one that precedes, viz:

4. "Have you no words! ah! think again!
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care."

If thus taken and sung, the sense will be complete, and the worshipper will be edified; but otherwise, harm will be the result. This shows the importance of first examining hymns before making use of them in worship.

LIEWENAU.

A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

Teresa Carreno, the child pianist, gave a *Soiree d'Adieu*, Tuesday evening, at Chickering's Hall, Boston. This was an excellent opportunity to see and hear her and it was an occasion of the deepest interest. Rarely have we seen so intelligent an audience so pleased and so moved. She was the sole performer, and this was her programme (encores were wisely excluded):

1. Barcarole . . . . . Thalberg.
2. Grand Fantasia on Themes from "Il Trovatore" Goria
3. Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Mendelssohn
4. Nocturne . . . . Chopin
5. Grand Fantasia on "I Puritani" . . Herz
6. Nocturne, Dedicated to the Princess Belgioso Doehler

Here was indeed a task for a little girl of nine years. The mere physical exertion required in playing through so many pieces of great length, and full of all the modern difficulties of execution, made it a wonder that she should succeed at all. But she has great strength of hand and arm, and her execution, although laboring occasionally, was clear, brilliant, facile and precise. Yet all this would not make it interesting, except painfully. What catches you at once, and makes it pleasant to listen to her, is that you feel she has a true musical accent; the chords are struck, the passages are phrased, expressively. There is something in it more than could be taught, although undoubtedly too much that is taught. That these traits should not be overdone sometimes, should not become tricks of expression, and to a certain degree acquired and false (those ritardandos, forzandos, &c.,) would be impossible and inconceivable in a child without experience of life and culture, and with so much experience of modern forms of music, much of it of the mere virtuoso or show kind.

The danger is lest her talent, by such early continual exhibition and exposure, should all run to waste in superficial, showy music; and no less, that such abnormal and excessive tasking of the brain should wear the life out soon. Such a child, such genius, (if it be that,) needs a wise director, such as the young Mozart found in his father, who reverenced the gift of God, did not waste it in exhibition, but educated it largely and broadly into sound musicianship and sterling Art.

Would it not be wiser to let the music lessons fall into the background for a year or two, and give the time to general culture, physical and mental? The body must be saved from the deformity that might result from undue exercise of certain members, already the arm appears almost unnaturally large.—The mind and character must be formed, refined, developed, until such wonderful facility in the technique of music shall learn to serve Art's higher meanings. The child's face beams with intelligence and genius; these speak too in her touch, in a certain untaught life that there is in her playing. It is a precious gift: treat it reverently and tenderly; educate it, nurse it, and let not the temptation of dazzling success or gain exhaust it ere its prime!

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE SOUTH AND SLAVERY.

The pastoral letter of the "Bishops of the Episcopal Church to the Clergy and Laity of the Church in the Confederate States of America," dated November 22d, 1862, speaks thus:

The time has come when the Church should press more urgently than she has hitherto done upon her laity, the solemn fact, that the slaves of the South are not merely so much property, but are a sacred trust committed to us, as a people, to be prepared for the work which God may have for them to do in the future. While under this tutelage He freely gives to us their labor, but expects us to give back to them that religious and moral instruction which is to elevate them in the scale of being. And while inculcating this truth the church must offer more freely her ministrations for their benefit and improvement. Her laity must set the example of readiness to fulfil their duty toward these people, and her clergy must strip themselves of pride and fastidiousness and indolence, and rush with the zeal of martyrs, to this labor of love.

It is likewise the duty of the Church to press upon the masters of the country their obligation, as Christian men, so to arrange this institution as not to necessitate the violation of those sacred relations which God has created, and which man cannot, consistently with Christian duty, annul. The systems of labor which prevail in Europe, and which are, in many respects, more severe than ours, are so arranged as to prevent all necessity for the separation of parents and children, and of husbands and wives, and a very little care upon our part, would rid the system upon which we are about to plant our national life, of these unchristian features. It belongs, especially, to the Episcopal Church to urge a proper teaching upon this subject, for in her fold and to her congregations are found a very large proportion of the great slaveholders of the country. We rejoice to be enabled to say that the public sentiment is rapidly becoming sound upon this subject, and that the Legislatures of several of the Confederate States have already taken steps toward this consummation. Hitherto have we been hindered by the presence of Abolitionism; now that we have thrown off from us that hateful and infidel pestilence, we should prove to the world that we are faithful to our trust, and the Church should lead the hosts of the Lord in this work of justice and of mercy.

GENERAL ROSECRANS AS A CATHOLIC.

A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Dispatch* says:—

"GENERAL ROSECRANS' name is in the mouths of all; and well it may be for, if ever in a night of deepest gloom there comes wafting through a stream of golden light to cheer desponding hearts, such to us has been the victory achieved by him and the brave soldiers under his command.

"Rosecrans' victory has evidenced to the world's view the INTENSITY of his character—if I may so express it—which was well known to his fellow cadets at West Point, and to all who knew him intimately in after life. He possesses the earnestness of a devotee with the tenacity of a Bruce or a bull-dog. He believes religiously in the RIGHT of the Federal contest, and has FAITH in its success as much so as he has in the existence of God. He is a rigid Catholic; and when at West Point school, undeterred by gibes and innuendoes practised the observances of his Church.

"I feel that this man is going to rise up before the people of this country and the world as the great Champion of Right—the Catholic Cromwell of the struggle; and, if not the foremost man of all, one around whose brow undying laurels will be wreathed; and that stars, whose lustre will never dim, will shine upon his name, written on the page of his country's history, of this fierce fight between the angel and the serpent."

The *Catholic Herald* adds:

This is one great element of the success of Rosecrans. He who could withstand the ridicule of his young associates in college, was no less faithful to his religion in camp. Every morning saw Gen. ROSECRANS prostrate before the temporary altar in the chaplain's tent, and wherever he has been, or wherever he may yet be, it is the Holy Catholic religion that is the motive power of his heart and his arm, and the nation owes to that great element of his character this latest and greatest victory of the war.

A JUST STRICTURE

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in his last published Sermon, when alluding to the soldiers who have fallen in the defence of our country, says:

"And the outcry that is heard in all our land is the outcry of grief and sorrow at the death of, oh how many young! how many noble! how many heroic! But not one has shed his blood in this sacred cause, not one child of many hopes and much promise has been laid low in this mortal conflict, who shall not bloom and blossom in immortal glory when God shall call his own, and range them around about his bright throne in heaven.

You have sent your children in honor before you, but you have not lost one of them. And, of the young and fair that went forth from college, from the academy, from the law-office, from their many vocations, and grasped the sword and musket, and entered into the service of their dearly beloved country, methinks I see one and another, in their bright ascension, standing to look on the bodies dripping on fields of gore and to chide the grief that sees the outside, and not, through that, the reality and glory of their heavenly state. You mourn not as those that have no hope, for the fallen."

On this Dr. Nevin of the *Standard*, justly remarks:

We firmly believe that true piety includes patriotism. We also yield to no one in admiration of the noble young heroes who have fought and died for our Government, many of whom we are most happy to believe, were at the same time soldiers of the Cross. But, however sacred the cause for which they have shed their blood, and how much soever their martyrdom may and does entitle them to the gratitude of all who love God and law and liberty it cannot be affirmed that heroism even unto death has secured for any of them admission to heaven.

POETICAL CONCEITS.

It is curious to follow certain poetical fancies through the various expressions of different authors. Nearly three centuries ago William Haddington wrote a poem to Night, commencing thus:

"When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that Night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear."

Shakespeare modified this sublime figure in the exclamation of Romeo:

"O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like the rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear,
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear."

Afterwards came Marlowe, who gave another turn to this imagery.

"Fair, eldest child of love, thou Spotless Night!
Empress of Silence and the queen of Sleep;
Who, with thy black cheek's pure complexion,
Makest lovers' eyes enamoured of thy beauty."

Young, in his Night Thoughts, changes thus:

"How like a widow in her weeds, the Night,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!"

Bailey tries his hand at the same subject:

"Stringing the stars, at random, round her head,
Like a pearl net-work, there she sits—bright Night!"

Then comes Longfellow:

"The day is done, and the Darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward,
From an eagle in his flight."

TO PREPARE TREES FOR PLANTING.

With a sharp knife cut off sloping from the under side, any bruised or broken roots, then reduce the tops to correspond with the loss of roots, cutting off the surplus branches, and reducing those forming the head to three or four buds on each of last year's shoots. This will cause a more healthy and vigorous shoot the first season—its omission is a common cause of the failure or sickly growth of newly planted trees.

In setting, let one person hold the tree in its position, while another fills in the mellow earth, pressing it carefully among the roots with the hand, leaving no cavities underneath—and when the roots are all covered, pressing the whole down firmly with the foot.

Avoid deep planting—when all is finished, the tree should not be over two inches deeper than when in the nursery.

Grape-vines should be cut back to two or three eyes, and only one of these should be permitted to grow the first year.

Blackberries and raspberries should be cut back to within one foot of the ground.

Gooseberries and currants should be cut back to one or two eyes of last season's growth.

Trees planted in the fall should have earth hilled up around the stem, six inches or more in height, to hold them firmly in position during the winter, and protect roots somewhat from frost and excess of wet. This is also a protection against injury by mice. In spring the earth should be levelled, and a few inches of coarse manure or litter spread on the surface over the roots for the space of four or five feet in diameter; this will keep the surface moist, prevent baking, and check the growth of weeds.

If planting is done rather late in spring, and in dry weather, it is well to give water freely after setting the trees and covering the roots with earth, letting it settle before finishing up; then if the surface is mulched as recommended, no farther watering is necessary.

No grass or grain crops should be grown among fruit trees, at least until they have arrived at bearing size; even then it is bad economy.

REMEDY FOR BARREN FRUIT TREES.—Some fruit trees will never produce any good fruit, and some will not bear even poor fruit. I had several such trees, and every effort failed to make them bear fruit but this one. We erected a portable fence around each one, and kept a pig or two in the enclosure. Four panels, about sixteen feet long, of light board fence, were placed around a tree, and simply nailed together at the corners. After the pigs had been in that pen about a month, they were removed to another tree. If this remedy fails to produce good fruit, after they have been well manured and regrafted, then let the tree be cut down. Make a high board pen around plum trees for young chickens, and keep them there until they are old enough to run at large, and see if they will not destroy or frighten away the curculio, and thus save a crop of plums. The experiment is worthy of trial, as it promises good results. Some people do their churning with a sheep, and keep him tied to a tree or tethered in the yard when he is not churning. Let him be tied to a fruit tree—after protecting it so that he cannot gnaw the bark off—and see if this means will not produce a crop of plums, cherries, peaches, or other fruit.—*Maine Farmer.*

KILLING RATS.—A NOVEL PLAN.—The premises of good a many farmers are often infested with rats, and we are often asked for modes of destruction. A resident of Brooklyn is vexed with an increasing family of rats that seem to grow fat on arsenic and rat-exterminators. He doesn't like rats, and refers his case to a popular paper. That journal recommends a trap made as follows:

"Take a mackerel barrel, for instance, and fill it about one third its height with water. Then place a log endwise in the water, so that one end of it will just remain above the surface. Make the head of the barrel a little too small to fit, and suspend it by two pins to the inside of the top of the barrel, so it will hang as if on a pivot and easily tip by touching either side. On this head, thus suspended, secure a piece of savory meat. The first rat that scents it will, to get the meat, leap on the barrel head. The head will tip, or tilt, and precipitate him into the water, and resume its former position. The rat in the water will swim to the log, get on the end of it, and squeal vociferously. His cries will bring other rats, all of whom will be tilted into the water, and all of whom will fight for the only dry spot in it—viz., the end of the log. As only one rat can hold it, the victor will drown all the rest, and can, in the morning be drowned himself. We have seen twenty rats caught in one night by such a trick."

ON KEEPING ACCOUNTS.—Can the importance of keeping accounts be too often or too strongly urged? I think not. It is related of Dr. Franklin, that, whenever he took any subject under serious contemplation, he was in the habit of choosing two sheets of paper, upon one writing the arguments for, and upon the other the arguments against the subject. Following his example, I will first see what can be said in favor of keeping accounts.

1. We should be enabled to determine with exactness the profit or loss upon any crop.
2. It would settle what crop is most profitable.
3. We could tell what crop is best adapted to particular soils, for although corn can be made to grow upon soils not naturally suited to that grain, yet if the extra expense exceed the profit, it is well to know it.
4. We know what our produce cost, and knowing what it cost, we know what we can afford to sell for.
5. It would save much ill feeling among neighbors, and prevent many law-suits, as there would be a record of many accounts now intrusted to memory.
6. It would, if adopted throughout the land, be a source of much useful information that we stand sadly in need of.
7. It would settle many disputed points in agriculture.
8. It would be a source of much satisfaction at the end of the year, and in years to come, to be able to recur to the various transactions of the year, and tell in what you gained, and in what you lost.

Now, what do we find upon the other sheet? Nothing; we have searched for something to say in its favor, but the sheet is blank, and we fear must remain so. If, as you peruse these lines, you feel convinced that benefits would arise from the system, will you not determine to commence this year a new era, which shall ever remain upon the pages of history a bright example of progress in the nineteenth century? Do not be deterred by the seeming difficulties of the task; they will vanish as you approach them.

A TRUTHFUL AND CHEAP BAROMETER.—Take a clean glass bottle, and put in a small quantity of finely pulverized alum. Then fill the bottle with spirits of wine. The alum will be perfectly dissolved by the alcohol, and in clear weather the liquid will be as transparent as the purest water. On the approach of rain or cloudy weather, the alum will be visible in a flaky, spiral cloud in the centre of the fluid, reaching from the bottom to the surface. This is a cheap, simple and beautiful barometer, and is placed within the reach of all who wish to possess one. For simplicity of construction, this is altogether superior to the frog barometer in general use in Germany.

WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The Edinburgh *Review* enumerates the number of words in the English language acquired in childhood at one hundred, and this by an imitative process which we see active as the child becomes an adult. If he does not belong to the educated classes of society, he will at no time acquire more than three hundred or three hundred and fifty. Upon a stock of twice that amount he may mix with learned men, and even write a book.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers announce that in consequence of the impossibility of procuring suitable paper, they shall postpone for the present the publication of "Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion." In the meantime the writing and preparation of the work will go on.

INEXPEDIENCY OF TOO MANY CONGREGATIONAL MEETINGS

The *Baptist Chronicle* says:

Some churches have business meetings every month or every two months, as the case may be, and of course they proceed, after prayer, with the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, and if anything is left unfinished it is immediately attended to. Each case is heard separately and singly, the pleadings and impleadings are offered, and all the details of ecclesiastical adjudication are gone into in due form. Very frequently hot disputes arise in the course of the debate, and the brethren leave much the worse off as to spiritual edification, even though they have disposed of some of the causes on the docket.

If the clerk's record contains an item of unfinished business, what is to be done? Must all these men and women come this distance to do nothing? Would it not be an act of folly to hold a church meeting without doing something? Certainly, we are here together, and do something we must. This is the feeling which stated church meetings call up, and so if the brethren go to take up something to be done or some question to argue and decide. Hence things are brought forward hastily and without the precious steps in private which might have set them right, and also without the requisite preparation for a public consideration of them, in case they must come before the church. They are discussed only to produce division, and talked over only to darken counsel by words without knowledge.

Domestic Items.

A Touching Scene.—A few weeks ago, Mrs. Mayard, of Nantuck, Massachusetts, stood by the bedside of a fair young boy of some sixteen years, sick in the Patent Office Hospital. He raised his dying eyes, looked at her intently and then whispered with a pathos impossible to describe—"Is that my mother?" His touching look and tone melted all who stood around the couch to tears.

Miss Mary A. Denerman, who was present at the time, wrote the following tender verses on the incident:

IS THAT MY MOTHER?

Is that my mother bending low
With her cool hand upon my brow?
And those my mother's pitying eyes?
I dreamed of her but now;
Sweet mother! it indeed is joy
To have you bless your dying boy!

The red rays of the setting sun
Were streaming through the hall,
And creeping with a fading light
Along the silent wall,
Where many a brave heart throbbed in pain,
And pined for friends and home again.

One soldier boy, a fair young lad,
A pet of some dear home,
Smiled, as a gentle face bent low,
And asked "Has mother come?"
Like balm the hope, like Heaven the thought
God sent, a moment's bliss it brought.

She pressed the clinging locks away
From his young brow and fair,
But the faltering tones had touched her heart
Too tenderly to bear—
Her quivering lips could scarcely tell
She was not her he loved so well.

Ah, brave young boy, thy precious dust
Enshrined in memory
We'll keep forever—a holy trust,
Thou child of Liberty!
Though thy death-brow in a far off land
May ne'er be pressed by a mother's hand.

Oh! women in your cheerless homes—
Oh! women wae with woe,
There's many a motherly footfall heard
Where your kind steps would go;
And many a soldier boy has died
Thinking his mother by his side.

Feb 12.—**Gov Curtin** has issued a message in regard to arbitrary Military Arrests, closing with the words: I recommend the passage of a joint resolution earnestly requesting that Congress shall forthwith pass laws defining and punishing offences of the class above referred to, and providing for the fair and speedy trial by an impartial jury of persons charged with such offences, in the loyal and undisturbed States, so that the guilty may justly suffer, and the innocent be relieved.

The Levees Cut on the Lower Mississippi.—Cairo, Feb. 13.—The levees on the Mississippi side of the river, twelve miles below the Arkansas, have been cut by our forces. They have also been cut at Greenville, and on the Louisiana side, near lake Providence.

Rumors of foreign intervention still reach us.

Admiral Farragut, in his official report of the recent unfortunate affairs off Galveston and Sabine Pass, brands to the world the conduct of our vessels as pusillanimous and cowardly.

Charles Stratton, (Tom Thumb,) and his bride, (Lavinia Warren,) have visited Washington, and will shortly sail for England.

Fort Donelson.—An official account has been received from Lieutenant Fitch, of the defeat of the rebel attack on Fort Donelson, Feb. 4th.

Feb 14th.—**An Explosion** took place on the gunboat Keokuk, lying on East River, by which four lives were lost.

West Virginia.—WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—Senator Carlile to-day introduced a bill providing that the President's proclamation, after the popular ratification of the Act making West Virginia a State, shall not be issued until certain counties now under rebel control, have been allowed a free and fair opportunity for voting upon such ratification, viz.: Boone, Logan, Wyoming, Mercer, McDowell, Pocahontas, Raleigh, Greenbrier, Monroe, Pendleton, Fayette, Nicholas and Clay counties.

Money and Prices in the South.—The following on this subject is taken from the North Carolina Presbyterian, of December 9th, and is doubtless reliable:

"A silver United States half-dollar was sold the other day in Charleston, South Carolina, for one dollar and forty five cents, and a gold dollar for three dollars and fifteen cents."

Gambling in Richmond.—The gamblers in Richmond are multiplied as the lice of Egypt. There is not a handsome front on Main street behind which this vermin does not swarm. Nearly every third doorway in the frequented part of this thoroughfare displays the gilt numbers and painted glass which garnish the fashionable gates to hell. At the hotels, in the street, everywhere in Richmond, may be seen the sinister-eyed gambler, glistening in fine clothes, and waiting like a purring cat for his prey.

Every other vice in this city is put under tribute to him. He keeps around him a crowd of obsequious villains, who are the jackals for the lion, and maintains a parasitical host of prostitutes, who are pampered by his drunken and lustful munificence.

We are informed that there are not less than forty well-known gambling establishments in this city. The expense of maintaining these establishments is enormous. The market bill alone of one of these fashionable houses is said to average a hundred dollars a day.

Notwithstanding their vast expenditures in sumptuous repasts, in fine liquors, in princely upholstery, and in enormous rents these houses coin money like the mints of gold. The gamblers have glutted with money certain classes of Richmond; they put up the price of every luxury; they toy and wanton with money in all sorts of giddy and fantastic extravagance, and throw Confederate notes to the wind as if they grew on trees.

Recently, a bid of eighty five thousand dollars was made by a gambler in this city for a princely landed estate in this vicinity, the name of which is historical.

It is reported through rebel sources that a battle has been fought between **General Banks** and the rebels seven miles from Port Hudson. The attack was made by the rebels, who finally retired to Port Hudson.

It is reported that the rebels have one hundred and twenty five boats concealed along the North Carolina canal, with which they design to attack **Roanoke Island.**

Encouraging accounts have been received from **Liberia.**

Recent advices from England show a steady growth of a juster feeling towards our country.

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Married.

By the Rev. W. D. W. Schureman, Jan. 1st, 1863, Mr. SAMUEL WRIGHT, to Miss ELIZABETH WEBSTER, both of Linwood, Pa.

By the same, Jan. 8th, Mr. MOSES BIDDLE, to Miss REBECCA PENNINGTON, both of Delaware.

By the same, Jan. 15th, Mr. CYRUS BURTIS, to Miss SARAH A. THOMPSON, both of Philadelphia.

By the same, Jan. 27th, Mr. HENRY C. PRICE, to Miss MARY LOUISA BROWNE, both of Philadelphia, Pa.

Feb the 11th, 1863, by the Rev. William H. Winder, Mr. SAMUEL WILLIAMS of Marlborough, N. J., to Miss CAROLINE SCHENK, of Freehold, N. J.

In Galesburg, Ill., Feb. the first, 1863, by W. J. Davis, Mr. JAMES RUSE, of Mount Vernon, Iowa, to Miss ANNA M. FLEMMING, of Galesburg, Ill.

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We offer to the public WHEELER & WILSON'S Improved Sewing Machine at reduced prices with increased confidence of its merits as the best and most useful family Sewing Machine now in use. It does equally well on the thickest and thinnest fabrics, makes the lock stitch impossible to unravel, alike on both sides, is simple in construction, more speedy in movement, and more durable than any other machine. Circulars giving prices and description will be furnished gratis on application in person or by letter.

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79 may 16—1y WM. SUMNER & CO.

☞ RELIEF FOR THE DISTRESSED OPERATIVES OF GREAT BRITAIN.—At a meeting of the International Relief Committee of Philadelphia, held on December 15th, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Railroad Companies, Banking Institutions, Insurance companies, Farmers, Manufacturers, Mechanics, Merchants, and Citizens generally of Philadelphia and of our own and other States, are invited to cooperate with the above Committee in furnishing provisions for the famishing operatives of Great Britain.

Resolved, That the Churches and Congregations of this city, and of our own and other States, are requested to make collections for this object on the first Sunday in January, or at such other time as may be more convenient.

Resolved, That the Philadelphia Committee tenders its invitation to the cities and towns of the West to the transmission of their bounty to the suffering poor of England.

Resolved, That in view of the urgent necessities of the British operatives, it is expedient to make arrangements for the immediate charter of a vessel, on the most favorable terms, to convey such food as the Philadelphia Committee can prepare or purchase and ship.

Communications may be addressed to either of the undersigned members of the Committee.

ALFRED POTTER, Chairman.
ALEXANDER HENRY, Vice Chairman.
GEORGE L. BUZBY, Secretary.
CLEM. M. CATTELL, Treasurer.

George G. Stuart, John P. Crozer, James A. Wright, G. G. James, M. L. Dawson, Caleb Cope, George Whitney, [illegible], W. H. [illegible], C. J. Hoffman, George H. McElwee, [illegible] W. Miller, John Gibson, Samuel Collins, E. C. Knight, Jay Cooke, Francis R. Cope [illegible]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUSINS' HOUSE.

EAST MAIN STREET,
XENIA, OHIO.

This House has been thoroughly repaired, adding much to the comfort of guests. Is now open for the accommodation of old friends, and the public generally. Neither pains nor expense will be spared to give general satisfaction to Bridal Parties and others seeking pleasure, and they will do well to call.

Feb 7-6mo. JOHN COUSINS. Proprietor

MRS MARTHA COLLINS.

730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater,

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

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Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

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and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

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nov29-3t

TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

Repeated applications having been made to the subscriber to establish a branch of his business in the vicinity of the late battle fields, with a view of reducing the cost of bringing home the bodies of the dead, he respectfully announces that he has now established a branch at Hagerstown, Md., and is prepared to attend to the business at greatly reduced rates. Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

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furnished by me is equal to any other in use with regard to security, economy, and entire absence of any of the unpleasant circumstances which generally surround similar articles. Wherever used it has given entire satisfaction, and the subscriber challenges comparison with any Casket now before the public.

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THE SPIRITUAL ARITHMETIC,

OR

Lessons out of School.

By JOSEPH T. COOPER,

Pastor of the Third United Presb. Church, Phila.

This is decidedly one of the best Sabbath-school books we have ever read. It is worth cart-loads of such trashy volumes as often find their way into nearly all our libraries. Dr. Cooper possesses the rare and rich gift of discussing momentous themes in a way that is at once attractive and solid, interesting alike to young and old, suitable for children without being childish. In this particular, this work reminds us of some of the late Dr. Alexander's writings. The book deserves, and we have no doubt will receive, a large circulation. It is sold at $4 per dozen, or forty cents per single copy.—*United Presbyterian.*

We are much pleased with this arithmetic. It is free from childishness, and yet the important truths which it inculcates, are happily brought down to the capacity of those for whom it is intended. At the same time it will edify and interest those who are beyond children's years.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

This work is written in an easy, clear, and familiar style, well calculated to produce an impression on the youthful mind.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

Although not a story book, the instructions of this little volume are exceedingly well adapted to youthful minds. The best kind of lessons are taught in conversations, which are simple, solid, and quite attractive.—*The Presbyterian.*

Dr. Cooper has succeeded well in the use of that free, familiar, simple style, which is adapted to the youthful mind. The work may be read with profit by an intelligent child of six years, and not without profit by the man of three score years. A friend at our elbow who has given it a careful perusal, says, that, for imparting knowledge on the more important doctrines of the gospel, it is worth a cart-load of many works which are prepared for the same general purpose. It contains many simple illustrations of important revealed truths, which ministers of the gospel would do well to mark for the purpose of copying after them.—*United Presbyterian of the West.*

We heartily thank Dr. Cooper for his excellent book, and believe that it is one of the signs of the times that indicate a radical change for the better (in relation to the religious training of young persons.) We feel much more disposed to commend the virtues of the book than to criticize any of its defects, by which we allude simply to doctrinal forms of expression on some points in which the Associate Presbyterian Church differs from our own.—*American Presbyterian.*

This is a good book for the young people—such as we find in most of the classes of the Sabbath-school. Its salutary lessons are given in the form of some twenty Evening Conversations, in which the author points out the advantages of study, and explains in terms adapted to the minds of children, the more important doctrines of the gospel.—*Christian Observer.*

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It is the intention of the subscriber to make the Youth's Evangelist a help to parents and Sabbath School Teachers in the training of the youth committed to their care, and a welcome visitor to all the families and Sabbath Schools of the Reformed and United Presbyterian Churches.

All communications, whether for insertion, or on business, should be addressed to [illegible], Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS—Thomas Johnston, [illegible]; John Fleming, [illegible]; [illegible] United Presbyterian office, Pittsburgh; [illegible] Allegheny, Pa.

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ON

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Advertisements.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 16th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No. 6, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa.; from Ur. Bles' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 10 D. of T.; from Vaubrackin Union, No. 14, D. of T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:

Grand P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Bartle; Grand Treasurer, Sister Faucett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. L. Dubbert; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister F. Romans, G. P. P. Sister Armstrong,
" " E. Bowen, " " J. F. Beach,
" " M. H. Brown, " " B. A. Urann,
" " C. Newman, " " White,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

The Stated Quarterly Meetings of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

Mrs SUSAN CARTER,
President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

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OF THE
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GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dressmakers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to owners of sewing machines, skirt-hoopers, and large families. [illegible] printed directions [illegible] can learn to cut and fit perfectly, Ladies' Dresses, Boys' and Men's Pants, Vests, Jackets Sacks and Over-coats.

Local and Travelling Agents Wanted.

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The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including fine burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale foundries, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call as I guarantee for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he is satisfied they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand. WM STILL.

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☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

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Single meals,	50

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MRS S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

BOARDING.

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Rancher House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Rancher House the right spot. Prices very reasonable. t-sept

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &c.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

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Samuel Jeanes, James Still,
Dillwyn Parrish, Thomas Williamson,
Prof. C. D. Cleveland, W. H. Furness.

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PHILADELPHIA

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Persons waited on at their residence, if desired.
Nov 1

The peculiar taint or infection which we call Scrofula lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces, or is produced by an enfeebled, vitiated state of the blood, wherein that fluid becomes incompetent to sustain the vital forces in their vigorous action, and leaves the system to fall into disorder and decay. The scrofulous contamination is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered digestion from unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." The diseases it originates take various names according to the organs it attacks. In the lungs, Scrofula produces tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and become ulcerous sores; in the stomach and bowels, derangements which produce indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaints; on the skin, eruptive and cutaneous affections. These, all having the same origin, require the same remedy, viz. purification and invigoration of the blood. Purify the blood, and these dangerous distempers leave you. With feeble, foul, or corrupted blood, you cannot have health; with that "life of the flesh" healthy, you cannot have scrofulous disease.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

is compounded from the most effectual antidotes that medical science has discovered for this afflicting distemper, and for the cure of the disorders it entails. That it is far superior to any other remedy yet devised, is known by all who have given it a trial. That it does combine virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of complaints, is indisputably proven by the great multitude of publicly known and remarkable cures it has made of the following diseases: **King's Evil, or Glandular Swellings, Tumors, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Female Weaknesses**, and, indeed, the whole series of complaints that arise from impurity of the blood. Minute reports of individual cases may be found in AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC, which is furnished to the druggists for gratuitous distribution, wherein may be learned the directions for its use, and some of the remarkable cures which it has made when all other remedies had failed to afford relief. Those cases are purposely taken from all sections of the country, in order that every reader may have access to some one who can speak to him of its benefits from personal experience. Scrofula depresses the vital energies and thus leaves its victims far more subject to disease and its fatal results than are healthy constitutions. Hence it tends to shorten, and does greatly shorten, the average duration of human life. The vast importance of these considerations has led us to spend years in perfecting a remedy which is adequate to its cure. This we now offer to the public under the name of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, although it is composed of ingredients some of which exceed the best of Sarsaparilla in alterative power. By its aid you may protect yourself from the suffering and danger of these disorders. Purge out the foul corruptions that rot and fester in the blood, purge out the causes of disease, and vigorous health will follow. By its peculiar virtues this remedy stimulates the vital functions, and thus expels the distempers which lurk within the system or burst out on any part of it.

We know the public have been deceived by many compounds of Sarsaparilla, that promised much and did nothing; but they will neither be deceived nor disappointed in this. Its virtues have been proven by abundant trial, and there remains no question of its surpassing excellence for the cure of the afflicting diseases it is intended to reach. Although under the same name, it is a very different medicine from any other which has been before the people, and is far more effectual than any other which has ever been available to them.

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The World's Great Remedy for Coughs,
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for the relief of Consumptive
patients in advanced stages of the Disease

This has been so long used and so universally known, that we need do no more than assure the public that its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do all it has ever done.

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A. M. SPANGLER, EDITOR.

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3m Sep7-tf.

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THIS Company, being duly licensed, their Machines are protected from infringement and litigation.

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6th. There is no Sewing Machine so fully guaranteed as ours, as we warrant every machine we sell to give better satisfaction than any other or we will refund the money.

7th. We have still further reduced our prices, and when the quality of the Machine is considered, it will be readily conceded that for

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we furnish the best and cheapest Machine in the world.

Send for a Circular, which, with price list and samples of work done with the family Machine, will be sent mail free.

Agents wanted who will purchase Machines. We never consign.

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sep16 1y 604 Market st., Philadelphia

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Feb 26-1t

I WOULD GO HOME

"Ich moehte Heim, mich sehnt's nach Vater-Hause."

I would go home! Fain to my Father's house,
Fain to my Father's heart!
Far from the world's uproar, and hollow vows,
To silent Peace apart.
With thousand hopes to life's gay dawn I ranged,
Now homeward wend with chastened heart, and changed;
Still to my soul one gleam of hope is come,
I would go home!

I would go home, vexed with thy sharp annoy,
Thou weary world and waste;
I would go home, disrelishing thy poor joy;
Let those that lose thee, taste!
Since my God wills it I my cross would bear,
Would bravely all the appointed 'hardness' share;
But still my bosom sighs, where'er I roam,
For home, sweet home.

I would go home! My happiest dreams have been
Of that dear fatherland!
My lot may be there; in heaven's all cloudless scene,
Here, 'tis mirage or sand!
Bright summer gone, the darling swallows spread
Their wings from all our vales revisited,
Soft twittering, as the fowler's wiles they flee,
Home, home for me!

I would be home! They gave my infancy
Gay pastime, luscious feast;
One little hour I shared the childish glee,
But soon my mirth had ceased;
While still my playmates' eyes with pleasure shone,
And but more sparkled as the sport went on:
Spite of sweet fruits and golden honey-comb,
I sighed for home.

I would be home! To shelter steers the vessel;
The rivulet seeks the sea;
The nursling in its mother's arms will nestle,
Like them I long to flee!
In joy, in grief, have I tuned many a lay;
Griefs, joys, like harp-notes, have now died away,
One hope yet lives! To heaven's paternal dome
A I take me home!
—"*Words of Life's Last Years.*"

SONG OF THE OLD FOLKS.

Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day;

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun!

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray,
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May!

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago,
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow!

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day;
We feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

Ah, God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim,
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

(From the Lutheran and Missionary.)

THE DIGNITY OF THE MINISTERIAL OFFICE.

FURNISHED BY THE ALPHA—DELTA CLUB.

The minister of the Gospel is chosen to no inferior service. He does not hold the seal of a commission from the sublunary, passing powers of the world. It takes its rise from higher, holier, and nobler sources than those of short-lived, earthly beings and institutions. Whatever glory, greatness, or dignity can be communicated to any office by the authority whence it is derived, is surely worn by that of the Christian minister.

It requires a twofold calling and a twofold appointment to constitute the properly commissioned herald of salvation. On the one part, he is a messenger of the kingdom of heaven, on earth; on the other part, he is like John the Baptist, a man sent from God. The authority by which he performs official acts is both ecclesiastical and divine.

And where is the dignitary or potentate who can exhibit credentials from a source so noble or so honorable as the Church of Christ? No state is so ancient in its origin, so pure in its principles, so wholesome in its influence on the world, or so elevated in the character of its subjects. True, the Church as we find it is not now free entirely from spot or wrinkle or any such thing. On the other hand there are many such things. Its membership are cursed with ambition, deceit, and hypocrisy. There are those within its borders who stoop to lowest vices, and seek by basest means to compass basest ends. Foes are those within the camp, enemies where none but friends should stand, wolves in sheep's attire, who have "stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." The church on earth is like a net cast into the sea and then drawn to shore. It contains fishes of every description; good, bad, and indifferent are there; ay, and venomous reptiles and uncouth, hideous monsters of the deep. But with all its imperfections earth contains no other such institution as the Church. While thrones have tottered and fallen, and dynasties decayed and faded away, and great nationalities passed from the stage of action, the church has maintained her existence in all ages of the world. It has been troubled on every side, but not distressed—perplexed, but not in despair—persecuted, but not forsaken—cast down, but not destroyed. It was saved from the waters of the flood, and from the fires of persecution in all ages. Pharaoh could not hold it in bondage, neither could the kings of Babylon exterminate the faithful. Emperors and kings may swear eternal hostility, and Satan may set in motion all his infernal machinations, yet the Church stands and will stand firm on its everlasting basis, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And from this everlasting kingdom that shall not be destroyed, the minister of the Gospel holds his commission. The Church signs and seals his credentials, and sends him forth into the world.

But over and above and superior to the church is that great Being who has established and sustains it. He is always with the Church, governing and controlling so as to suit his divine purposes and ends. And from him the minister receives his office, though not directly, yet through the medium of the church. Ministers are servants of the Most High God, not only in the capacity of individuals, but by virtue of their office. They are authorized to perform their acts in the name of the Holy and ever blessed Trinity. They are embassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech through them. They are to feed the flocks over which the Holy Ghost has made them overseers. Jesus Christ sends them, even as God sent him into the world. It is, therefore, in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost that the office takes its origin. Who then would barter it for the gifts of kings and princes, or the highest honors of the world!

There is even in abstract power that which wins upon us, and charms us into admiration. Hence, we love to look upon the lightning's vivid flash, and hear the hoarse, rough roar of distant thunder, and feel the trembling of the earth beneath its stern, majestic tread. The fierce tornado uprooting forests, unroofing houses, spreading ruin and desolation in its wake, is, when viewed at a distance, a glorious sight. What would we not give to stand where we might behold Vesuvius, with resistless power, pouring forth his red hot rivers of molten earth. We love and honor and dignify power by an innate disposition of the soul. Therefore, the unsanctified heart is a tyrant. It is this disposition of the mind that brings about this desperate struggle after emolument and office in the state, which is visible on every hand. But the higher and more powerful the office, the fiercer and more determined the struggle. But where is the office on earth that can compare in the powers it confers, with that of the ministry? The teacher has the key of knowledge, the judge the key of the prison, the autocrat has the power of life and death, but the minister of Christ holds in his hand the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And possessing these keys, he has, as a necessary consequence, power to unlock the portals of the world of glory, even as the Saviour has declared, "Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted." He holds in his hand the keys of the kingdom, hence he has power to bolt and bar the entrance to the paradise above, even as the Saviour has said, "Whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Oh! the fearful power, and consequent terrible responsibility of him who wears the robes of a minister of Christ. Well may we say who, Who is sufficient for these things! With such powers, derived from such a source, may not every gospel minister justly declare, though it be with the deep sense of his own nothingness, and in the very dust of humility, "I magnify mine office." Our heavenly Father has not sent us forth empty and destitute into the world, to make our way like cringing, cowering slaves; but he has clothed us with authority of which we should be justly zealous and humbly proud. These powers are conferred, not that we may thereby act the tyrant, and lord it over God's heritage, but that we may use them in bestowing priceless benefits on such as willingly and penitently enter the kingdom.

DELTA.

THE THRONE OF GRACE

My Jesus, if the seraphim,
The burning host that near Thee stand,
Before Thy Majesty are dim,
And veil their face at Thy command;
How shall these mortal eyes of mine,
Now dark with evil's hateful night,
Endure to gaze upon the light
That aye surrounds that throne of Thine?

Yet grant the eye of faith, O Lord,
To pierce within the Holy Place,
For I am saved and Thee adored,
If I am quickened by Thy grace.
Behold, O King, before Thy throne
My soul in lowly love doth bend,
Oh show Thyself her gracious Friend,
And say, "I choose thee for mine own."

Have mercy, Lord of love, for long
My spirit for Thy mercy sighs,
My inmost want hath found a tongue,
"Be merciful, O God," she cries!
I know Thou wilt not let me go,
Thou canst not be ungracious, Lord,
To one for whom Thy blood was poured,
Whose guilt was cancell'd by Thy woe.

Here in Thy gracious hands I fall,
To Thee I cling with faith's embrace,
O righteous Sovereign, hear my call,
And turn, O turn, to me in grace!
For through thy sorrows I am just,
And guilt no more in me is found,
Thus reconciled, my soul is bound
To Thee in endless love and trust.

And let Thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take Thy light from me away,
Thy grace be ever at my side,
That from the path I may not stray
That Thou dost love, but evermore
In steadfast faith my course fulfil,
And keep Thy word, and do Thy will,
Thy love within, Thy heaven before!

Reach down and arm me with Thy hand,
And strengthen me with inner might,
That I through faith may strive and stand
Though craft and force against me fight.
So shall the kingdom of Thy love
Be through me and within me spread,
That honors Thee, our glorious Head,
And crowneth us in realms above.

Yes, yes, to Thee my soul would cleave,
O choose it, Saviour, for Thy throne!
Couldst Thou in love to me once leave
The glory that was all Thine own,
So honour Thou my life and heart
That Thou mayst find a heaven in me,
And when this house decay'd shall be,
Then grant the heaven where now Thou art.

To Thee I rise in faith on high,
O bend Thou down in love to me!
Let nothing rob me of this joy,
That all my soul is fill'd with Thee;
As long as I have life and breath,
Thee will I honour, fear and love,
And when this heart hath ceased to move,
Yet Love shall live and conquer death.

W. C. DESSLER. 1692.

LOOKING OUT FOR SLIGHTS

Some people have a peculiar facility for making themselves uncomfortable. Keeping self uppermost in their thoughts, they imagine that others are negligent in attentions which courtesy or friendship exact, and discern offences where nothing of the kind was intended. The Philadelphia *Ledger* says:

"There are some people always looking out for slights. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot receive a friend, they cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family, without suspecting some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair-triggers. Their amour propre, like a porcupine, is ever ready to erect its quills. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their own irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in every body they come in contact with. Innocent persons who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or some momentary taciturnity, has been mistaken for an insult.

THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH.

Goethe was in company with a mother and her daughter, when the latter being reproved for some fault blushed and burst into tears. He said:—"How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter! The crimson hue and those silver tears become her better than any ornament of gold and pearls. These may be hung on the neck of any woman, but those are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full-blown rose besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell."

MUSIC AMONG THE COLLIERS

The village choir was to be fêted by hearing the Messiah in a neighboring town; and from amid the enthusiastic expressions recorded as excited by the occasion, we cull the following: One told me, "When it cam to 'The trumpet shall sound,' I wor not able to keep my seat; I stood oop; it seemed as day o' joodgement had coom in arnest; I mun ha' gone out if it had lasted ony longer, I know my hair was up on end. I clapped my hand o' my head to feel," thereby proving the power of imagination as well as music, for the speaker was remarkably bald. The lady was stopped one day in a lone part of the road by a big collier, who planted himself in the middle of it with the ominous words, "Be you the Missis? I reckon ye are, and I have been lookin' out for ye some time to speak my mind." I looked around for help, but in vain, so, "assuming a virtue I had not," said courageously, "And now you do find me, speak your mind and let me pass on." "Well," replied this terrible collier, "I'm Bill Mosley, and it wor my bairns as you sent bits o' dinner an' clothes to when my missus wor ta'en away all fever—awhile sin'; and it's the Lord'll thank you, for I can't. Good day!"—*Life among the Colliers.*

A FARMER HAPPIER THAN A PRESIDENT.—No doubt many of our young readers suppose a Governor must be a happy man, and a President one of the happiest, if not the most so, of any men living. Here is the opinion of one who had filled both positions, expressed in his last will and testament, where men are supposed to speak their honest convictions: "I, Martin Van Buren, of the town of Kinderhook, heretofore Governor of this State, and more recently President of the United States, but for the last and happiest year of my life a *farmer in my native town*, do make and declare the following to be my last will and testament," &c. So thought Washington, Jefferson, Harrison, and multitudes of other great men, who could judge from actual experience as farmers.

UGLY INSECTS.

The sage, and the beetle at his feet, have each a ministration to perform.—TUPPER.

O, term not insects 'ugly!'
There never yet was one
Of God's created creatures,
Since earth from chaos sprang,
But God possessed a beauty,
Or proved a purpose wise;
So think of Him who made them,
And ne'er their form despise.

Ants are endowed with instinct
So wonderfully great,
That men with reason gifted,
Might these their models make,
In serious daily matters
Pertaining to this earth;
For industry and foresight
Are traits of sterling worth.

There's beauty in the beetle—
Look at his burnished wing;
And usefulness, he clears the ground
Of many a noisome thing.
And so he aids to till the soil;
Thus we should ne'er condemn
His form as 'ugly,' nor forget
The good he does for man.

The earthworm is not lovely
To look upon, I ween,
But many a serious lesson
We from a worm may glean.
Did we but rightly ponder
That sad, yet true decree—
"The worm, she is thy sister,"
How humble we should be!

Then call not insects 'ugly,'
For God has made them all:
The huge, gigantic white ant,
And ladybird so small.
They all possess some virtue,
Are objects of his love,
Who says that not a sparrow falls
Unknown to God above.

THE WONDERFUL SEAL.

The writer from whom we gave our account of the whale in the menagerie, goes on to say:

"After minutely examining the various smaller aquaria that surround the room, and are well worth a visit from the naturalist, inasmuch as they greatly surpass in comprehensiveness those in the collection of the Zoological Society of London, I descended to the room below. I here found a number of wild animals in cages; and they have succeeded in making some of them more tractable than, had I not been an eye-witness, I could have believed it possible.

"Beyond this was a square enclosure, half water, half platform. On the latter was seated—if such a term can be applied to an animal which is by nature comparatively denuded of the wherewith to sit upon—Ned, a small marbled seal, resting upright upon its tail, and tossing its knowing little head with a singular quaint and nervous jerk. At one corner of the platform stood an object apparently peculiarly out of place, viz., an Italian hurdy gurdy. 'Surely the seal does not play the organ?' I observed. The proprietor informed me that a performance would take place at eight o'clock. I was aware that the instrument required no extraordinary amount of talent to master—but fancy a solo by a seal! Well, eight o'clock arrived, and the audience crowded to their seats. 'Now, Ned, let me hear you play the ladies and gentlemen a tune,' and obedient to the word, the creature awkwardly sidled forward, and grasping the handle with its pendant fin, rattled through the music at a most alarming pace; looking up expectant the while to receive what other public performers are not unwont to indulge in—a fee, in the shape of a fish supper. 'Now, Ned, give the ladies a pretty kiss,' and the animal nodded its head, and kissed its flapper with most *finical* politeness. 'Very well done!' Another fish. 'Now, show us how the ladies bathe at Newport.' The demand was scarcely uttered before the sagacious creature dashed into the water, and commenced jumping up and down, splashing the water with its fins, and ducking its head in a manner that produced the most ridiculous satire upon ladies in the same predicament.

"I remained to see the whale and dolphin fed—a very interesting sight. The manager ascends by means of a ladder to the top of the tank with a pailful of eels. These he holds, one by one, with a pair of iron pincers, and the fish come up and take them from his hand. The whale consumes about thirty pounds' a eight a day, and the dolphin twice that quantity.

ARTHUR W CRIGHTON

"*Oxford and Cam. Club, Dec. 9th.*"

SALMON IN BRITISH AMERICA.

Those of the Fraser river are distinguished by the peculiarity of their nose being twisted on one side, which gives them a very comical appearance. I do not know whether this phenomenon can be accounted for by the force of the current these fish have to stem. In addition to this deformity, the bodies of the salmon taken out of this river are frequently much scored, gashed and disfigured by old wounds, the result of accident, and arising from collision with the rocks and shallows of this impetuous stream. Sturgeon of gigantic size, weighing at times as much as five or six hundred pounds, are also taken in the Fraser river.—*Travels in British Columbia.*

WAX.

Wax is a production elaborated by the bees. A simple experiment will suffice to demonstrate this conclusively. If bees be fed with a concentrated solution of loaf sugar and then confined in a box, we shall, in the course of twenty-four hours, find between their abdominal rings thin scales or plates of wax, such as they use in building their combs. Now, probably no one will undertake to maintain that loaf sugar contains wax. It contains only the elementary ingredients of that substance, carbonic acid, hydrogen, and oxygen—which become separated in the body of the bee, and recombined in different proportions and relations, thus resulting in the formation of wax.

HOW THE PEOPLE ARE CHEATED IN GAS.

The subjoined paragraph, which is from the New York Sun, will serve to show how people are cheated by gas companies:

A chemist, who last year made a laborious investigation of the gas question, sends us the following propositions that will interest gas consumers: 1. Increased pressure is not necessary to make diluted gas tell against the consumer. 2. In order that the pressure may be sufficient at remote and low situations, it is always maintained in excess at intermediate and more elevated places. 3. New burners are not necessary to increase the quantity of gas burned. 4. Diluted gas puts on a peculiar pressure of its own, tending to increased and wasteful consumption. 5. The eye is not a correct test of the light given and amount of gas used, as its impressions are greatly modified by its accustomed light. 6. An increase of pressure of only one-fourth inch over that producing the maximum of light with an ordinary fish-tail burner, may produce a waste of 30 per cent before any "blowing" is perceptible. 7. Intentional fraud is not needed to adulterate the gas, as this may ensue through the body of the retort. 8. No company making their gas under reduced pressure has any test that will show that air is, or is not, being drawn along.

This is but one more corroboration of the many evidences of the fact that in dishonest hands, gas meters afford no fair indication of the quantity of gas consumed.

The Oswego Times says that at a recent wedding in that city, the bridegroom being an army officer, wore his side arms at the nuptials. A little wide awake brother of the bride was attracted by the display of weapons, and as he has another sister whose "true love" is a carpenter, he boldly inquired:—"Ma, when James comes to marry Milly, will he wear his saw and hatchet by his side?"

Family Circle.

THE MEAN BOY

When I was a very little boy, as I was playing in the streets of a large city, I met a little boy, younger than myself, who seemed to be in great distress. His eyes were much swollen by crying, and his loud sobs first attracted my attention.

"What's the matter, Eddie?" I inquired.

"Why—why, I've lost my penny, and mother will whip me," he replied, and then burst anew into tears.

"Where did you lose it?"

"It dropped out of my hand, and rolled right there into the gutter."

"Poor little fellow!" I thought, as I really sympathized with him, and offered to help him find the lost treasure.

Eddie brushed away the tears with his arm, and his countenance brightened with hope as he saw me roll up my coat-sleeve, and thrust my hand into the gutter. How intently did he watch each handful, as it came out freighted with mud, and pebbles, and pieces of rusty iron! Perhaps the next would bring out his penny! At last I found it.

"O, I am so glad!" I hear the little reader say. "And how glad you must have been, too! Now you could dry up little Eddie's tears, and make his face bright and his heart happy. Now he could skip and run all the way home without the fear of his mother's displeasure."

But, dear children, listen to the end; and while I know it will make you sad, and perhaps bring a tear to your eyes, it may do you good for a lifetime. *I kept little Eddie's penny!*

As soon as I felt it in my hand, all covered with mud as it was, I forgot all the lessons I had learned at home and in Sabbath school. I forgot about God—that his eyes were looking right down on me. The wicked one entering into me, as you know he once did into Judas, when for money he betrayed the blessed Saviour, I sold my honour, my good feelings, and my truthfulness all for a penny.

I searched a little longer after I had washed it and contrived to hide it, and then, putting on a sad face, told little Eddie that I could not find it—that there was no use in looking any longer for it.

O, how the big tears swelled in his eyes as, with a disappointed look, he turned away! How mean I felt! I felt guilty, as well I might, for I had already broken three of God's commandments. I had *coveted*; that led me to *steal*; and then came, in regular order, the *lie*, to cover up all. Alas! what one sin leads to!

Many years have gone by since that wicked act. Since then I have asked God to pardon me for that and many other sins I have committed; and though I love my Saviour, and hope that, in his mercy, the sin of my youth and of my riper years will not be remembered against me, yet I can never blot out of my memory's page the dark spot which that muddy penny has imprinted upon it.—*Our Children's Magazine.*

THE LITTLE LION-TAMER.

HARRY was a wild boy, and kept the whole house in a turmoil. He was terribly mischievous and thoughtless, pumping in his very best hat, and drinking therefrom; leaving his schoolbooks on the roadside, while he played ball, and forgetting where they were until they were ruined; and carrying matches, fire-crackers, and fish-hooks in his pockets. What was ever to be done with this boisterous fellow, none of the household could foresee. This was master Harry, as he was three months ago. To-day he is another boy, tamed down to the gentleness of a very lamb, moving quietly about the house, waiting on grandma, leaving the kitchen to those who belong there, and hovering morn and night about a certain chamber door. What wrought the change? Who tamed the lion?

One afternoon, our noisy hero came home from an expedition which had brought more weariness than fish. Poles, books, lines, worms, and mud, were all deposited on the newly-~~scrubbed kitchen floor, and he shouting as~~ usual:

"I'm hungry; I'm tired! Isn't tea almost ready?"

Usually his answer would have been a threat, "I'll tell your mother, sir;" but now Bridget looked wonderfully amiable, as she said, "Ye can't guess what we have got?"

"What?" asked Harry.

"A baby."

"Whose is it?"

"Our own entirely."

"I don't believe you."

"Ask yer grandmam, in yonder."

"Grandma," shouted Harry, "have we got a baby of our own?"

"Yes, we have a sweet little sister," replied the old lady, coming into the kitchen.

"Is it our own to keep forever?"

"To keep as long as God pleases, my dear. He sent it to us, and he can take it away, if we are not thankful."

"I'm afraid it will die," cried Harry, looking alarmed. "Can't I look at it, grandma?"

"Yes, my dear, if you step very softly. It is a frail, delicate little thing, which must be very tenderly nursed for some time. If you should handle it the way you do the dog or cat, you would kill it in a moment."

"Why, grandma!"

Babies were a class of the community with whom Harry had had very little intercourse.—He now brought out his slippers—their office was a sinecure, he never having time to wear them—washed his face and hands, brushed his hair, and then followed grandma up stairs on tiptoe, a style of walking he had never tried before. He went into the chamber, and there, wrapped in a blanket, and lying in the rocking-chair, was she whom we call "The Little Lion-Tamer." Harry touched the velvet cheek, lifted the tiny hands, and examined the wondrous frame. Tears filled his eyes as he kissed his mother, and said, "Oh! mother, wasn't it kind in God to send it *here*; I do hope it won't die!" From that hour he has been subdued; and if at any time the old boisterousness returns, a glance from those baby eyes, or a wail from the little lips, brings him back again to his new-found gentleness. The silent influence of the helpless babe has done for Harry what neither the discipline of home nor the chastisement of school could ever accomplish.

SAID one student to another, whom he caught swinging a scythe most lustily in a field of stout grass, "Frank, what makes you work for a living? A fellow with your talent and ability should not be caught engaged in hard labor. I mean to get my living by my wits." "Well, Bill, you can work with duller tools than I can," was the reply.

THE WOODS.—I go to the woods after game; but if the game is not there, I get nuts; if there are no nuts, I gather flowers or leaves; if all fail, yet I get health, a little woodcraft, or by the grace of Heaven, a thought. I am not of those who find that the road is only good to leave behind them.

LICE ON FOWLS.—The *Field and Fireside* gives the following remedy from a correspondent: He had tried everything he could hear of, with indifferent success, and was almost despairing, when he heard accidentally, that they would not harbor them as much as a sandy soil. He says: "I soon had my poultry houses dug down three or four feet, filled up with clay, a layer of beaten brick on the surface, and the partitions of the nest made of brick. This was two years ago, since which time I have neither seen, felt nor heard of the insects, and therefore think I have got entirely rid of them."

Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven has informed Judge Parker that he will reply to *The New Englander* to some letters of the Judge addressed to him on slavery and the Constitution.

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PERRY & FITZGERALD'S
PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION.

The new process of bread-making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel and the application of pure carbonic gas under pressure, by which the dough mass is made thoroughly light, and ready to be discharged into pans, for baking, in the brief space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The "change" is usually 200 pounds, and each machine completes the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough in from twenty-five to forty minutes.

The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results.—1. Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and in the superior value of the article produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed. 2. Because such employment of capital as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition it preserves none of the evils of a monopoly, inasmuch as it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald did not occur to Dr. Ure; though he seems to have had a clear foreshadowing of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, since he states, hypothetically that "if water highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be porous or spongy. It would a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way than, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be so much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, to Dr. Ure, was evidently a clearly comprehended chemical truth has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of unfermented bread is by no means new. Dr. Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says:—

"In Scotland, nine-tenths of the lower class of people, and that is the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, and unfermented farinacea in other forms, and there are not anywhere healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years, that I have practised among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly ever met with a disease, of any consequence, that I could impute to the use of the unfermented farinacea."

At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr. Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes:—

"Such, then, being sufficient evidence in favor of the wholesomeness of unfermented bread, it becomes important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The result gained by this process (fermentation) may be considered to be merely the expansion of the particles of which the loaf is composed, so as to render the mass more readily divisible by the preparatory organs of digestion. But, as this object is gained at a sacrifice of the integrity of the flour, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent. over that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of over one-fifteenth of the nutritive properties of the flour, which, by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

We come now to a more particular consideration of the superiority of the Bread made without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents, over the Bread made by these processes. Although, from what has already been said, this superiority appears in most vivid contrast, yet the public will be better satisfied to have the points stated specifically, for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction in the manufacture of Bread.

I. ITS CLEANLINESS.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or *feet* of the baker, from the wetting of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and scarcely can be, touched by any one. "One desideratum (it aimed to manufacture)," says Dr. Willard Parker, "is its entire cleanliness." Says Dr. Weisbury, "The process is not only purely scientific, but pre-eminently cleanly."

II. ITS PRESERVATION OF ALL THE NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLES OF THE FLOUR.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in a closed vessel or receiver, it takes a perfect vesicular or spongy texture. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly unchanged, while the process of raising bread by fermentation inevitably sacrifices some of them, as has been already shown.

III. ITS UNIFORM CHARACTER.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious. The conditions being simple, and not liable to variation, no failure can occur in always producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity. The process also insures a perfect freedom from all acidity, even in the hottest weather. Says the London *Times*:—"The objectionable consequences of fermentation being avoided, the constituents of the flour are left both unchanged and uncontaminated, the resulting loaf being absolutely pure."

IV. ITS ADAPTATION.—Being free from the deleterious substances which are the product of fermentation, or chemical reactions, by the old modes, the bread made by the New Process is easy of digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach. "To dyspeptics," says Dr. [illegible], (late of the [illegible] Medical College,) "it will be invaluable as they will be able to use it when the fermented manufactured bread has been found to have signally failed as an article of diet." Says the London Medical Times and Gazette:—

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CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 21, 1861.

Rev L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no cure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or put on my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev GEORGE A. RUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 19, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.
RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.

Mr Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.
Mrs EVELINA ORMOND.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs PHEBE A. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861,

Rev Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

STEAMER FERRY, Sept 3, 1861

Rev Mr Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug 19, 1861

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.
Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
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For the Christian Recorder

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson—formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hough, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney, and further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Rosemond (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Simmons, (class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is a shoemaker) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed before me May 9th, 1868, Wm. Blakey J. P.

her
Emily Johnson.
mark

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see the kingdom of God, ἐὰν μή τις γεννηθῇ ἄνωθεν, οὐ δύναται ἰδεῖν τὴν βασιλείαν τοῦ θεοῦ. *unless one has been born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God.* Hard-hearted and uncharitable nations must be born to a sense of their duty, and of their obligations to their fellow man, as much as a sinner must to his allegiance to God. And both are not unfrequently first visited by the judgments of God. Afflictions though they seem severe, in mercy are often sent. But without half exhausting that idea, I must turn my attention to something else.

Congress is holding very late night sessions. I called in the House of Representatives on Wednesday evening, while they were discussing the merits and demerits of a pending bill, for the indemnification of the President of the United States, in many points to which the copperheads had objected to the administration as being unconstitutional. During the confabulatory disquisition of it, Hon. Henry May of Baltimore, arose and entered several very grave protests against it, and against the Administration generally. He justified the Rev Mr Dashiell in pulling down the American flag from a church, which he did a few weeks previous in the city of Baltimore. That the Secretary of War had such unlicensed power over the country, that the people were ruled with an iron rod, that Maryland was a subjugated province, that the sacred constitution was trampled in the dust, that no one had any rights, which the despotic hands of the generals and the petty officers of the now trodden down and subjugated nation, were bound to respect, and to pass that bill was to make the most unlicensed miracle organic, &c. Not finally taking his seat, Hon. Mr. Leary from the same city rose up and denounced him to all intents and purposes, declaring that he did not speak the sentiments of Baltimore. That he was a traitor, and begged the country to believe nothing he said, that he (Leary) intended to vote for the bill, and his people would support him in it, which brought down loud applause, both in the house and gallery, and after several more scathing remarks, Hon. Mr. Thomas, ex-Gov of Maryland, rose up and said, Maryland a subjugated province, my state a subjugated province, because Jeff. Davis and his secession horde has not got it? Is that the gospel preached here to-night? If it is, I intend to blot it out, henceforth and for evermore. This brought out loud applause, and in one of the most thrilling speeches to which I ever desire to listen, he did blot it out. Mr. May rushed forward after this, crying out, Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, a word, but the house objected to hearing him. He then turned round and remarked, *it's no more than I expected*, and every body laughed, and he was dismissed with a few groans. But the most remarkable feature of the circumstance was, that all the congressmen got up from their seats and stood around the debaters, like little boys. Indeed, they acted so childish, that I remarked to gentleman at my side, men are but men, wherever found.

The conscript bill which passed the Senate, I learn is to obviate the necessity of passing the colored soldier bill, as the colored man is reckoned a citizen in common with the white.

The Banking Bill, which Secretary Chase is so anxious to have Congress to pass, was before the house on Thursday evening. It contemplates the issuing of three hundred million dollars more in Treasury notes, (300,000,000) but the Clerk was so long reading it that I could not wait its disposal. He kept on, be it further enacted, and be it further enacted, till he came to section 55, and I skedaddled. Many good Republicans, however, are much opposed to it, and if it is passed, it will be done by the influence of Mr. Chase.

I was informed by Benjamin T. Tanner, that the L. S. C. Society and the 15th Street Presbyterian church, had withdrawn their delegates from the convention, thus rendering Rev. Henry Wilson, hitherto Vice President, but now the President, from the fact that Mr William Slade, (an inestimable gentleman,) has lost his membership by virtue of the withdrawn delegates. The reason of this, I am not able to state, though I hope it is from no sinister motive, as several of the delegates to my knowing are very high toned gentlemen.

Yesterday, (Friday) afternoon, a large number of prisoners, white and colored, were brought into the city. I have not learned from whence they came nor whither they are going. I know this much, they were hard-looking customers.

I stated in one of my letters, that only 100 copies of the Recorder were sold in the city. That is wrong. Bro. Moore only sells 100. But I don't know how many James L. Thomas, your other agent sells, nor Rev. H. J. Rhodes, or how many annual subscribers there are. I know this, there are a vast quantity of them.

I see that Rev. J. M Brown, editor of the Monthly Repository, has levelled a broad-side at the Indiana conference, in the February number. It appears that Rev. William Dove has at some previous time, made an attack upon the Repository, which Rev. Dr. Revels says has materially (excuse me if I misrepresent,) injured its success, and has consequently killed the sale of it in Indianapolis. This statement seems to have effected Rev. J. M. Brown so very much, that he records seven different regrets, and if I understand the spirit of his article, he thinks that indifference to the literary necessities of our people is having a great deal to do with its non-success. This indifference cannot be upon the part of Dr. Revels, for he is one of its editors, and is unquestionably a literary man. The article, however, is attracting the attention of Washingtonians very much, and creating considerable speculation, pro and con. One gentleman remarked that Rev. J. M Brown could not be answered. But as they are all big men, boys had better keep out of the muss.

Prof. Fowler, the great Phrenologist, has been lecturing here for some time, to large audiences. I heard him last night deliver one of his very excellent lectures, to a large audience of gentlemen. No ladies were admitted, as the subject was of a private nature.

A contraband boy was stabbed on Thursday by a white boy named Flanegan, and died instantly. The white boy is under $1000 bail for court.

H. M. T.

Washington, Feb. 21st, 1863.

* * *

A COMET happening to appear when Cardinal Mazarine lay on his death-bed, some of his many abject flatterers insinuated that it had reference to *him* and destiny. The Cardinal pleasantly answered, "Gentlemen, the comet does me too much honor."—WARTON.

For the Christian Recorder

KANSAS CORRESPONDENCE

Lawrence, Kansas Territory

MR EDITOR:—I communicate a few lines to your paper which may be of some interest to its numerous readers to learn how we are prospering in Lawrence mission. I may say in reference to the church, there seems to be a growing interest, and there are being added to the church frequently, such as I trust will be eternally saved. We are still holding meetings in the Unitarian church on Sabbath evenings. We had a very large crowd out on last Sabbath evening, to witness the solemnization of the holy bonds of matrimony between Mr. William Harper and Miss Harriet Adams, and notwithstanding the marriage, which always seems to produce an equitable state of feeling among the people, we had a good meeting. One joined the church, and the membership seemed to be greatly revived, and expressed their emotions of joy in our usual way, by a hearty shaking of hands. We had a meeting appointed for Wednesday night, the object of which is for the organizing of the Chapel Relief Society, to assist in purchasing a lot, and building a house of worship that we may call our own, and where none dare molest us or lawfully make us afraid here in free Kansas. There is a detachment of colored soldiers here gathering up their men that left the regiment before they were received into the service of the government, but they claim that they have no right to arrest them as deserters from a regiment that never had no existence. The arrest has created considerable excitement among the people, both white and colored, and they are attempting to test the matter at law, I trust it may be properly adjusted. Our men are not cowards by any means. I conversed with a colored soldier a few days ago, that was in the Batesville fight and received two shots, one entering his chest, and the other his left arm, and he told me that he killed two secessionists with his sabre after being disabled in his arm, and he is doing well and seems to be anxious for another fight. I was around in the soldiers' quarters yesterday, they seem to be in fine spirits, and variously engaged; some were cooking, some eating, some singing, some swearing, and some groaning under deep pain and scorched with burning fever. There are two that are very sick, and I hardly think will recover, but I found Lieutenant Rasurd, who is a long and tried friend of the oppressed race, rendering all the assistance in his power to relieve their sufferings. More anon.

J. M WILKERSON.

Lawrence, Kansas, Feb. 17th, 1863.

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money*; and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

ADDRESS OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old men and women to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them; and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful and happy nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS E. GREEN,
No. 490 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association:

JAMES L. THOMAS,
HILLIARD BUSH,
JOHN A. SIMMS, } *Committee.*

Washington, October 25, 1862.

Domestic Items.

The Failure of our War Vessels.—The Secretary of the Navy officially reports to the Senate that the disability of the Osceola resulted from the cutting of the cylinder side-valve, caused by the softness of the iron, which was very badly fitted. Four hulls of vessels have been built on this plan, and ten have similar machinery, of which eight have been tried. Two only giving any trouble, viz. the Osceola and Juniata. Their builders were inexperienced, with neither the proper shops, tools, mechanics, nor engineers. Their facilities were pronounced against in advance, but they were much the lowest bidders.

With regard to the failure of the Pensacola, a chief engineer, Isherwood, reports that her hull was built at Pensacola, and her machinery at Washington, from designs of E. E. Dickson and William E. Sichels, under a contract with Secretary Toucey, in 1858. One was a patentee of an alleged improvement in engineering, the other a lawyer of intimate relations with Messrs. Mallory and Yulee, of the Senate Naval Committee—and the plan was tried in opposition to the engineers of the navy. Owing to the numerous blunders the machinery was two years and five months in preparation. Its cost was three hundred and twenty-eight thousand four hundred dollars. She was with difficulty got to New Orleans, and there reported useless until the machinery was replaced.

Papers for the Army.—All admit that it is highly important that soldiers be furnished with good reading. We are informed by those who are connected with the army, that no publications are read with so much avidity as religious newspapers.

We are happy to say that several friends of soldiers have made us remittances for the army. Are there not others who will do likewise?

Religion and Politics.—The Rev. Dr. Breckinridge in the *Danville Review* makes the following bold presentation of the proper relations of religion and politics. We should not know where to look for a more succinct and vigorous statement of the case.

"Human society and government are as really institutes of God, as the communion of saints and the spiritual commonwealth they compose are. The divine Redeemer is equally the Creator and Ruler of all things, as he is the Saviour of sinners, and the Head and Lord of the church. And the same glorified Redeemer and as sovereign Lord of all things, it is from him that all providence takes its rise, and by him that all faith and all duty are taught and en-

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.—Owing to the improved public confidence in the continued freedom from interruption of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad between Washington and the West, via Harper's Ferry and Cumberland, an additional daily through passenger train, making all the connexions westward, has just been established, leaving here in the evening, with sleeping-cars attached. Eight passenger trains now run daily from Washington to Baltimore, four of which are for New York.

Anecdote of Stonewall Jackson.—A book might nearly be made of the anecdotes in the papers about Stonewall Jackson. Here is the latest, and refers to the fight at Fredericksburg. The night after the battle a council of war was held by General Lee, to which all his generals of division were invited. General Jackson slept throughout the proceedings, and upon being waked and asked for his opinion, curtly said, "Drive 'em in the river!—drive 'em to the river!"

forced. The state and the church are, no doubt, distinct: but they have many relations, and owe many duties, each to the other—as institutes ordained by the same God, and ruled by the same Lord, and to be judged by the same Christ. Nor can individual persons ever conceal, or evade, or violate, what they owe to one of these institutes, by reason or under pretext of what they owe to the other: because it is one and the same glorious God, who has taught them, also commands them and who will judge them in regard of both."

Another Hero Fallen.—In Rear Admiral Dupont's official report of the recent engagement between the steamers 'Mercedita' and 'Keystone State' and the rebel 'rams,' at Charleston, S. C., which we elsewhere publish, special mention is made of the death of Dr. Jacob H. Gotwald, Chief Surgeon on board the 'Keystone State,' 'who was scalded to death while rendering surgical aid to one of the wounded men.'—The deceased was a brother of the Rev. L. A. Gotwald, of this Borough, and was a young man of marked ability and promise. When he passed the Board of Examiners of Medical Surgeons, for the Government, prior to his appointment, he had not attained his majority. How well he performed the duties of his trust, Com. Dupont testifies in the brief, though expressive tribute he pays to the memory of the noble youth. It must be a hallowed reflection to his friends to know that death found him mercifully ministering to the relief of a wounded soldier, bravely discharging his duties, amid the exciting and terrific struggle then transpiring. His name will live with the long list of heroes who have spilt their blood in defence of the Republic. A faithful Christian, we doubt not he is reaping the patriot soldier's promised reward.

Since the foregoing was put in type, the following paragraphs which we clip from an exchange, have fallen under our notice:

Mr Gotwald was a native of Pennsylvania, and not more than twenty-five years of age. He met his death from the steam which escaped from the exploded chimney, as he was between decks, engaged in dressing the injuries of the wounded. His body was found in a sitting posture, his hands grasping a piece of lint which he was about to apply to one of the injured sailors. His death, like that of all the others resulting from scalds, must have been instantaneous.

The dead were all buried in the Naval Cemetery at Bay Point. The remains were taken ashore in launches, accompanied by large delegations of the officers and crews of all the naval vessels in port, and the funeral ceremonies, though brief, were unusually solemn and impressive.

One of the waiters in the Phoenix Hotel at Lexington, Ky., describes his experience with the rebel officers who tarried there during Bragg's invasion. He says: "Eb'ry one of dem rebels made his own money, and dey was berry free wid it, nus dey know'd it didn't cost nuffin. One gentleman give me five dollars for brushin his boots, and I told him he was berry kine; but if it was all de same to him I'd rather had a dime. He told me dat I was a Yankee nigger, and didn't gib me nuffin."

Bells.—Messrs. A. Meneelys Sons, the celebrated founders at West Troy, N. Y., are now manufacturing a fire alarm bell for the city of New York to weigh 8000 pounds. They have recently furnished three chimes, one for the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Albany, N. Y., one for St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, N. J., and the third for St. Louis Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr Robinson.—There are few men living or dead who have contributed as largely or as well to the literature of the Church as the late Rev. Edward Robinson, D. D., whose death occurred in New York on the 27th ult. His works, although numerous, are sure to be prized for their intrinsic value than their number. Among these are his translation of Buttmann's Greek Grammar, his Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament, his Harmony of the Four Gospels, in Greek and English, his edition of Calmet's Biblical Dictionary, and his translation of Gesenius' Hebrew Lexicon, in addition to his noted Biblical Researches in Palestine and the adjacent countries.

The Times on Jefferson Davis.—In a late editorial of the London *Times*, which, for a wonder, condemns the retaliatory proclamation of Jefferson Davis, it says: "The South should remember that they were the first to draw the sword in this quarrel; that they rose against an established Government in the exercise of its legal functions; that they obtained by the agency of traitors in that Government, a considerable supply of arms and money, and that that Union which they seek to dissolve is, as events have proved, the dearest wish of every American heart."

Rye Coffee.—The alleged poisoning by rye coffee is making some noise in Brooklyn. Whatever this case may amount to, it is certain that rye often contains ergot, or spurred rye in dangerous quantities. The books say that in France fearful epidemics have been known to spring from the use of such stuff in flour.

Eleven Rebellions in the United States.—Since the organization of the Federal Government, eleven attempts have been made to resist its authority. The first was in 1782—a conspiracy of some of the officers of the Federal army to consolidate the thirteen States into one, and confer the supreme power upon Washington.—The second in 1787, called Shay's insurrection in Massachusetts. The third in 1794, called the whisky insurrection of Pennsylvania. The fourth in 1814, by the Hartford Convention. The fifth in 1820, on the question of the admission of Missouri into the Union. The sixth was a collision between the Legislature of Georgia and the Federal Government, in regard to the lands given to the Creek Indians. The seventh was in 1830, with the Cherokees in Georgia. The eighth was the memorable nullifying ordinance of South Carolina, in 1832. The ninth was in 1842, in Rhode Island, between the Suffrage Association and the State authorities. The tenth was in 1856, on the part of the Mormons, who resisted the Federal authorities.—The eleventh is the present attempt at secession.

States in Rebellion.

[The Richmond Dispatch on the War.]

The Richmond Dispatch of the 17th, says, editorially, that the North are fighting as much for self-preservation as for Southern subjugation. The time when the National Government sought to extinguish the South has passed, and the further prosecution of the war is to save the North from the avalanche of ruin which the success of the Southern cause must precipitate. It argues that our manufactories would tumble into ruins, and our ships and commerce rot, if the South should accomplish its objects, and predicts that a city rivalling those of the North would spring up in the South, and the present fountains of revenue to the North be transferred to the South.

Another Gunboat Passes the Batteries at Vicksburg.—February 18.—The new Monitor gunboat Indianola ran the blockade at Vicksburg on Friday night.

In spite of the precautions taken, the rebels discovered the Indianola, and the various batteries fired with each other in their efforts to sink the gunboat. She, however, passed down safely.

Later from New Orleans.—Feb. 20th.—The steamer McClellan has arrived from New Orleans with dates to the 12th.

The Delta has been suppressed by General Banks, but the workmen waited upon him, representing that their source of subsistence was in its continuance, and the General directed that it be continued, under the book-keeper, Henry Hesse.

Later from Vicksburg.—Feb. 20.—The sickness in the army at Vicksburg is increasing.

A barge containing seventy thousand bushels of coal ran the blockade on Saturday night, without accident or discovery.

The Vicksburg Whig of the 9th, says the river is overflowing the banks on the Louisiana side, and the town of De Soto opposite is nearly submerged. It was expected that the whole Peninsula would soon be under water.

Latest from the Army of the Potomac.—Aquia Creek, Feb. 23.—The anniversary of Washington's Birth-day was celebrated yesterday in the Army of the Potomac, notwithstanding the prevailing tempest, by salutes from several batteries. Nothing of the kind was heard from the rebel batteries on the south side of the Rappahannock.

A snow storm commenced late on Saturday night, continuing until yesterday afternoon, drifting, in some places, two or three feet. The depth of the snow is averaged at about seven inches.

The shelter-tents of the soldiers afforded but poor protection from the storm. The atmosphere was piercingly cold, causing some frost-bitten extremities.

Previous to the storm the mud had partially dried up, but now many days must elapse in this locality before the roads will become passable, under the most favorable auspices.

On the 18th the **bombardment of Vicksburg** commenced. There are rumors that it has been taken, but they lack confirmation.

A great meeting of the **United States Christian Commission** took place at the Capitol on the night of the 22d.

Serious local difficulties are arising from the unsettled boundary question between **California** and **Nevada**.

There have been striking illustrations recently of the great depreciation of **slave property in Maryland.**

Foreign Summary.

Sweden.—The Parliament of Sweden consists of four estates of the realm: the house of nobles, consisting of 900 peers of whom about 300 usually assemble, the house of clergy with 54, the house of burghers with 60 members, and the house of peasants with 133—being one member to every 21,000 constituents. Hitherto, the nobles and the clergy have successfully united to prevent this inequality of representation being corrected. Now the Government has taken up the question and proposes that the Swedish Parliament shall henceforth consist of two Chambers—the first elected by the Provincial Assemblies, those persons only being eligible who are possessed of a considerable income, the second by popular election with a low standard of qualification for the electoral franchise.

The proposal was well received in the Diet, and public opinion is decidedly in its favor. It ignores the rights, or pretended rights, of the nobility, *as such*, and really resembles a revolution rather than a reform.

Curious Relics of Old Egypt.—The one important feature to a stranger in the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, recently founded by the Pasha, in a commodious house overlooking the Nile. It has been placed under the curatorship of M. Mariette, who enticed Egypt in the service of the Louvre. The largest portion of the collection was purchased at once from M. Huber, long engaged in forming it, with a fastidious taste that admitted into the series none but fine examples. It is consequently a remarkably excellent introduction to the arts practised by the ancient Egyptians; and to the future studies of such as ascend the river to become familiar with the astounding works of that great people. It may suffice to say that nothing, from a scarabeus to a granite sarcophagus, is wanting to carry the student through the various fine arts ensumed three thousand years ago. The great feature of the collection is the recent addition of gold ornaments discovered by accident at Goornou, Thebes, by some boys, in ground unmarked by any tomb; the fine mummies upon which they were placed passed into the hands of the Pasha of Keneh, who was induced to part with them to the viceroy's museum. They were unwrapped, and more than twenty-five pounds' weight of gold ornaments found upon them. The series of necklaces, with figures of jackals in gold, and the golden bracelets, enriched by enamel colors, are extraordinary works of art, as well as of great intrinsic value, one of them is very remarkable, having the sacred hawk for its central ornament, holding the emblem of eternal life; its surface is brilliantly colored in *cloisonne* enamels. A hatchet of gold, with a hunting scene embossed on the blade; a mirror, with a heavy lotus-shaped handle of gold; and a large variety of minor decorations for the person crowd this unrivalled case of antiquities. Two small models of funeral boats, with the rowers, all formed of silver, are even more precious in the eyes of the Egyptian student, from their extreme rarity. The room is appropriately decorated, after the style of the tombs at Beni Hassan, and the whole arrangement honorable to the Viceroy and his curator; as he is still prosecuting new researches, and has prohibited wanton mischief to monuments, or the exportation of antiquities, it promises a useful guardianship in future over these interesting remains.

Waterloo Anecdote.—We have it from an eminent survivor of the battle who was with the Duke and Lord Uxbridge at this crisis, that, as the Duke giving the order to attack, Lord Uxbridge urged him to wait until the Prussians were more in position to support a general advance. The Duke turned round, and answered in good humor, "No; in for a penny, in for a pound; it's my turn now." But Lord Uxbridge, not content with this reply, ventured to remonstrate again. The Duke then rose in his stirrups, looked Lord Uxbridge sternly in the face, and said, very angrily, "Do you suppose, sir, I don't know how to command an army?" Lord Uxbridge at once left the Duke to command his army, rode off to lead the last cavalry charge, and lost his leg.

Edinburgh Review.

Napoleon's Invasion of England.—Napoleon is a grim jester. Whenever he ventures upon the humorous, his performance is as heavy as that of an elephant dancing on the tight rope. He has lately presided, in Paris, at the distribution of rewards to the French exhibitors in the London Exhibition of 1862, and, in his speech, burst out into the following bit of fun: "Behold, then, the realisation of our long threatened invasion of British soil!" Here, there was a momentary silence, because the audience were not quick at taking the joke. The Emperor relaxed the muscles of his face, to show that he was mirthsome and proceeded: "I am happy to reward the bravest of the brave. In fact, we have crossed the Channel, and invaded the English soil—[*great sensation*]—not with arms, which carry ruin, but with those implements which confer prosperity and comfort." He went on, then, more seriously, to boast of having borrowed from England 'that spirit of liberty which, being extended to all opinions, insures the development of all interests.'

These are high-sounding phrases, to which Lord Russell attached so much weight that he dispatched a special message to M. Drouyn de Lhuys, Napoleon's head man at present, expressing the admiration and gratitude of the British Government for such noble sentiments.—*Press.*

Church Directory

OF

PHILADELPHIA

FIRST (COLORED) PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Seventh Street, below Shippen.

SERVICE.

Morning, - - - - 10½ o'clock.
Afternoon, - - - - 3 o'clock.

LECTURES every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the BENEZET HALL, Seventh Street, below Lombard Street.

JONATHAN C. GIBBS, Pastor.
107 North Fifth Street.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

The Sabbath School connected with this Church meets at nine o'clock in the morning, and at half-past one in the afternoon.

JACOB C. WHITE, Superintendent.

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Lombard Street, below Ninth.

SERVICE.

Morning, Prayer Meeting, - - 10½ o'clock
Preaching, afternoon, - - 3 o'clock
Preaching, evening, - - 7½ o'clock.

LECTURE every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock
JOHN B. REEVES, Pastor,
Residence 907 Lombard St.

A. M. E. UNION CHURCH—Coates Street, below Fifth St.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

Preaching at - - - 10 A. M.
" - - - 3 P. M.
" - - - 7 P. M.

Preaching on every Thursday evening
Class on Sabbath, at 12 o'clock, M.
" Monday evening, at 7 o'clock
" Friday evening, at 7 o'clock

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M., and at half past 1 o'clock, P. M.
REV HENRY DAVIS, Minister in Charge,
Residence—No 810 Wood Street

Married.

Jan 25th, 1863, by Rev J. Wilkerson, Mr. Joseph Riley, to Miss Ellen Kelman, both of Lawrence, Kansas.

Feb 1st, 1863, by Rev J. H Wilkerson, Mr. [illegible] Jones, to Miss Mary Cann, both of Lawrence, Kansas.

Feb. 1st, 1863, by Rev. J. M. Wilkerson, Mr. Nathan Johnson, to Miss Susan Williams, both of Lawrence, Kansas.

By Rev J. M. Wilkerson, Mr. William Harper, to Miss Harriet Adams, both of Lawrence, Kansas.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUSIN'S HOUSE,
EAST MAIN STREET,
XENIA, OHIO.

This House has been thoroughly repaired, adding much to the comfort of guests. Is now open for the accommodation of old friends, and the public generally. Neither pains nor expense will be spared to give general satisfaction to Bridal Parties and others seeking pleasure, and they will do well to call.

Feb.7-6mo. JOHN COUSINS, Proprietor

MRS MARTHA COLLINS,
730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater,

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

MRS. S SHORTER HAWKINS'
DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, AND TRIMMING STORE.
No 615 LOMBARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Mrs H. calls the attention of her friends and patrons to a new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Delaines, Calicoes, Flannels, Muslins, Drills, Shawls, Balmoral, and Hoop-Skirts.

N. B. Regalia and Dress Trimmings still on hand. All will be sold as near the old prices as possible. Call and see.

SHROUDING.
Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

No 618 South Eighth Street, Philada.,

and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

☞ TERMS MODERATE. ly

ENGLISH, SWISS AND AMERICAN
WATCHES.
FINE GOLD,
CORAL, PEARL, ONYX, JET, & OTHER JEWELRY.

A large assortment of RINGS, BRACELETS, AMULETS and THIMBLES.

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SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS,
for sale cheap at
JOHN S. WILSON'S,
1808 MARKET STREET, PHILA.

nov29-5t

TO THE FRIENDS
OF
OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

Repeated applications having been made to the subscriber to establish a branch of his business in the vicinity of the late battle fields, with a view of reducing the cost of bringing home the bodies of the dead he respectfully announces that he has now established a branch at Hagerstown, Md., and is prepared to attend to the business at greatly reduced rates. Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

The Burial Casket

furnished by me is equal to any other in use with regard to security, economy, and entire absence of any of the unpleasant circumstances which generally surround similar articles. Wherever used it has given entire satisfaction, and the subscriber challenges comparison with any Casket now before the public.

Much complaint has been made of the extortionate practised by unprincipled men engaged in this business, which the subscriber will honestly avoid,

JOHN GOOD, Undertaker,
No. 921 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED

A very respectable moral young woman to learn the dress making business in all of its various branches, one that has learned to sew, and has a regard for Christianity, can apply at Mrs. Margaret Hazzard's dress making establishment, where they can be accommodated with board in the house if required. Inquire at No. 930 Shippen Street, between 9th and 10th Streets, South side.

Feb 20-1t

THE SPIRITUAL ARITHMETIC,
OR
Lessons out of School.
By JOSEPH T. COOPER,
Pastor of the Third United Presb. Church, Phila.

This is decidedly one of the best Sabbath-school books we have ever read. It is worth cart-loads of such trashy volumes as often find their way into nearly all our libraries. Dr. Cooper possesses the rare and rich gift of discussing momentous themes in a way that is at once attractive and solid, interesting alike to young and old, suitable for children without being childish. In this particular, this work reminds us of some of the late Dr. Alexander's writings. The book deserves, and we have no doubt will receive, a large circulation. It is sold at $4 per dozen, or forty cents per single copy.—*United Presbyterian.*

We are much pleased with this arithmetic. It is free from childishness, and yet the important truths which it inculcates, are happily brought down to the capacity of those for whom it is intended. At the same time it will edify and interest those who are beyond children's years.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

This work is written in an easy, clear, and familiar style, well calculated to produce an impression on the youthful mind.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

Although not a story book, the instructions of this little volume are exceedingly well adapted to youthful minds. The best kind of lessons are taught in conversations, which are simple, solid, and quite attractive.—*The Presbyterian.*

Dr. Cooper has succeeded well in the use of that free, familiar, simple style, which is adapted to the youthful mind. The work may be read with profit by an intelligent child of six years, and not without profit by the man of three score years. A friend at our elbow who has given it a careful perusal, says, that, for imparting knowledge on the more important doctrines of the gospel, it is worth a cart-load of many works which are prepared for the same general purpose. It contains many simple illustrations of important revealed truths, which ministers of the gospel would do well to mark for the purpose of copying after them.—*United Presbyterian of the West.*

We heartily thank Dr. Cooper for his excellent book, and believe that it is one of the signs of the times that indicate a radical change for the better [in relation to the religious training of young persons.] We feel much more disposed to commend the virtues of the book than to criticise any of its defects, by which we allude simply to doctrinal forms of expression on some points in which the Associate Presbyterian Church differs from our own.—*American Presbyterian.*

This is a good book for the young people—such as we find in most of the classes of the Sabbath-school. Its salutary lessons are given in the form of some twenty Evening Conversations, in which the author points out the advantages of study, and explains in terms adapted to the minds of children, the more important doctrines of the gospel.—*Christian Observer.*

Price, $4 per dozen; or 40 cents per single copy.

WILLIAM S. YOUNG,
1023 Race Street, Phila.

THE YOUTH'S EVANGELIST

Is published twice every month, and is prepared expressly for use in the Sabbath Schools of the United Presbyterian Church. It is printed on clear, white paper, and embellished with fine engravings in every number.

Every number has a Psalm, or part of a Psalm, set to Music suitable for use in Sabbath Schools.

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100 " "	[illegible]		

We have secured the services of a number of valuable contributors who will furnish original articles for every number, which will add much to the interest of the paper. [illegible]

[illegible]

All communications, whether for insertion or business should be addressed to

JAMES M. PROUDFIT,
[illegible] Pittsburgh, Pa.

Agents.—[illegible] John Fleming, [illegible] Presbyterian Office, Pittsburgh. [illegible]

WILLIAM S. YOUNG.
STEAM POWER PRESS
Book, Job and Newspaper
Printing Office,
No. 52 NORTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 1, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No 4, D of T; from Northern Union, No. 18, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa; from Dr. Oliver Union, of Catlisle, Pa., from Mount Olive Union, No. 15, D. of T.; from Vanbracklin Union, No. 15,, T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Attend P., Sister Bennett; Grand Associate, Sister Burris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fancett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinal, A. E. Dukhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. ROBERTS, / G. P. P. Sister ANDERSON,
" " E. BOWERS, / " " J. F. BLACK,
" " M. H. BRAME, / " " E. A. CLARK,
" " S. NEWMAN, / " " WHITE,
" " S. DAVIS, / " " S. HALL.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

Mrs. SARAH PARKER,
President.
Mrs L. B. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

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MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

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Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

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The peculiar taint or infection which we call Scrofula lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces or is produced by an enfeebled, vitiated state of the blood, wherein that fluid becomes incompetent to sustain the vital forces in their vigorous action, and leaves the system to fall into disorder and decay. [illegible] of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." [illegible]

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is compounded from the most effectual antidotes that medical science has discovered for this afflicting distemper, and for the cure of the disorders it entails. [illegible] **Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Female Weaknesses**, [illegible]

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ON
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Preached in Portland, Oregon, October 21, 1860. By Rev. P. B. Chamberlain, pastor of the First Congregational Church. Third edition. Price 10 cents—$1.00 per dozen, $7.00 per 100. Will be sent by mail, on receipt of the money and postage stamps. Wm. S Young, No 1023 Race street, Philadelphia.

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THE GRAVES OF THE MARTYRS

The kings of old have shrine and tomb,
In many a minster's haughty gloom,
And green, along the ocean-side,
The mounds arise where heroes died;
But show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth! where thy nameless martyrs rest.

The thousands that enchecred by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For truth, for Heaven, for freedom's sake,
Resigned the bitter cup to take,
And silently to fearless faith
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they, Earth? by no proud stone
Their narrow couch of rest is known;
The still, sad glory of their name
Hallows no mountain into fame;
No—not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strewed
The ashes of that multitude;
It may be that each day we tread
Where those devoted hearts have bled,
And the young flowers our children sow
Take root in holy dust below.

—Methodist Magazine.

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NETTIE.

Ah! my heart is aching so
While I wander to and fro,
Striving—ah! how vainly, yet
Little Baby to forget:
Baby with the shining hair,
Velvet cheeks so soft and fair,
Baby with the sunny brow,
Angel eyes so quiet now.
Dimpled little hands and feet,
Gone—all gone—with voice so sweet,
Little form so perfect made,
In the silent grave now laid!

Summer time is come again,
With soft winds and gentle rain;
Birds are singing glad and free,
But they bring no joy to me:
Birds, nor flowers, can't efface
The very sweet and pleasant face,
Which last year made all seem so bright
From early morn till dewy night.

Now—no little head to rest,
Folded closely to my breast;
No sweet voice, like vesper chime,
Claiming all my thoughts and time:
No soft fingers now to stray
Back and forth in baby play:
Round my neck no little arm
Gently resting, safe from harm;
No pure eyes, so full of love,
Like those of my cooing dove:
Daughter—Nettie—Baby—Pet—
Can I—can I e'er forget?

No! Yet will I kiss the rod
Laid upon me by my God:
Stricken—faint—yet will I trust,
Though he lay me in the dust;
Loving, pitying—still I feel
He only smites that he may heal!

—Examiner.

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A REVIEW.

2. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, No CXCVIII., January, 1863 8vo, pp., 296. Boston, Crosby & Nichols, 117 Washington street.

Art. VIII. Hurd's Law of Freedom and Bondage (by George S. Hillard, of Boston.) Mr. Hurd's book, of which this is a review, is entitled, The Law of Freedom and Bondage in the United States; Boston, 1858–1862, 2 vols. 8vo, pp. xlvii. 617, xlii. 800. It is the result of years of conscientious labor, inspired by an earnest desire to add something of solid value to the literature of the law. he has not only paid the debt which a great authority assures us every lawyer "owes to his profession;" he has placed the balance (as we popularly and carelessly use the word) on the other side;—has brought the profession in debt to him. We rejoice at his well earned fame, for we have long been cognizant of the pains which he has taken to assure success. We say fame, though the book is as yet but little known to the world; for such eulogy as Mr. Hillard has bestowed, must have already conferred high rank in the estimation of the great literary magnates of New England: for Mr. Hillard is deservedly one of the highest authorities and one of the best writers of whom America can boast. To show that we do not speak at random, to gratify our readers by a choice specimen of lofty yet pathetic eloquence, and to do honor to Mr. Hurd by the extension of his praise, we extract the concluding lines of Mr. Hillard's review.

"We cannot bring this long article to a close without a renewed expression of our respect alike for what Mr. Hurd has accomplished, and for the spirit in which he has labored. If mankind were arranged according to the motives which animate them, the result would be a kind of pyramidal structure, narrowing as we ascend. Most men are wooers of fortune; with them the acquisition of property is the be all and end-all of life. These form the lowest course of the pyramid, the widest in extent, and the least removed from earth. Higher up is a smaller class, who are enamored of fame and glory, whose inspiration is the breath of popular applause, to whom oblivion is annihilation, who are ready to pour out their life blood if it will only keep green the laurel that blooms over their grave. These are swayed by a nobler passion than the love of gain, but yet not the noblest. Highest of all, noblest of all, nearest to heaven are the few who are moved by the love of truth. They dwell not merely above the smoke and dust of earth, but above that middle region of air where tempests rage, and meteors dance and play, and clouds break and reunite their airy files marshalled by the restless wind. Theirs is an ampler ether, a diviner air, a purer sunshine. Poverty and neglect may be their portion; recognition, if it come at all, may come too late to be of any value; the crown that was woven for the brow may be laid on the coffin; but they shall not fail of their reward. Fame and fortune are beautiful, but capricious, mistresses; their smiles are dazzling, but their frowns are terrible, and those smiles and frowns are not distributed according to desert; but the countenance of truth is never averted from those who woo her in sincerity of heart, and they who have once looked upon her serene and spiritual beauty will not sigh for lighter graces or more voluptuous charms. They who dedicate themselves to her service miss the glittering hopes, the busy tumults, the wild raptures, which stir the blood of those who aspire to the prizes of wealth and fame; but they miss, too, the cruel disappointments, the crushing reverses, the sad satieties, which are the sable lining of the silver cloud. Truth never betrays the hearts that trust her; she does not promise them place, renown, wealth or title, but she promises them herself, and she never fails to keep her word. Theirs is the sunshine of contentment, and the air of peace. They escape the feverish struggles, the gnawing anxieties, the wasting cares that furrow the brow, hollow the cheek, and corrode the heart. If their youth be attended by no splendid visions, if their manhood be passed in no stormy struggles, their age is like the long, silvery twilight of a northern summer, which preserves to the last some portion of the morning light. And among those few, who, in their early prime, with deliberate purpose and in singleness of heart, have turned aside from the 'broad way and the green,' and sought the 'bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies,' the author of the work we have noticed is entitled to be classed."

After reading this, who will not say—Why does not Mr. Hillard write more himself?

◆

DRESS.

An old writer says with hearty emphasis, "It is one of the moral duties of every married woman always to appear well dressed in the presence of her husband. Expensive attire is by no means essential. The simplest muslin gown may evince the woman's taste as truly as the most costly robe of *moire antique*. But how rare a quality is good taste! In the mere matter of propriety and harmony of colors, there is material for a treatise (which has yet to be written) by some one thoroughly proficient in the aesthetics of dress

ADVENTURE WITH AN ELEPHANT.

In 1845 or '46, I was superintendent of a cocoanut estate belonging to a Mr. Armitage, situated about twelve miles from Negombo. A rogue elephant did some injury to the estate at that time; and one day, hearing that it was on the plantation, a Mr. Lindsay, who was the proprietor of the adjoining property, and myself, accompanied by seven or eight people of the neighboring village, went out, carrying with us six rifles loaded and primed. We continued to walk along the path which, near one of its turns, had some bushes on one side. We had calculated to come up with the brute where it had been seen half an hour before; but no sooner had one of our men, who was walking foremost, seen the animal at a distance of some fifteen or twenty fathoms, than he exclaimed, "There! there!" and immediately took to his heels, and we all followed his example. The elephant did not see us until we had run some fifteen or twenty paces from the spot where we turned, when he gave us chase, screaming frightfully as he came on.

The Englishmen managed to climb a tree, and the rest of my companions did the same; as for myself, I could not, although I made one or two superhuman efforts. But there was no time to be lost. The elephant was running at me, with his trunk bent down in a curve toward the ground. At this critical moment, Mr. Lindsay held out his foot to me, by which, with the help of the branches of the tree, which were three or four feet above my head, I managed to scramble up to a branch. The elephant came directly to the tree, and attempted to force it down, which he could not. He first coiled his trunk around the stem, and pulled at it with all his might, but with no effect. He then applied his head to the tree, and pushed it for several minutes, but with no better success. He then trampled with his feet all the projecting roots, moving, as he did so, several times round and round the tree. Lastly, failing in all this, and seeing a pile of timber, which I had lately cut, at a short distance from us, he removed it all, (thirty-six pieces,) and one at a time, to the root of the tree, and piled them up in a regular business-like manner; then, placing his hind feet on this pile, he raised the fore part of his body, and reached out his trunk, but still he could not touch us, as we were too far above him. The Englishman then fired, and a ball took effect somewhere on the elephant's head, but did not kill him; it made him only the more furious. The next shot, however, levelled him to the ground. I afterwards brought the skull of the animal to Colombo, and it is still to be seen at the house of Mr. Armitage.—*Tennent's Ceylon.*

◆

HUMAN BONE GROWING.

It has been demonstrated at the Hotel Dieu, the great hospital of Paris, that bone can be reproduced in the human system on an extensive scale. The periosteum, in other words, the membrane which envelops the bone, is the reproductive agent. In cases where injured or decayed portions of the osseous substance can be removed, and this peel left behind, the renewing process appears to be as certain as the growth of a plant from a seed. M. Blandin, one of the surgeons of the Hotel Dieu, extracted the whole of a carious collar-bone from its exterior covering, and eight months afterward the patient upon whom the operation had been performed appeared at the hospital with a new and serviceable collar-bone, produced by the action of the membrane from which the old bone had been shelled! Nor is this all. Other surgeons have transplanted the periosteum from one living body to another, and bone has been uniformly the result of the transplantation. Mr. Ollier inserted long strips of this fibrous coating under the skins of a number of subjects, twisting the soft slivers around the muscles in different ways. By this means he obtained bones of a great variety of forms—circles, spiral figures of eight, &c. In short, it seems as if the animal system might be converted into a regular bone factory, if only supplied with enough of the raw material. Within three days after having been cut off, a rag of transplanted periosteum sometimes becomes bone! Heretofore, in the process of trepanning the skull, surgeons have taken no particular pains to preserve intact the dura mater or outer membrane of the brain; but M. Flourens, the distinguished French physiologist, has proved that this membrane contains the osseous element. He recently took a portion of the dura mater of one animal, and put it under the skin of another of the same species, and in forty days it had become a small bone! Incredible as these phenomena may appear to the uninitiated, they are vouched for by men of the very highest scientific attainment, who have verified all they assert by actual experiment. We have only space for a mere allusion to a few prominent facts connected with the new discovery—the details would fill volumes. The various practical uses to which this insight into nature's method of growing bone may be applied, an unprofessional writer cannot be expected to enumerate. It seems clear, however, that healthy periosteum will produce sound bone, either in the individual to which it belongs, or when inserted by way of graft into another individual of the same genus. The amount of "thorough repairing" that may be done to the damaged osseous systems of the human family under these circumstances, we leave to the imagination of the reader!

◆

GREAT SALE OF COINS

Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co., Auctioneers of New York, recently disposed of Mr. Haines' large collection of rare coins. The prices realized were enormous. We notice a most extraordinary price paid for a cent of 1804. It was uncirculated, and in that condition excessively rare, and it sold for the astonishing sum of $36; an advance in copper that surpassed all Wall street notions. A cent of 1796 rivalled it, bringing $35. The *Disme*, silver piece of 1792, whereof tradition saith that it was coined of silver brought to the mint, then just established, by Washington himself, sold for $54. This is a very rare coin, and was in excellent condition. The *Half Disme* of the same coinage brought $17.50. These two pieces are worth respectively in silver ten and five cents, being in fact a dime and half dime, experimental pieces, never adopted in the national mint. Some of the silver coinage of the mint brought prices that may well astonish dealers in bullion. For example we quote:

Dollar of 1838, proof, $28.
Dollar of 1839, proof, $30.
Pattern half dollar 1838, proof, $27.50.
Gobrecht dollar of 1836, proof, $17.
Pattern quarter dollar 1857, $17

The Washington pieces, in which the collection is very rich, realized all that the owner, or others who possess specimens could possibly desire. The New York Washington piece, so called, known better as the *Non vi virtute vici* piece, was sold for $56. We have grave doubts whether there is any reason for regarding this coin as having any reference to Washington, but as such it is usually catalogued, and it is very seldom met with. A Washington half dollar, in poor condition, brought $75. This business of collecting numismatic treasures has become more extensive in America than could have been regarded as possible a few years ago. When the Hogert sale was made in New York, about 1858, there were not more than fifteen or twenty known collections in New York, and hardly as many more in the country elsewhere. Now the names of purchasers at these sales number several hundred, in all the States. The present sale is much the most important ever held in this country.

◆

DIETING.

Some persons eat themselves to death, others diet themselves to death. When a man is sick, he is weak, and concludes that as when he was well he ate heartily and was strong, if he now eats heartily, he will become strong again; well meaning, but ignorant friends are of the same opinion, and their solicitations to eat become one of the greatest annoyances of a sensible invalid. Nature purposely takes away the appetite under such circumstances, and makes the very sight of food nauseating. A sick man is feeble; this feebleness extends to every muscle of the body, and the stomach being made up of a number of muscles, has its share of debility. It requires several hours of labor for the stomach to "work up" an ordinary meal; and to give it that amount of work to do when it is already in an exhausted condition, is like giving a man, worn out by a hard day's work, a task which shall keep him laboring half the night. Mothers are often much afraid that their daughters will hurt themselves by a little work. If they complain of not feeling very well; and yet if such daughters were to sit down to dinner and shovel in enough provender for an elephant or a ploughman, it would be considered a good omen and the harbinger of convalescence. A reverse of such procedure would restore multitudes of ailing persons to permanent good health; namely, to eat very little for a few days; eat nothing but coarse bread and ripe fruits, and work about the house industriously; or what is better, exercise in the open air for the greater part of each day on horseback, in the garden, or walking through the woodlands or over the hills, for hours at a time. Objectless walks and lazy lolling in carriages are little better than nothing.

◆

PLANT SLEEP.

According to Carl Fritsch, the duration of this plant-sleep, which is the same condition of rest as that of the animal-sleep, varies in different species from ten to eighteen hours; its average duration is about fourteen hours.

Some flowers require a greater amount of light and heat than others to enable them to open. Hence, the hours of the day are, to some extent, indicated by the opening and closing of certain flowers, so that Linnæus was enabled to construct what he fancifully called a "horologium florae," or flower-clock. Thus, Common Morning Glory (*Convolvulus purpureus*) opens at dawn; the Star of Bethlehem, a little after ten o'clock; the Ice Plant, at twelve o'clock at noon. On the contrary, the Goat's beard, which opens its flowers at sunrise, closes them at mid-day, and for that reason is called "Go-to-bed-at-noon;" the Four o'Clock opens about that time in the afternoon; the flowers of the Evening Primrose and of the Thorn Apple open at sunset; and those of the night-flowering Cereus, when it is dark.

Most flowers open during the first hour after sunrise, and close in the afternoon. Mid-day is therefore the culminating point of floral awakening, and the midnight of floral sleeping.

Even the ordinary green leaves of vegetative organs are affected by sleep as well as the organs of reproduction.

◆

DR. CHALMERS AND THE BARBER.

The celebrated Dr. Chalmers, with the lofty grandeur of his thoughts and the deep solemn intonations of his voice, nevertheless had a vein of facetiousness in his composition. He records in his journal the following adventure with a London barber:

"*Wednesday, 20th.*—Started at nine, much refreshed. Got a hair dresser to clip me—a great humorist; he undertook at the commencement to make me look forty years younger, by cutting out every white hair and leaving all the black ones. There was a very bright coruscation of clever sayings that passed between us while the process was going on. I complimented his profession, and told him that he had the special advantage that his crop grew in all weathers, and that while I had heard all over the provinces the heavy complaints of a bad hay-harvest, his hay-making in the metropolis went on pleasantly and prosperously all the year round. He was particularly pleased with the homage I rendered to his peculiar vocation; and assured me, after he had performed his work, that he had made me at least thirty years younger. I told him how delighted my wife would be with the news of this wonderful transformation, and gave him half a crown, observing that it was little enough for having turned me into a youthful Adonis. We parted in a roar of laughter, and great mutual satisfaction with each other.

◆

CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.

Ever would I fain be reading
In the ancient holy Book,
Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,
Truth in every word and look.

How when children came He bless'd them,
Suffer'd no man to reprove,
Took them in his arms, and press'd them
To His heart with words of love.

How to all the sick and tearful
Help was ever gladly shown;
How He sought the poor and fearful,
Call'd them brothers and His own.

How no contrite soul e'er sought Him,
And was bidden to depart,
How with gentle words he taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.

Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new,
How for us He left His glory,
How he still is kind and true.

How the flock he gently leadeth
Whom His Father gave Him here;
How His arms He widely spreadeth
To His heart to draw us near.

Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by Thy love adore Thee,
Blest in Thee 'mid joy or woe!

Luisa Hensel.

◆

CRINOLINE A MURDERER.

On a recent occasion, Dr. Lankester declared his belief that at least six deaths per month occur in London from burns through the wearing of crinoline, while deaths from machinery are also frequent. At another inquest he said that "deaths from wearing crinoline were now so common that many are never reported in the public journals. If every fatal crinoline accident were reported, the public would know of them, and then crinoline would soon be abandoned."

The wife of an engineer, Mrs. M. A. B——, was on a visit to a friend on Notting Hill when she met her death at the age of twenty-eight. She reached for something over the mantle-piece, and her skirt went into the fire. She was carried to St. Mary's hospital, and immediately died there. This was the way in which the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews perished lately. The sufferer and her daughter were from America; and probably there was the exaggeration in the style of dress which is usual in that country. She was standing before the fire when her hoop skirt touched the bars. She ran out upon the stairs, after setting on fire the drapery round the fire-place she had left. Her screams will never be forgotten by her child, or any who heard them. Before night she was silent for ever.

◆

WHERE ARE THE STARS.

I was walking out one evening just after sunset, with a child a few years by my side, who asked me, "Where are the stars? I don't see any." I said to her, "Wait until it is a little darker and you will see them."

We continued our walk, she clinging fast to my hand. The shades of evening deepened; one by one the stars appeared, and soon, in the darkness of the night, the whole sky was covered with their light and beauty.

As we walked on we fell a musing, and when we returned home the musing still went on as I repeated in my heart, "Wait till it is a little darker and the light will come." Often have we heard that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity;" that "when He has humbled us He will exalt us," that "He will cause light to rise out of obscurity;" and that "the darkest time is just before day." And many a poor, weary, troubled soul has found in his own experience that from the verge of despair the blessedness of hope has sprung. When all other hope had failed him, God had been his help and Saviour

Family Circle.

THE STRANGE LITTLE BOY.

Here is a little boy—
Look at him well;
Think if you know him,
If you do, tell.
I will describe him,
That you may see
If he's a stranger
To you and to me.

He has two hands
That can manage a top,
And climb a tall chestnut
To make the nuts drop.
They're just full of business,
With ball, hoop and swing,
Yet are never too busy
To do a kind thing.

He has two feet
That can run up and down,
Over the country,
And all about town.
I should think they'd be tired—
They never are still,—
But they're ready to run for you
Whither you will.

He has two eyes
Always busy and bright,
And looking at something
From morning to night.
They help him at work,
And they help him at play,
And the sweet words of Jesus
They read every day.

He has two ears—
O how well he can hear
The birds as they sing
And the boys as they cheer!
They are out on the common,
And for him they call,—
But one word from his mother
He hears first of all.

He has a tongue
That runs like a sprite;
It begins in the morning
As soon as the light.
It's the best little tongue
You can anywhere find,
For it always speaks truth,
And it always is kind.

He has a heart
That is happy and gay,
For Jesus is King there
The whole of the day.
The Lord's little servant
He's trying to be,—
Is this boy a stranger
To you and to me?

—*Little American.*

◆

RABBIT-HUNTING.

Bun was always a great favorite of mine. Many is the time I have come to the woods and stamped over a row of bush-tops for the mere pleasure of a sight of him as he sprang out and leaped over the bushes. One good look was all the familiarity he permitted.

In the summer I would occasionally catch one of the very young members of the family, who had strayed out of the woods into the meadow, and become bewildered by the sight of the mowers, and the falling of the grass around him. He was invariably taken home for the admiration of the family, and carried back again in the afternoon, that his mother might know that he was not lost.

In the winter we set box-traps for him, baited with the nicest bitter-sweet apples. In the morning the apples would be gone, and the rabbit, too, except once. That time we caught him. The trap was heavy as I lifted it up. I could hear him moving around within. Hoop! Bun was caught this time. Taking him from the trap was easily done, for he never bites; and with one hand tightly hold of his ears, and the other drawing him up closely to me, Bun was carried home in safety. My object in catching was to eat him, for stewed rabbit was said to be delicious. But here arose a difficulty never anticipated in the cook-books. The first rule they give for cooking a rabbit is to catch him. This was already done. The trouble didn't lie here in this case, but in the killing him. That doubtless would have been easy in the first moment of triumphant possession, but I had foolishly brought him home, hugged to my bosom, for the sake of showing him alive.

I had drawn him close as I waded through snow-banks, and closer still as I clambered over fences, talking to him all the way about the imaginary family he had left behind when he went out to take his moonlight ramble, and he nestled closer to me, as if I was somehow his friend and protector, and looked with great scared eyes as the family came out to see what I had got. Who could kill him under such circumstances? I could cut off my hand easier. The hired-man excused himself also, and Bun was at last set at liberty. That was the best stew I ever had, which I gave to let a rabbit live and have the use of his legs again. I was paid a hundred times by seeing him run as he went across the meadow to the woods, his home, Mrs. Bun, and the little Buns.—*Independent.*

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BEEF.—Mess, barrel, 12.00@15.00; Prime, 6@7; dried beef, 10@14.

BEESWAX.—Yellow, 38@40.

BRISTLES.—American, 30@50.

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CRACKERS.—6½@7.

DRIED BEEF.—10½@11.

FEATHERS.—American, 47@55.

FISH. Mackerel, No. 1, 12.00@13.00, No. 2, 7.50@9.00, No. 3, 4.50@6.25; No. 4, 3.50@4.00. Herring, pickled, barrel, 2.50@5.00; box, 25@00.

FLAX.—Jersey, 7½@8.

FLOUR.—Penna., 6.25@6.37; extra, 7.00@8.00. Western, 6.00@6.25. Rye flour, 5.00@5.25. Corn meal, 3.65@3.70.

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PEACHES.—Dried, 7@11. Pared, 10@18.

PLASTER.—S.R., 3.25@3.37.

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POTATOES.—Bushel, 60@80.

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From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church on Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers

Next in value to those things that help us to a correct understanding of the documents of our religion are those which help us to a correct reading of them. Inaccuracy in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that is not confined to families at their domestic devotions; it finds its way into our wisest homes, and even intrudes itself into too many of our pulpits, producing in the church a diversity of tongues that is a proof of anything but apostolic gifts. Every judicious effort to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community;—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when it is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority; and, as long as there is no higher standard than his, accessible to the great proportion even of well-educated Christians, much will be done when readers of all classes shall be enabled readily to refer to that; and still more, when his pronunciations of our vernacular tongue shall be obtruded upon their notice whenever they consult the oracles of life.

From Mr. Alger's industry, and his well known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the work which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man; and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, on Nassau St.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. Objections have indeed been made, and with reason, to furnish school books, generally, with artificial helps to the correct pronunciation of words; but in first books and especially in the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy, and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard to accuracy and system, in this particular, prevails, not only in families and common schools, but also in too many of our academies and colleges. Believing that the Pronouncing Bible may do much to remedy this evil, and especially in fixing a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage in your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c. EBENEZER BAILEY.

From Rev. J. L. Blake, Rector of St. Matthew's Church, and Principal of a Young Ladies' Seminary, in Boston, to the publishers.

I am much pleased in learning that you contemplate an edition of the whole Bible on the plan of the "Pronouncing Testament." If the critical examination of school books generally would be [illegible] particularly, from its tendency to hinder the proper exercise of judgment and memory, with the young, in acquiring a classical and polite pronunciation of the English language, it cannot be objectionable in regard to the Bible and Testament, which, in schools, are used chiefly, not as class-books, but in connexion with devotional exercises, and in families, and by individuals, under circumstances that do not admit of regular instruction to the reader. And, moreover, it is believed that if each of the younger members of a family should be furnished with a Bible on the plan of the Pronouncing Testament and should read daily, after having been duly instructed in the Key, in reading by turns the chapters preparatory to morning and evening prayers, they would soon acquire an accuracy and elegance of pronunciation not usually witnessed—and, judging from my own experience, I should have no hesitation in saying that the older members of most families might find a benefit in like manner from the habitual use of such a Bible. The Pronouncing Testament will be a sufficient guarantee to all who have seen it, of Mr. Alger's qualifications for the work in which he is engaged, and those who have seen the neat style of typography, and the good paper and binding of your late publications, will have full confidence, I am well persuaded, that your contemplated edition of the Bible will be throughout what it should be.

Very respectfully yours, J. L. BLAKE.

From Mr. Gould, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked, has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a book a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to Dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c. B. A. GOULD.
G. B. EMERSON.
S. P. MILES.

Recommendation to the Testament from the Associated Instructors of Youth in the City of Boston.

The committee appointed at the last monthly meeting of the Association, to examine and report their opinion of the merits of an edition of the New Testament, entitled "The Pronouncing Testament," have attended to the service assigned them, and have great pleasure in expressing to the Association, that they consider this attempt of Mr. Alger to apply the principles of Mr. Walker, and the marks and characters used by Mr. Perry, and other Lexicographers for designating the various sounds of the vowels and consonants, to the proper names, and many other words in the sacred Scriptures, as highly laudable, and calculated greatly to aid children and others in acquiring a correct pronunciation of such words, and that his success has been much greater than would reasonably have been expected in a first edition.

Respectfully submitted by your Committee,
THOMAS PAYSON, Chairman.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read, and accepted.
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RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov 17, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct 7, 1861.
Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.
Mrs. EVELINA DEMUNO.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 10, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PHEOBE A. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.
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STRAGGER FERRY, Sept. 3, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 19, 1861
Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.
Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.
Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward.
No. 619 *Pine St., Phila.*

For the Christian Recorder.

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson—formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hough, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and I further say that I have the evidence of Isaiah Emmons (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed Before me May 6th, 1862. Wm. Bishey J. P.
her
Emily Johnston.
mark

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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder

LIBERIA.

BY JOHN WILLIS MENARD.

LIBERIA! O, immortal name!
To Afric's sons and daughters;
It glows like an undying flame
Upon their hearts and altars!

Oh, country 'neath the torrid skies,
With hills and placid rivers;
And sons that scorn to *compromise*
With friends and *nigger-drivers*!'—

I love thee for thy verdant brow,—
Thy sunny vales and mountains;
I love thy woodland aisles that swell
The music of thy fountains!

The light winged zephyrs from the sea
Are in thy bowers sighing;
And FREEDOM, RIGHT and LIBERTY,
Upon thy plains are vying!

Beneath the gospel's potent voice,
Thy native tribes are crying;
And heathenism's rugged voice
Has ceased its plaintive sighing.

Oh! country of the sable race—
The germ of Freedom's dower;
The stubborn nations of the earth
Ere long will *feel* thy power.

LIBERIA, rise!—no longer sigh—
Thy *night* is nearly over;
For *Freedom, Liberty* and *Right*
O'er thy plains doth hover!

Washington, D. C., Feb. 9, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE WEEPING WIDOW.

BY ELI S. BARBAR.

I'm a lonely widow weeping,
How gloomy are my eyes!
My belov'd in death is sleeping,—
He in yon grave yard lies.

How I miss him at my fireside,
No child, no friend is near;
There's an empty chair at noontide;
My cottage seems so drear.

O what conflicts and what sorrows
I've seen since I did wed.
O! 'tis death that brings those horrors;
He has struck my husband dead.

My husband's death I do bemoan,
He lies beneath the sod;
He's gone and left me all alone,
In widowhood to toil.

O, I know I should stop weeping;
But, tell me, how can I?
If my heart with joy was leaping,
One thought would make me cry.

When I think on his affection,
When I think how cold he lies,
When I think of past connection,
Then tears stream from mine eyes.

O! I must stop this weeping;
It's sinful to deplore;
God's Spirit is entreating,
And saying, Weep no more.

I'll praise God as I bow my knee;
No longer I deplore;
Sufficient is God's grace for me,
Then let me weep no more.

Weep not for those that in death sleep,
But weep now for those living,
Weep and pray that all may meet
In realms of blissful heaven.

Germantown, Pa., Feb. 23.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE ECHO OF JUNIUS' VOICE, THE BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENT.

MR. EDITOR:—In looking over our good paper, (the Recorder,) my eyes rested on the article from the pen of Junius in the edition of the 21st inst., (Feb.) and so deeply was I impressed by his wholesome, manly and *honest* sentiments, that I was moved to give an *echo* for the purpose of doing good. The evil of which he so forcibly speaks, is one that ought not to be permitted to pass under the denouncement of only one voice; but that voice should be echoed and re-echoed, until those who are concerned begin to feel the power.

That portion of his writing to which I allude, bears upon the "Great Demonstration" of Anglo-African patriotism and philanthropy.

And indeed it presents them as susceptible to such doubtful acceptation, that it seems better not to say patriotism and philanthropy. But he takes them as demonstrations anyhow, and boldly asks, who is profited by them? echo: *who?*

Now, all who are true men amongst our people should begin to see that the surest foundation for establishment is not a superabundance of golden enthusiasm and postage currency displays. Not at all. The keen eye of the magnanimous correspondent at once sees the inconsistency of wide-mouthed charity and close-hearted self-interest, and knowingly asserts, that there is a pocket clique behind the curtain impelled by silvery motives to bawl out, up with freedom's banner, but (in a whisper) down with the hardly earned pennies. This is not the spirit that should characterise those who stand up as the champions of our rights, to inspire the hearts of the common mass with a holy zeal to labor for the down-trodden and oppressed. Cannot the poor "dupes" see enough to ask the question: *which is in the breasts of our stage-managers: "filthy lucre" or sympathy?* and can they not decide upon the clear perception of Junius that every oration, declaration and "greenback" speech, punctuated with three cent pieces, means lucre dwells within? Indeed, they should without hesitation come to this conclusion, and stand up aroused to exclaim as a reverberation, "*It is rather singular that minds claiming leadership should be so irreverent as to ignore the higher considerations of the moral and social, intellectual and religious improvement of their race, and succumb to the dictates of sordid gain!*"

If those who assume so much are mere "gougers," granted, then, going "off laughing in their sleeves," they are the ones who are benefited, and we as a body are the ones who with opened lips have swallowed the air and lost the specie.

Not only so, but the common people who, on the impulse of the moment shout, cheer, turn somersets and evince insanity; see in after hours, when composed, that that which should be gratuitous and spontaneous, is nothing but a corrupted passion: and they instead of being united are disintegrated, whilst sympathy lies quivering, pierced with poisonous jewels.

The first day of August comes, and for what? To celebrate the great West India event? Yes: I travelled to a certain place for this very purpose, and full of emancipation enthusiasm observed the extended preparations; the Broomstick Guards, the wagon pageantry and the people adorned with flowers, for the ultimate end in view which I thought, was to be an irresistible gush of humanity's purest spring. So at the zenith of the whole affair the people smiled, huzzaed and clapped their hands at what I understood was a gentleman speaking for *fifty dollars!* The effect that this knowledge had on me was the cooling of my ardent blood, and I believe that the ecstacy of others was also on the wane. Then it became a subject of consideration whether or not, there was any reality in all that mighty eclat as concerned suffering humanity. So heartily agreeing with Junius, the system is a *bad* one and savors of hypocrisy, what else can we say of such men who cannot see unless their spectacles are covered with Bank notes, who cannot hear until a little gold-dust is sprinkled in their hands? We hold on to them, the leaders in these arrangements, because they are the prominent ones in, and the responsible ones for all the attending lesser evils. They are "land-sharks." But there should be a difference between them and the voracious creature that plunges through the angry seas; the latter gulps both white and colored men without distinction, and so does the former, although by the very nature of their mark, the element in which they move, and the state of the particular subject concerned, if they will gorge any, they should not, for mercy's sake, take both classes.

Now to look at the case as it is presented, we must conclude that the course those eminent gentlemen follow, the manner in which they like great vampires stick their bills into the toe of society, and suck out the blood, whilst their long flapping wings keep their victim cool, affords strong material for able reasoners to make a powerful argument against the liberating efforts about which so much has been written and proclaimed.

May the Lord bless the correspondent Junius, and teach him how to hit them once more!

J. H. A. J.
Baltimore, Md.

For the Christian Recorder.

LIFE OF ST CYPRIAN—THE AFRICAN BISHOP, MARTYR AND SAINT.

BY REV. B. T. T.

Chapter II.

Cyprian the Youth.

GEOMETRY—COMPOSITION—CYPRIAN SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF—INDIVIDUALITY ONE—THE BOY THASCIUS ORDERLY, ACTIVE—ADIEU.

Nor was the deep and profitable science of Geometry overlooked in the olden course of study: but then, as now, it was regarded as necessary to a well developed intellect. This science is commonly reputed to have arisen in Egypt, the home of Euclid; and were we to personify it as a child, we would not find it to be a prodigal forsaking its home, but rather, as one whose local attachment was strong and lasting. Though Geometry flourished in the land of Thales and Plato, still the north Africans always cherished it, and assigned it a leading position among the studies to be pursued by their youth. We do but justice to the character of Cyprian as a man of learning, when we conclude that, in this study, he acquitted himself with credit, if not with honor.

Passing over a number of minor studies required of those who attended the Academy of the Masters, there was added to those already mentioned, that of Composition,—descriptions and fables were written, and the good or bad actions of celebrated characters were commended or denounced as they merited, in the several opinions of the writers. In this exercise our youth always acted an important part, and in his juvenile productions, here and there could be seen the faint glimmerings of the future rhetorician and Christian author.

But the principal study, and that longest pursued by Thascius in common with his schoolmates, was that of rhetoric, or the science of oratory. Aside from the requirements of the Masters, in pursuing this branch of study, so long and with so much diligence, Thascius had an eye to the future. He was a hopeful lad, and expected some day to fill a position of honor, not yet revealed by the unintelligible aspiration of his soul.

The study of rhetoric, either from its own excellence, or from the fact, that its successful acquirements often led to the first post of honor in the Empire, stood at the very front of the studies regarded as most important. It was scarcely ever entered upon under the fourteenth year of the child, and it was pursued for the next three or four years with the most studious exactness.

But we come now to the last source or volume of obtaining information of Thascius the youth,—the third and greatest of the witnesses. Let us hear Cyprian speak for himself, not indeed by words, but by actions equally certain and intelligible. By the individual characteristics which stood out in bold relief in the after years of our illustrious hero, we have a certain account of his boyish days,—how he lived, how he worshipped, and how he studied. Is manhood other than advanced childhood, and childhood early manhood? And is individuality more than one? Does the motion of the earth, this space, affect principle,—truth? If so, when and at what point in her career, does the principle of order become that of disorder; the principle of activity that of sloth; and that of veneration become irreligion? Accepting as the data of our reasoning this truth, we can definitely conclude what would characterize the boy Thascius.

In manhood Cyprian is most noted for an excessive love of order. Order was his life. With him everything had a proper place, and every person a proper position; and there was no such thing as tolerating confusion or irregularity. As Bishop of Carthage how prominent does this trait appear. The affairs of his Diocese must be conducted in decency and in order. He insisted upon a practical recognition of the command, "Render, therefore, to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor." Nor would he permit these words of the Apostle to be lightly esteemed by any, whether of the laity, or the lower orders of the ministry. Each must know his place and act therein. So exact indeed was our Bishop in this respect, that in these days of church democracy he has often been charged with tyranny and arrogance. But the fact is, the love of order and discipline was ingrained in the very nature of the man,—it was his ruling affection in every stage of his life. In boyhood no god had a more orderly devotee, no parent a more dutiful son, no teacher a more respectful pupil, and no society a more quiet member than Thascius Cyprian. It afforded him peculiar pleasure to do honor to his superiors, whether of age or talent; the former he regarded with veneration, the latter with awe.

For activity our Bishop had few equals, as will be seen hereafter. It has been truly said of him, by Dr. Murdock: "Few men ever accomplish so much in a long life, as Cyprian did in the ten years of his episcopacy." Having his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, he was obedient to the call of duty or the promptings of a burning zeal. He was well nigh ubiquitous, here, there, everywhere, from the study to the closet, thence to the abode of the suffering, or the bed of the dying. Wherever a kind word was to be spoken, a smile of encouragement given, or a good act performed there the holy Bishop could be seen.

Such activity as this springs not from a phlegmatic temperament, and temperaments are uniform. The activity of Thascius was remarkable. At home in obeying parental requests, however arduous, they were executed with alacrity. At school in performing the tasks assigned him, he never faltered; however difficult the word, intricate the piece of music, or geometric proposition, an active soul was ever manifested.

To conclude the account of Cyprian's youth, as gleaned from the aforementioned sources, it is the history of one cradled in Paganism, educated in all that pertained to ancient scholasticism; a youth of order and action; and pleased with his undoubted deportment, we will be polite enough to bid the youth adieu,—the youth whom we are destined soon to meet, as a man of letters and of God.

Washington, D. C.

CONCLUSION OF CHAPTER II.

For the Christian Recorder

AN EDUCATED MINISTRY.

BY REV. GEORGE T. WATKINS.

(Continued from last week.)

NO. IV.

It is said that order is the first law of heaven. Disorder, then, has no place in the divine economy. This grand law is stamped with the ineffaceable impress of eternity upon all God's arrangements in the moral and material universe. There is no irregularity, there are no discords in the church triumphant. There should be none in the church militant. There would be none if all those who profess to "walk in the light," especially those who minister in holy things, would regard with implicit obedience the apostolic injunction, "Let all things be done decently and in order." If God is a God of order, does it not follow as a logical necessity, that those who worship Him in spirit and in truth, should be an orderly people, and discountenance and discard everything which is not in perfect consonance with the great law by which all things in the universe are governed and controlled?

The Church of Christ should be, in every respect, an orderly institution. Regularity, an adherence to rule, should be one of its prominent characteristics. Every department of the church should be thus distinguished, or the machinery will get out of order, and all the bishops in Christendom cannot successfully regulate it. It is easily seen that these remarks have a direct bearing upon the subject I announced as the topic of the present communication, viz.: The policy of appointing exhorters to fill the pulpit at stated times of preaching, and the pernicious results accruing from such a practice.

"A place for everything and everything in its place," is an old adage of much significance. It is especially applicable to the subject matter under consideration. Our church is like a musical instrument. Every string sends forth its peculiar intonation. A has its sound to make, its office to perform; so of B, and C, etc. Strike them all, and each one giving its own sound, produces a most delightful harmony. But strive to drive B out of its place in the octave, and put C therein, and you have discord instead of harmony.

Now the same may be said of the Church. Its founders wisely organized it by establishing various departments therein. Thus, we have Bishops, Elders, Deacons, travelling and local Preachers, Exhorters, Class-leaders, Stewards, and Trustees. All these have their respective duties to perform. One is not to infringe upon the other. The Elder must not invade the domain of the Bishop, the Exhorter of the Preacher, the Class-leader of the Steward or Trustee. The moment this is done, you produce that inharmony which has been so detrimental to the Christian church in all ages. If this reasoning be correct, (and no sane man will doubt its validity,) is not the practice indulged in by the pastors of some of the churches, of appointing Exhorters to "preach the word," instead of regularly licensed preachers, exceedingly culpable! An Exhorter has no more business to assume the responsibility of a preacher, than a mere preacher has to arrogate the position and functions of an Elder or a Bishop. *If Exhorters can legitimately and acceptably fill the pulpit as Preachers, why not license them to preach at once?* Let those who doubt the correctness of the opinions I am now advocating, answer the question if they can. What says the inspired word on this subject?

In the 12th chapter of Paul to the Romans, the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th verses, we have these words: "For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office: So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members, one of another. Having then gifts, differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or, ministry, let us wait on our ministering, or he that teacheth, on teaching, or he that exhorteth, on exhortation." We have, then, a "Thus saith the Lord," for our position.

I do not believe that the fathers of the church ever intended to confound the position and attendant responsibilities of a preacher, with those of an exhorter. If so, why have exhorters at all?

The sphere of a preacher, if I understand it, involves that of an exhorter; but that of an exhorter does not embrace that of a preacher. An exhorter is on one round of the ladder, the preacher on another and a higher one. The preacher may, with the exhorter, "exhort with all long suffering and doctrine;" but the exhorter has no right to ascend the pulpit, open the Bible, take a text, and attempt the performance of a duty which devolves, *ex officio*, upon the preacher. And the pastor of a church, in placing exhorters in the pulpit as preachers, transcends his authority, insults the flock, and should be dealt with accordingly.

I speak plainly upon this subject, because I regard it as one of vital importance. The evil is a growing one, and something should be done at once for its extirpation. I may, by my plainness of speech, elicit the disapprobation and the censure of some of my brethren; but I must do what I conceive to be my duty, let the consequences be what they may. While reason retains her throne, I will not "daub with untempered mortar." "Therefore, saith the Lord God, so will I break down the wall that ye have daubed with untempered mortar, and bring it down to the ground, so that the foundation thereof shall be discovered, and it shall fall, and ye shall be consumed in the midst thereof; and ye shall know that I am the Lord." Ezek. xiii. 14. Having freely expressed my opinion as to the gross impropriety (to use no stronger term) of allowing exhorters to usurp the position of preachers of the gospel, I proceed now very briefly to notice the pernicious results attending such a policy.

First, it lowers the standard of the preacher, by placing upon equality with him, one who is not legitimately qualified for that position. It requires no argument to prove this assertion. It carries on its face the evidence of its truthfulness.

Secondly, it operates as a powerful incentive to indolence on the part of exhorters. If they can occupy the position of preachers without the requisite qualifications to do so, my humble word for it, they will not prosecute their studies with that zeal and assiduity which are necessary in order to understand, and properly expound the word of God. Let an exhorter know that he can fill an *exhorter's place only*, and if his aspirations lead him in a higher direction,—in other words, if he is desirous to occupy the elevated and dignified and most responsible position of a minister of the gospel; he will "study to show" himself "approved, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He will not expect a premium to be paid upon ignorance, and if he be an intelligent man, and one who wishes to serve his master faithfully and acceptably, he will act accordingly.

Thirdly, it tends to the *inflation and "puffing up"* of exhorters. Some of them, while exhorters, attend strictly to the duties devolving upon them. They are very punctual in their attendance at the Sabbath School and Prayer Meeting. But give them license to *preach*, and they drop the burden of the Sabbath School. The Prayer Meeting has charms for them no longer. Just so with those exhorters who fill the place of preachers, by the authority of the preacher in charge. They strut about the pulpit with all the air of peacocks, and their pompous manner seems to say to the congregation they are addressing, "See how we apples swim!"

And now I have done. In all that I have written on the grave and important subject of an educated ministry, I have had in view only the glory of God and the elevation of our people. I believe an ignorant ministry to be a barrier to the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom. It blocks the wheel of the car of self-elevation. It ought everywhere to be discouraged, denounced, and dispensed with. These being the views I entertain, I could not consistently do less than I have done. Let the truths I have advocated be pondered by both minister and layman. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." Col. iv. 8.

Bath, Feb. 23d, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE NEGRO SOLDIER.

Thomas H. Benton in his "Thirty Years' View," said that his opposition to slavery dated as far back as 1804, when a student in Tennessee;—when he studied the subject from an American book, but our opposition to it dates with our personal acquaintance with it, and to use his words again, but transposed: "I look at a *black* people and not at *white* ones; I look to the peace and reputation of the race to which I belong!" I now see that race emerging from its dormant insignificance to the haughty, contemptuous, admiring, or pitying gaze of the whole civilized world.

Abraham Lincoln and his practical associates, when they found it necessary, when they found that white men sticking to their party were becoming scarce, saw fit to heap a burden upon "the race to which I belong," and call upon them to show their patriotism to a country which has always denied them the right to be men. Now the question I ask is, should we be loyal to the country or to ourselves? Through the din and smoke of battles, I see a glorious light rising beyond, and in the wake of the contending armies, brighter and brighter it rises, while nations stand aghast with wonder. What is it? *The arms placed in the hands of the slaves will never be relinquished till rights are acknowledged, or a nationality be won for themselves in the "The sunny South."* These are the only two goals to be reached by the "negro soldiers," that I can comprehend; and homes, plantations, and wealth *have got* to spring up in those Southern climes for us.

WILLIAM STEWARD.

Bridgeton, N. J., Feb. 17th, 1863.

A VOICE FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

MR. EDITOR:—DEAR SIR:—Believing as I do, that it is the general opinion of the masses, that we live in the most auspicious period of the world's history since its corner stone was laid, when the morning stars sang in sweet chorus, and the sons of God shouted for joy, behold what mighty inventions, enterprises, aspirations, interests and motives pervade the human family; these all influence our actions; these veins run through the whole mass of human society; these in their various relations, affect us in a more or less degree, all of them in their proper time, way, and place; this will doubtless be admitted by the most careless observer. That there is a principle of self love implanted in the very nature of man no one will dare to dispute. This impels him forward in the promotion of his own happiness, and will, without the most strict attention, lead him beyond its due bounds. If we give ourselves the least trouble, we may see an aptitude predominating in the actions of the most of men to consult more especially their own interest, whether this be temporal or spiritual. Suppose, for instance, there is a very dangerous or difficult road to be travelled, and some one must travel it, you would find a very precious few who would say, here I am, send me; let this question be pressed home to the feelings of all ranks and classes of men, whether civil or ecclesiastical, then let unbiassed conscience speak, and she will give the true answer, and that will be, no, do not send me, I will not suit as well as some one else. Well, I am here in Cumberland, whether I said send me or not, so it is; here I am sent by the godly judgment of the Bishop, D. A. Payne. I reached this point, May 15th, 1862; found quite a neat little brick church, which was built in 1847, since enlarged by the Rev. James Sterrett. The building as it now stands, cost from first to last, one thousand dollars. It is situated at the base of one of those lofty peaks of mountains, called Nabley; from its top, one may see the whole city at a glance. It stands upon a lot of ground fronting fifty feet, and running back two hundred and sixty five feet: the plat fifteen years ago, was owned by Mr Burgess Magruder, who sold it to the trustees for the use of the members of the A. M. E. church, for one hundred and fifty dollars, payable in three equal installments, one, two, and three years, until it was all paid. The trustees at that time were, Jacob Mitchell, Philip Onley, James Henry, William Hamilton and Robert Murray; they paid from April 19th, 1847, up to 1862, one hundred dollars, which left a balance of fifty dollars to be paid. God only knows how much interest they paid. The old man is dead; and his heirs now urge the settling up of their father's estate, the administrator pushes the church, the church has no money; here comes an execution on the church for seventy dollars, and must be sold in thirty days if the money is not paid. Here we are in great confusion; no deed, all the first trustees are gone, perhaps the most of them dead; only one left to tell the story, who is our dear brother Philip, a local preacher. I would just remark that it was a glorious thing that he is alive to tell all he knew, for there was no book to be found to tell us anything about the matter; all the debts pending on the church when I came here, were one hundred and fifty dollars, including the amount due on the ground: this was the true state of the church when I came to this place; I mean financially; now, (just at the time when these dues and mighty few members, mighty because they have done so much during this year because of their number, which was at the beginning of the conference year, twenty-six to support me,) and meet the liabilities of the church here, I am wanting support, and the church must be paid for, or go out into other hands. It is a true saying where there is a will there is a way. At this juncture, we called together our most active, intelligent and influential members, and went into ways and means to raise what we could to meet our obligations. We formed two committees, male and female, and resolved to get up a festival. A committee of two rented a large hall over the market house. In this room, on Dec. 2d, we held our festival. I will here give the names of the committees: males, brothers Philip Onley, John Page, John Merdin, James Mastun, Nathaniel Burgee, and Henry Robinson; females, sisters Lucinda Mastun, Nancy Onley, Charlotte Aikins, Catherine Cornish, Mary Page, Catherine Harris, Maria Perlat, and Eleanora Johnson. It is due to say that the committees truly acted their parts nobly, while the festival lasted, which was two nights; we were well patronized by white and colored; the amount taken in during the time was $65 50, and cleared $53. Thanks be to our God, we now are able to say we have paid the last dollar on the ground and got the deed. Up to this date there has been collected and paid out $91.77. Besides this they have paid a good portion on my salary, and to crown the whole, the ladies presented the church with a very beautiful and tasty curtain to hang behind the pulpit. The two ladies were Miss Daphne Johnson, Miss Maria Corral. Two other ladies also made the church a present of a fine magnificent cushion for the Bible to rest on, also two beautiful lamps; these given by sisters Perlat and Johnson. It will be remembered the last annual conference set off this church as a station with the number specified above. this was done upon the recommendation of brother Onley and others. They thought it would grow better and flourish. I have been acting upon that thought, and am glad to say that there seems at this time a tendency towards its proving to be true. I held a protracted meeting some time ago, and can, I think, with truth say it was productive of some little good in adding to the church ten souls. Allow me to say the people here are very benevolent. When we compare the circumstances by which they are surrounded and with which they have to contend, they far excel other churches that number their hundreds and thousands. Let us say something about the Sabbath school. When we came here there was no Sabbath school, but now we have a fine and flourishing one according to the population of this place. We have a sufficient number of teachers, male and female. The number of children in attendance every Sunday ranges from twenty-five to thirty five and forty five, &c. Our library has multiplied with the school, and has amply supported itself up to the present. I will tell you something good for our Sunday school. It is this: an old white man by the name of Mr. Simener, died last week, and left our Sabbath school twenty-five dollars, thank God for this precious gift where it is much wanted. I hope the dear old gentleman is now in glory receiving his reward. I spend every Sunday morning in teaching Sunday school, up to twelve o'clock, preach afternoon and night. There are about three hundred colored people here. Of this number, there are about one hundred members of churches; I am told that for the last fifteen years, the membership of our church has not exceeded thirty-six at any one time. This I suppose is owing to its locality, so near the line of Pennsylvania, our people are continually leaving and going elsewhere, where there is more society, more liberty, pleasure and resources for education. This, I think, is the true state of affairs here in regard to the colored population.

S. L. HAMMOND.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—I have read with great pleasure the thoughts of Rev. George T. Watkins on an educated ministry. Sir, no subject which has been mooted for years, is of so much importance to our connexion as that of an educated ministry. I need not enlarge the arguments which have been adduced in proof of it; but there is a subject which bears upon the interests of our church, to which I wish to call the attention of every minister and member in our connexion.

In looking over the various States of the Union where our churches are established, there are few institutions in which colored young men and women can have all the advantages which whites have as students. The Allegheny Institute is an exception to this rule; but I am not certain that there is another in this country but Wilberforce University, situated three and a half miles from Xenia, Ohio. I think it may be truthfully said, that the last named institution has been the best for the advancement of our youth who have had few advantages of schooling before going to college. There the young man might be placed in such a position as to advance as rapidly as his abilities would allow, and learn in one year what it would require two to accomplish in other institutions. I, for one, will never forget the happy day that I drove to the entrance of that beautiful place. It was my first day at school, though I was then thirty-six years of age. I felt that a long cherished wish was about to be realized. From my earliest boyhood, while sitting on the banks of the great Mississippi, I fondly hoped to see the day when I might enter a place where I might learn more fully the perfect way of salvation. Memory is oft wont to reproduce the kindness of Rev. R. Rust, D. D., Professor Wendell and Miss Ilkely, who were my kind instructors while I was there. But the desolating war which is now rending our beloved country affected our quiet school with its hundred scholars. We could not remain to finish our education, for want of means, as we were all, or nearly all, poor, and so we were all scattered. All who could take care of themselves have been doing so. The small children were taken by kind friends, for many of them were unfortunates—born of ignoble parentage, and were there to escape the hell of slavery. But all has changed there; the doors are closed out of which used to issue a hundred happy colored children; the woods are silent that once resounded with the wild, happy songs of cheerful students; those green walks and gurgling springs are no more visited by happy young misses, while reading of the savans of yore. All has changed there, and many a heart has grown sick, because their hopes have been cut off. In an hour when they least expected it, Wilberforce closed, because there was no money to continue it longer. There is a debt of $8,000 to be paid on it, in order that it may remain for the benefit of the colored people. I am assured that it will be sold to pay its debts within four months, unless the money is raised. I appeal to the *ministry of the A. M. E. Church everywhere. Brethren, will we let this institution go by default, for the want of interest on our part?* That property can be secured to our connexion for $8,000, and become a tower of strength for our church; a place where our young men may qualify themselves for the great duties of life, and the work of the ministry.

As a plan to raise the amount, $8,000, Bishop Payne suggests, that each conference obligates itself to pay $1,143 each, which would pay the debt. I think the plan a good one, and hope the conferences will take action thereon as soon as possible. I propose another plan which I think would accomplish the work by the first of May. Let each minister inform his people that on the first Sabbath in May, every member and friend will be requested to make a donation of fifty cents to purchase a place of education for our young, rising generation. We would have the neat little sum of $12,500, which would enable us to pay the debt, and have $4,500 to begin operations with. There are forty acres of fine land, a large house, one hundred feet front, the same in length, with eight other houses or cottages; the finest sulphur water in the State of Ohio; and wood and everything desirable for a school. Would to God that some of our rich men would come forward and do something in this hour of our need. Would to God that Father Quinn would, in his declining years, remember his sons in the gospel, and the rising wants of the connexion which he has labored to strengthen and spread, and bestow some of his great wealth on the church which he has blessed with his long labors in the Western and Eastern States. He might, thereby, enshrine his name in the hearts of unborn millions. My brethren in the ministry, let us flee to the rescue; let there be a discussion of this matter among the members of the church; let every one be interested in doing something for the rising generation. The opening of the vast region of the South to our ministry, and the advance of our Zion Southwards, will loudly call for an educated ministry, teachers, and men qualified for mercantile relations. God grant that there may be a hearty response from every conference, minister, and congregation.

Yours,

R. H. CAIN.

Brooklyn, Feb. 2[illegible], 1863.

Bishop Horne had his dignity somewhat taken down when he took possession of the Episcopal palace at Norwich, in 1791. He turned round upon the steps and exclaimed, "Bless me! what a multitude of people!" "O, my lord!" said a bystander, "this is nothing to the crowd last Friday to see a man hung."

FROM THE RECRUITING DEPARTMENT.

New Bedford, Mass., Feb. 23d, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—While vast armies are arrayed in martial combat; while large factories are being built for the construction of huge implements of war; while our hospitals are filled with wounded, sick, and dying soldiers; while convalescent and maimed soldiers throng our streets; and while mothers, widows, daughters, sisters, brothers and sons, are mourning for the loved ones fallen in battle, there is only one subject which occupies the attention of all, and upon which any of us can write. It is war. Is there any one who will hesitate to exclaim with me,

O, that all on earth were free,
O, that war might cease to be!

When the war commenced the black man unhesitatingly offered his services to help to put it down; but his patriotism was dampened, and his enthusiasm checked, by being told that the government could get along without him. Congressmen spurned the idea of black soldiers; many generals threatened their resignation, while even soldiers losing their patriotism for the time, threatened to return home and pursue their daily avocations if the black man were armed and made equal to them.

But in two years, the public mind has greatly changed. The government having suffered much from defeat; tired of having its sons butchered by rebel bullets; tired of having its best army stuck in Virginia's mud, and tired of having its plans disclosed by disloyal clerks and traitorous officers, call upon the black man for help, giving him assurance of his rights, as a freeman and a citizen. The voice of its butchered sons cries out from the grave, "Black men, we have wronged you, and for it God has brought this curse upon our country. Our country's salvation depends upon you; therefore, in the name of God come, and help our surviving comrades, that our land may be "The land of the free, and the home of the brave."

Governor Andrew, of this state, has received orders from the war department to raise a regiment of black men. This regiment is to be called the fifty-fourth regiment of Mass. Vol., and is to have the same pay, rations, and family aid as other Mass. regiments. A recruiting office was established in this city Feb. 13th, and up to to-day forty-one have enlisted. In other parts of the state many have enlisted, and the prevailing idea is, that the regiment will be filled in a few days. Very enthusiastic war meetings have been held and attended by many. The most enthusiastic one was held on Wednesday evening, the 18th inst. The hall was densely crowded. The meeting was addressed by *William Wells Brown* of Cambridge; Charles L. Remond of Salem; Rev. Mr. Lockwood of Boston who has labored for some time with the freedmen of Fortress Monroe and vicinity, and Col Maggi of our own city, who was formerly an associate of Garibaldi! To-night there is to be a meeting at which Gov. Andrew is expected to speak.

Rev. William Jackson, of the Salem Baptist Church, has acted as President of the meeting. Rev. William W. Grimes has also taken an active part in the meeting, and has also been recommended by the Mayor and others, as a candidate for the chaplaincy of the regiment.

More anon,

GUERRE.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—Perhaps it would be of interest to your readers to hear how our Church in New-Brunswick is prospering. It was thought that we should lose our church in that place; in the estimation of some, it was past redemption; and their reasons were, that the church was in debt, the congregation small and poor; and more than that they had no credit. But those who asserted these things, were like Elijah the Prophet, when he thought that "by the hand of Jezebel all the prophets of the Lord had been slain, and they sought his life. But the Lord showed him that he had reserved seven thousand that had not bowed the knee to Baal."

So God, through the labors of his servant, Brother Offer, (the stated pastor,) is showing that he has a people in that place; and besides, it was demonstrated on the 15th inst., that they were not quite so poor as some had thought. In company with the Elder, Mr. Moore, of Trenton, N. J., I visited the congregation at that time, and at two collections there were raised the sum of sixty dollars. On the Monday evening following, the people held a festival, realizing the sum of fifteen dollars thereupon; making about seventy-five in all. This was to finish paying for putting on the roof of their place of worship, which was blown off last spring; also, for repairing the windows in the basement. They have paid all their interest money, and the gentleman who holds the mortgage, has signified his willingness to wait on them for the principal; so all they have to do now is, to keep the interest paid up; in the meantime, finish the basement and worship in it, until such times as they cancel the principal; then they will have no trouble in completing the main body of the church.

Brother Offer is doing a great work among this people. He has done what has not been done within the last ten or twelve years. There has been no Sabbath School for a long time; the children going to other schools. But where the infant mind receives its early impressions, there its affections centre. And thus in after years, many become attached to other churches, who are properly within our bounds, and whose labors were most certainly needed. It is a great mistake on the part of our people in not sending their children to their own school; they should, by concentrating all their efforts, seek to make them interesting; they should go to the school and labor with the children, and thus show that they firmly believe the wise man's maxim: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." It is a greater mistake on our part as ministers, that we do not insist on the members of our church sustaining our own Sabbath Schools, like the nursery where the little trees are cultivated to be set out in the orchard; or like the hot-bed, where the tender plants are prepared for the field; so the Sabbath School is the future hope of the church.

Brother Offer has seemed to appreciate the importance of this; and therefore, has organized a school numbering between eighty and one hundred children. May the Lord bless him and his people, and greatly increase them in numbers and grace.

REV. THEODORE GOULD.

Princeton, New J.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, March 7, 1863.

REPORT

Look here, brethren, read this: and remember it, too:—

The meeting of the Executive Committee and their appeal to the ministers having the charge of circuits and stations, and to the members of the A. M. E. Church, is as follows:

DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—According to the authority vested in our Editor and General Book Steward, he called together the Executive Committee of the Book Concern on the 13th of November, at which time we had a very pleasant interview together in relation to the present flattering condition of the Book Concern, and the wants of the Church.

Brethren, let me tell you for once that the Book Concern is really in a prosperous condition—and how it is that our Editor and General Book Steward has so managed to keep the Book Concern and paper in the hopeful condition in which we find it, and with such scant means, we confess we are at a loss to know—and more especially in times like these, when many a firm and paper, with a much larger capital, have succumbed. But, brethren, in order to hold this position, and to keep up a growing interest throughout the connexion, there are means needed—first, there is a very great demand for hymn-books, in every direction in the connexion, and our Editor and General Book Steward has informed us there are only seven or eight in the store, and he has no more to bind up. Therefore, the Committee deem it advisable, in view of such a demand for our hymn-books, and especially in the Western country, to advise our General Book Steward to get out another edition, so that our people may be supplied. To do this, brethren, it will require about $500. This should be done without delay. We therefore recommend each elder, deacon, and preacher to properly lay this vital matter before their congregations, and to take up a free-will collection, and to forward the same to the General Book Steward and Editor, so that it may be in his hands forthwith to operate with—and he will give each credit through this paper. Now we ask our brethren, shall the Book Steward have the amount? We will answer for the Philadelphia district, our portion will be forthcoming. We also recommend to our Bishops, while travelling around, to speak of this matter.

WILLIAM MOORE,
W. H. WATERS,
STEPHEN SMITH,
W. D. W. SCHUREMAN,
ELISHA WEAVER, CA's.

AN EDUCATED MINISTRY.

We hope that our readers will carefully read all the articles of Rev. G. T. Watkins on this subject, and especially the one in this number. Let all our ministers read it, and they will see plain reasoning and facts which we heartily endorse. And we must confess that we are sorry that he has drawn his articles on that all important subject to a close. We would recommend our brethren to read well the part in which he refers to the using of exhorters.

NOTICE.

Quarterly Meetings of Burlington circuit.

Burlington, third Sabbath in March; Mount Holly, fourth Sabbath in March; Evesham, fifth Sabbath in March; Milford, first Sabbath in April; Snow Hill, second Sabbath in April; Jordantown, third Sabbath in April

J. H. SMITH, *Elder.*
J. H. LONG, *Preacher.*

NOTICE

Quarterly meetings of the Norristown circuit quarterly conference at Germantown, May 2d, 1863—3 o'clock, P. M.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

Norristown,	March	15th,	1863.
West Philadelphia,	"	22d,	"
Old Chester,	"	29th,	"
Horntown,	April	5th,	"
Zion Mission,	"	12th,	"
Tan Chester,	"	19th,	"

Quarterly conference of the Berks County circuit, Saturday, April 25th, 3 o'clock, P. M.

Germantown quarterly meeting, May 3d

W. D. W. Schureman—*Elder in charge*
T. H. Cooper—*Subordinate.*

NOTICE

A discourse will be delivered in the Wesley A. M. E. Church, on Sunday evening, the 8th inst., at half past 7 o'clock, by the pastor. Theme, "The Author of Universalism."

LECTURE

Dr Wilson of this city will lecture on next Thursday night, the 12th inst., before the Literary Society of Bethel Church. The lecture will be delivered in the above church.

REVIVALS

Rev. R. P Gibbs writes that they have the greatest revival in Carlisle, Pa., that has ever been known in that town. About twenty-eight souls every night seeking their soul's salvation. While the judgments of God are abroad in the land, we are glad to see our people seeking God's protecting power, turning to him with confession of sin.

In Burlington, N J, Rev Joseph Smith is having a tremendous war with the old man Satan and his deeds. It seems from his letter that many have been converted to God, and the anxious bench is crowded by twenties. Praised be God for these tokens of his favor. We refer our readers to brother Smith's letter

We are getting good reports continually from brethren, telling of their success in their labors

The Bible Association of Philadelphia among Colored People is progressing finely. Rev Mr. Asher, Baptist minister, is the President, and Rev. J. P. Campbell, Vice President. The President delivered a discourse in Bethel church on its objects, &c., last Thursday evening.

The Rev. A. L. Stanford lectured at the Institute for Colored Youth, on last Thursday night.

MARCH has come in as gentle as a lamb, but we expect rough weather before the end of it.

A PROTRACTED meeting is progressing in the Little Pine Street Baptist Church, of which Rev Mr. Hamilton is pastor. May the Lord guide the battle.

SNOW HILL.

To the members at Snow Hill. By the Divine permission I will preach at 11 o'clock, A. M., on next Sabbath, the 15th inst. Will some of our friends meet me at Haddonfield on Saturday night? Mamma Hoge may look for me at her house. ELISHA WEAVER

NOTICE

We received an article signed S. H. and J. C. for the Recorder, but too late for this number. Will the parties please give us their full names, and we shall be glad to receive their matter.

Rev. G. T. Watkins, of Baltimore, still convinces us that our people everywhere want the *Recorder*, and will take it if our brethren will set it before them, and keep it before them. He (Brother Watkins) increases his list every week and then cannot supply the demand in Baltimore. Let our brethren who have the charge of churches keep the cause before their congregations, for it is desirable to feed all of our people

Rev. Elisha Weaver will preach in the Pearl street Baptist church, on to-morrow, Sabbath, the 8th inst., at 7½ o'clock, P. M.

JAMES UNDERDUE, *Pastor.*

LITTLE WESLEY CHURCH

We are glad to be able to state that this Church by paying the sum of $200 has prevented its sale.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

FRANKFORD, PA	
Mr W S Walker, for papers for the last two weeks	2 16
LOUISVILLE, KY.	
Rev A. Woodfork, for papers	1 00
CARLISLE, PA	
Rev. R P Gibbs, for books	10 63
ST DENNY, MERCER CO., [illegible]	
James W Newby	1 00
CUMBERLAND, MD	
Rev S. L. Hamons	1 00
Wm. Armstrong, M. D	2 25
THURLOW STATION, PA.	
Benjamin Reed	1 25
Dorcas A. Hawkins	1 25
BUFFALO, N Y	
Of Rev D Dorrell, as follows:	
Mr William Ellis	1 25
Mr Thomas Harmer	1 25

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE REV. RICHARD ROBINSON

NO. X

[Continued from last number.]

Baltimore, Md., is where we left the hero, Robinson, in our last. We find him still there in the Monumental city, having spent a part of 1840—which was about eight months, to January, 1841—entering upon the New Year in continuation of his year's service, which brought him up to the 8th of May, 1841—the time to make his report in Conference of his success. He was examined in common with the rest of his brethren, and he is left standing, as regards his moral and religious character, fair. We follow him a little further, and he reports a membership of 893—a good report for one station to make, in that stage of our beloved Zion. His report having stood fair in a religious point of view, it will now lead us to examine his financial report. By another glance of the eye we see that his congregation has paid him his full salary, and the same congregation gave $87.50 to aid in meeting the contingent expenses of the Conference. This Conference held its session 9 days, at the end of which time the appointments were read out, and we find that Elder R. Robinson was re-appointed to the Baltimore station the second time, for another year. Thus it seems that his services were important to be rendered to that people, and under God he labors for them to encourage their hearts to press forward in the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus: and to point sinners to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. Here he labored faithfully for two years in the Baltimore district, which brought him to May, 1842, at which time Baltimore Conference met in the city of Washington, D. C. Here we find the hero, Robinson, making his last report for that district; for the Bishop has in view the transferring of Elder Robinson to another district. The Conference adjourned, the brethren received their appointments for the Baltimore district; but Brother Robinson takes his departure by the orders of the appointing power to meet the New York Conference on the 11th of June, 1843, which sat in Bethel Church, Second St., and continued in session up to the 20th. Brother Robinson must have been a very useful and acceptable minister of the Gospel, which the history of his life shows, from the manner in which the appointing power had to change him backwards and forth to the most important appointments in those days. Thus he may well be called a great man, for it really does appear that he had few equals. And there is one very peculiar trait in his history up to the present time, and that is, we have not been able to find, or to hear of as much as one complaint brought against him, let alone any thing in the shape of a charge. That alone would tell and speak loud for a man, if there was no other trait in his history to make him a great man.

But his appointment in the New York district is now made out by the Bishop, and is now announced—Bethel Church, Second St., New York. There was great rejoicing among the members and congregation, that after two long years had rolled away, God had so ordered it that one of his servants whom that Church and congregation much esteemed, had been returned to them again to serve them another year. They could well sing, "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." He enters upon his labors for this year like a soldier and hero, and says by his acts, "I'll fight until I die, to gain the heavenly crown." The saving of souls from that eternal abyss is a great work. Brother Robinson battles away against Satan and his crew, for his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, the God-man. When old Satan would come to reason with him, he could say like the prophet Nehemiah, when old Sanballat and Tobiah desired him to come and reason with them. "But," said the servant of God, "I am doing a great work, and cannot come down." So brother Robinson could say, I am doing a great work in New York, Second St., Bethel Church, and the work must and shall go on, by the help of my Master. Thus he prosecutes the work assigned him for his Lord and Master. He often used to remark that he did not rust out, but preferred to wear out in the service of his God. We have now come over about twenty years of the life of his itinerancy, which is but little over half of the time he served his Lord and Master, first as a missionary, then as a travelling preacher

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

N. B. We suppose that all of his friends will take a copy of the Recorder.—I. O.

LECTURE

On last Tuesday night, Mr. Warner lectured before the Philadelphia Library Co., in St. Thomas' Church. He commenced by saying that he would not lecture, for that meant reading, but would talk upon the subject of nationality. He also remarked that he felt a delicacy in speaking to our people, &c., &c. He said, What is nationality, or what constitutes a nation? Men and women, said he. A nation's success depended upon its location. As an illustration he showed the difference between Newfoundland and Ireland, thus showing that after all that, that what it took to constitute a nation, was men and *women*. He also reviewed the history of France, &c. He enlarged upon the two institutions of this country, Freedom and Slavery, showing the influence of Freedom and that of Slavery; and the injustice of one man holding another. He reviewed *the Constitution*, and the object that Thomas Jefferson had in view when writing it, &c. It was a well-timed, sensible address. After he was through, the debate followed in relation to colored men going to the war.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY

Will sing for the benefit of the S. C. and Statistical Association, at Sansom St. Hall, on next Wednesday evening, the 11th inst. Admittance, 25 cents. Object, to aid the Contrabands. We refer the reader to the advertisement in another column.

ALGER'S PRONOUNCING BIBLE.

We call the special attention of our readers, to the advertisement of Alger's Pronouncing Bible, published by Wm. S. Young, 1023 Race, St. It is printed on fine white paper, neatly and substantially bound in best shaved leather, and contains 932 octavo pages. The plates were prepared with great pains, and at large cost by the editor, and yet sells at only $1 75. From a thorough examination by the writer, it is believed to be one of the most accurate Bibles ever issued in the United States, and will rival in this respect the celebrated Oxford Bibles, issued in England, under the patronage of the crown.

The Pronouncing Bible should be in every family. But we especially commend it to the notice of all our ministers, Sabbath School teachers, and others having the charge of the young. There is scarcely a difficult word in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, that it does not give the correct and unmistakable pronunciation.

For the Christian Recorder.

BROTHER WEAVER:—I received a letter from the physician, Wednesday, Feb. 18th, stating that my wife was very sick in Chambersburg, Pa., where I had left her but a few weeks before. I hastened there; when I arrived I found, that through the blessings of a merciful Providence, a skilful physician and kind friends, she had recovered her health a little, and was much better. Before I left home I had received a letter informing me that the Rev. Wm. H. Gaillard was sick. When I arrived in Chambersburg I learned that he was still very sick. I embraced the first opportunity to go and see him. I went to Greencastle, Pa., where he stops, and found him better. Though Brother Gaillard has been sick some three or four weeks, the Lord appears to have comforted him, by pouring out his Spirit upon the people. A revival has been going on in Greencastle, and many have professed to receive the forgiveness of their sins. When in Chambersburg I visited Mr Randle Martin's singing school. The school is increasing, and they are improving very much, I believe. I also preached for brother Scott, pastor of the Zion Wesley Church. They have had a protracted meeting going on, and have had a very good time. Numbers have professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ

I received a letter from brother R. P. Gibbs, stating that there was a protracted meeting in his church in Carlisle. I accordingly stopped on my way home, and preached Friday night, Feb. the 27th. There were a great many mourners. Through the course of the evening, two professed to receive the grace of God, and from appearances were truly converted. I learned from brother Gibbs, that during two weeks, some fifteen or twenty had embraced the love of God. The revival appears to be one of the greatest that has been in Carlisle since the days of the old fathers, who travelled that circuit. God's presence seems to be in the A M E Churches located in the Cumberland valley in Pennsylvania. Truly it may be said of the valley, it buds and blossoms like the rose. Not only in Carlisle, but in Harrisburg, Pa., there has been very recently a glorious revival; in the Bethel Church many have found the Lord. There is going on in Bethel Church, in Baltimore, a protracted meeting, and they are having a very good time. The Methodist E. Conference sat here the 4th of March. There is nothing of special interest going on at present.

H. J. R.

Georgetown, D. C.

For the Christian Recorder

REVIVAL IN BURLINGTON, N. J.

Burlington, N. J.

MR EDITOR AND BROTHER:—This will inform you and the readers of the "Recorder" that we commenced a protracted meeting in Burlington, on the 15th of Feb., and we have a sin killing time; there has been as high as twenty one mourners at the anxious bench at a time, a number have been converted, and mourners are still on the increase. We have sons and daughters, husbands and wives, grand-mothers and grand children at the mourners' bench. We are enlisting soldiers to fight *under Jesus*, and many people profess to have put on the armor of God to die in the battle. Our meeting is still going on, and will continue for a week or two longer if the Lord will.

J. H. SMITH,
Elder.

CORRECTION BY JOSEPH E. WILLIAMS

MR EDITOR:—I saw an article a few weeks ago in your paper, which states that Miss Sarah H. Dunlop and myself are engaged to be married. Permit me to inform you, while Miss Dunlop is a very distinguished lady, and deserves a good husband, a much better husband than I ever could hope to make any lady, yet there is no more prospect of us getting married, than there is of the sun rising in the west. If there is, I am not aware of it, although this has been the report.

Very respectfully,
JOSEPH E. WILLIAMS

Washington, D. C. Feb. 16th, 1863

☞ How much good we could do if we only tried. Our neighbor might be induced to come to church, or to send his children to Sabbath School. Have you only one talent?—use it, use it.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE

[illegible]—Congress—[illegible]—Vallandigham—[illegible]—Fighting not the highest [illegible]—[illegible]—Simon Cameron's [illegible]—Rev. W. A. Hughes and John Crew, Esq.—Rev. G. T. Watkins—[illegible]—Brooklyn correspondent [illegible]—Washington—Rev. J. A. Handy—Prof. S. G. Brown—Rev. Caleb Woodyard—Death of Mrs. Henson—Churches in New Orleans—[illegible].

MR. EDITOR:—Washington is again the theatre of life and stir—activity prevails, and everything is operative. The streets are thronged with every species of mankind, from Indian women dressed in men's clothes, to any other color, shape, or size you may call for. Strangers are coming in from from all quarters, and flooding every hotel and restaurant that can be found.

Congress is in session night and day, and every gallery, lobby, and vestibule is unintermittingly crowded with spectators of every sex, hue, and caste. The Republican party, in view of the secession tincture that they fear will be so largely embodied in the next Congress, is pushing bill after bill through in rapid succession. They are fortifying the administration with money, men, and means sufficient to meet whatever exigency may occur in the unfolding emergencies of the future. This they are doing notwithstanding the incessant goat-bleats of such hydra-headed, bleareyed copper-bellies as Voorhees of Indiana, and Cox and Vallandigham of Ohio, who do nothing but oppose the Administration, and sing psalms to General McClellan. It is well for them that death will hold them motionless; for if they were to torment their graves as they do Congress, they would have to vomit them up before Gabriel blows his horn. However, the old problem is, "give the devil his due," and I must say for Vallandigham that he is a good speaker, and if he had not perverted his moral nature so as to render himself a stench in the nostrils of mankind, his name might have stood emblazoned on the pages of history to the latest generation as a man for whom God and nature had done well. But as it is, his name will go down to posterity under the curse of a traitor, and the denunciations of all civilized nations. He will be known only to be hated.

I went to Congress on Wednesday to see the Conscript Bill pass, and every conceivable strategy was resorted to in order to have inserted *white male citizens*, instead of simply male citizens. The copper-heads were so fearful that a negro would get a crack at a secesh, that it appeared they would have been willing to have voted their wives and daughters into the battle, rather than allow a negro to take a part. But it was no use, the bill passed in its original form by over a two-third majority; and twelve border state members voted for it. I was glad, not so much from the fact that I considered the fighting trait the highest development in a man's constitution, but simply because our enemies desired to deprive us of what they conceived to be an honor. It is no honor to be fighting and quarrelling—it only shows how low down in the scale of moral depravity we are. It sets forth the brutality of our natures, the minimum of our Christianity, and how far the people are from God and that which is right. Christ said, "there shall be wars, and rumors of wars," &c., but its actualization does not result from a divine injunction. It is no predeterminate arrangement in the counsels of Heaven. The pugnacity of a man does not establish his greatness. But Christ foresaw that feuds would breed and fester, and that men's growing virulence would lead them on to dreadful collisions, out of which they should purgatorially emerge from their own throttled and ruptured combats, with lessons experimentally learned, which should gradually advance them to a higher degree of conception of their rights and wrongs.

Colonel Dart, a very brave officer, who has fought through every battle in which the Army of the Potomac has been engaged, has been authorized by the Secretary of War to enlist colored men, (he says. He showed me one of his muster rolls yesterday, which reads as follows:

COL. DART'S MUSTER ROLL.

We, the undersigned, do volunteer our services and enlist into the service of the United States as soldiers, to be governed by the rules and regulations to govern colored soldiers, to be commanded by Col. Alfred Dart.

February 23d, 1863

NAME. RESIDENCE.

I also saw a recommendation given by Hon. Simon Cameron, ex-Secretary of War, to Governor Joseph E. Williams, of Central American notoriety, to Mr. Stanton, present Secretary of War, which stated that he (Cameron) had known Mr. Williams from boyhood, and that he (Williams) was a trustworthy man, and in every way fitted to commence the work of enlistment with the colored people, &c., &c. I suppose that Mr. Williams has before this gone to see the Secretary of War, but I don't know with what success he has met.

Rev. W. A. Hughes, a minister of the A. M. E. Church, who could not easily be too highly panegyrized, and John Crew, Esq., of Baltimore City, are to debate a heavy question before the Israel Lyceum, on next Monday evening. Rev. Mr. Hughes, though 56 years of age, is as expert upon his feet, and as sanguine for knowledge as a man at twenty. If some of our bull heads, claiming to be young ministers, were half as anxious for information as Rev. Hughes, who is old enough to be the father of many of them, they would find something to talk about, instead of blabbing out such consummate foolishness.

And this leads me to notice an article in the Recorder, issued February 21st, under the head of *An Educated Ministry*, by Rev. George T. Watkins, of Baltimore,—or I might have said, Article No. 3. I need not comment upon the merits of the article, or refer to the finished calibre of its author. Suffice it to say that it is a deep-thoughted, well-digested, and properly-timed contribution to the aspiring ministry. And though it has been published in the Recorder, I wish to extract one paragraph for republication in this correspondence.

"He must possess, as a basic qualification, the ability to 'search the Scriptures,' to give attendance to reading. In order to fulfil this apostolic injunction, a man must certainly *know how to read*, and read, too understandingly. I believe that God calls no man to expound the Scriptures who cannot read them. He may be moved by the Holy Ghost to *prepare himself* for the work, but not to perform it. Too many mistake the call to prepare for the call to preach. The time has come to speak plainly and boldly on this subject. I repeat what I have already remarked, that a man should be able to read the Scriptures correctly and understandingly, or he is no more than a mechanical [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. He may say many very excellent things while in the pulpit, so can a parrot. The one is as much called to instruct as the other."

This does not embody the half nor the quarter of what is of invaluable worth in the article of Rev. Mr. Watkins, but it may be inexpedient to intrude further.

Your very accomplished Brooklyn correspondent, who is, by the way no ordinary writer, is receiving great applause in this city from the religious and benevolent part of our people, from the bold and intrepid manner that he attacks the useless expenditures of money and means in New York, to *demonstrate*, when there are so many contrabands in our city, dying at the rate of ten and fifteen per day, with the small-pox and other diseases, from the bare facts that their wants and necessities are unprovided for. Would to God that some of those eloquent gentlemen whose speeches, as reported in the Anglo-African tower sky high, would lend a few of their glowing orations to the cause of suffering humanity.

And this leads me to refer you to an article in the Repository, written by that very gifted gentleman, Rev. James A. Handy. I hope all the colored people in the United States will purchase the Repository just to read that article. Any one, by addressing the Rev. J. M. Brown, 64 Hunt̃ina St., Baltimore, and remitting with their letter the sum of ten cents, can have it sent to them. The article is headed, *The way to prepare for the Crisis.* It presents starvation at one door, and certain duties at the other, and one who is in the least concerned about the welfare of his race, might imagine the writer inspired for the exigencies of the times when he was penning the article.

Prof. S. G. Brown is increasing in popularity so rapidly, that he cannot comply with near all the applications he has for lectures. He lectured last Monday evening before the Dumas Association, and has now before him applications from four different quarters. I am sorry to inform you, however, that he is now lying quite ill. I hope he may soon recover.

I have been repeatedly informed, (did not hear it myself,) that the Rev. Caleb Woodyard, an ex-minister of the A. M. E. Church, but now a Baptist divine, in a sermon preached at the First Baptist Church in this city, (which, by the way, is a very popular congregation, and has for its pastor the Rev. M. Leonard, who is now on a visit to Liberia,) stated that he never had been at home until he came among them; that he, like John the Baptist, was born a Baptist, and had never been satisfied in his life. He believed every one must go under the water, or be lost, and spoke very bitterly against ministers trotting about with a tumbler of water to sprinkle on infants, &c. I cannot believe that Mr. Woodyard went so far as he is represented to have gone. I have no fault to find with the Baptists on his account, but am exceedingly glad that his eyes were opened before he went to judgment.

Mrs. Ann Henson, the wife of Thomas Henson, died last Sabbath morning, at 7 o'clock. Her remains were placed in Israel Church, where the funeral obsequies were conducted by the Pastor, on Tuesday, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Mrs. Henson was taken sick some six or seven months ago, void of that vital piety which she felt she so much needed. But through constant prayer, and a determinate reliance on God, she obtained that pearl of great price which afterwards made her one of the happiest beings I ever had the pleasure of beholding. She had lain so long as to be almost reduced to a skeleton, yet whenever the subject of religion was broached, she could speak in the most clamorous manner. Her voice would often arrest the attention of persons passing in the streets, in her shouts and hallelujahs to God.

I saw a gentleman (colored) from New Orleans to-day, who says that our churches are open. Rev. Brother Doughty is presiding over the church so long under the pastoral charge of Revs. John M. Brown and Dr. Revels. Revs. Miles, Vance, and Campbell are all well, and still claim to be African Methodists; and though the grass had grown up around our church doors, (they were shut up in 1858,) it now exhibited a very different aspect. The colored people were holding great union meetings, and were really ruling the city. I presume that some of our Conferences will send a minister down there as soon as they meet. The present ministers there are non-itinerant by virtue of their long inactivity. That is my decision. I don't know how Bishop Payne would accept it.

H. M. T.

Washington, D. C., Feb 26th, 1863

For the Christian Recorder

UNION FREEDMEN'S RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF WEST PHILADELPHIA

A meeting of the colored people of West Philadelphia, was held at the Oak street Baptist Church, on Tuesday evening, February 24th, for the purpose of forming a Freedmen's relief association at this place. The lecture-room of the church was literally packed with a most interesting and intelligent audience. Professor A. M. Green, the able and eloquent champion of colored freedmen's rights, addressed the people for more than an hour in his usual forcible style; frequently bringing tears to the eyes of his deeply interested audience, as he pictured the sad experiences of his recent tour of thirteen weeks among the freedmen at Fortress Monroe, Alexandria, and Washington. It was soon manifest at the close of the lecture that the right spirit prevailed among all who heard the address.

By a motion unanimously adopted, it was resolved to proceed at once to the permanent organization of a society, for the purpose of relieving as far as possible the distress and misery of our unfortunate brethren and sisters; who although made free by the overruling hand of Providence, are nevertheless most unhappily situated, in consequence of the ravaging power of intestine war.

Resolved, That we proceed to enroll the names of all persons present, who, with us, are willing to labor in this great and glorious work of love, to the fallen children of one common Father of all mankind. While taking the names, the Rev. Charles M. Rodgers, pastor of the church, made some very interesting remarks; fully corroborating the statements of Professor Green; he (Mr. Rodgers,) having been himself an eye-witness of what had melted down the hearts of this large and attentive audience. He referred to his own family still in Virginia, and hoped the day was not far distant when they would be again happily re-united. He congratulated the speaker as being the right man to have gone South among these people, and of his being able to point out their sufferings as few men, white or colored, had yet showed the capacity of pointing it out.

After the names were taken, the roll was called, and it was on motion resolved, that this society shall be known as the "Union Freedmen's Relief Association of West Philadelphia."

The following officers were elected: Rev. C. H. Rodgers, President; Robert Bentley, Esq., Vice President; David Bulberry, Secretary; and Elias Ferrell, Treasurer.

A committee of three namely: Matthias Black, Charles Johnson, and Emanuel Martine, were appointed to draft a constitution for the government of the society. At a very late hour the meeting adjourned; the most lively interest still prevailing at the late hour of adjournment.

REV. CHARLES M. RODGERS, *President.*
DAVID BULBERRY, Esq., *Secretary.*

For the Christian Recorder

MR. EDITOR AND BROTHER.—Amid the rumbling thunder of the contending elements of our country, and the conflicts of our political parties, at home as well as abroad, one can hardly know what to think, or how to decide. Although I am now a man of between sixty and seventy years of age, and of course cannot take that active part in this war of different elements, yet it is impossible to hold my peace in such a time as this, when there seems to be such a demand for action on the part of our young men of to-day. Where are all the colored young men? and what are they doing? and why not in the field of action, when there is such a field for them to demonstrate their ability, and show to this ungodly and unbelieving people, who deny their ability as men,—notwithstanding the innumerable evidences that have proved not only to this country, but to the world, that the colored man can and will fight equal to the white man, if not better. We, the colored people of this out of the way place, of all others, feel that it is important that we should understand each other, and know what the feelings of our people are on this subject, that we may be the better prepared to act. O let us awake to the signs of the times, that we may know which side to take; as it is contended on the one side, that we are not susceptible of improvement and education, and on the other side, that we are as much so as other men. And now the question is to us as a people, who, for nearly three hundred years have been deprived, as well as denied, all the rights of other citizens to the present day.

Ah! I hear the voice of the nineteenth century, saying, arise, O, sons of Africa; the day of your redemption is near.

We have formed a Literary Society and Lyceum:—

"The Oswego Gentlemen and Ladies' Literary and Lyceum Association. Formed Dec. 22d, 1861. For the improvement of our minds, &c., &c.

"B. F. Lavender, President.
"Mr. Bellamy, Vice President.
"Mrs. Mary Elliot, Secretary.
"Master George F. Grant, Treasurer."

The question for debate on Tuesday, March 3d, 1863, is, "Is it the duty of the colored men of the North and South to fight?" Dr. Elliot in the affirmative. F. E. Grant in the negative.

As I have written a longer letter than I expected to, you may dispose of it as you see fit.

I am sir truly yours,
JOHN LARKIN, Minister in Charge

P. S.—Our quiet city was on Friday morning of last week, thrown into one of the most intense excitements ever know to the oldest inhabitants. A young contraband, who came home with an officer from the Army of the Potomac, was found in First Street, about 6 o'clock, A. M., in the last struggles of death, having been attacked on the night before, by three Irishmen who have since been arrested and convicted of the foul deed. The boy died on Saturday night at about 10 o'clock, and was buried on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. He was taken to the African M. E. P. Church. I preached the funeral service. They stabbed him twelve times in and about the head and neck, and left for dead; he lay out all night on the ice, till found by the police in the morning, when he was brought to the station house. No cause whatever is given by the murderers, only that "he was a d—n nager come to take the work from us."

J. L.

Oswego, Feb. 26th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder

ALEXANDRIA CORRESPONDENCE

March the 1st, 1863

MR EDITOR:—I suppose our friends would like to know what we are doing down here in the South, more especially at this time. It affords me great pleasure indeed, to inform them through the columns of your paper, of the spiritual condition of our church; it has never been better since we have been established here. And as to the financial condition of the church, I must say that it is A number one. We, as a people, feel that if there ever was a time for us to improve ourselves, now is the time. We cannot expect to be as wise as some of those that have been to college, and have thus gained much knowledge, and have had their minds thoroughly trained. But we do believe that the day will arrive, when the children of Africa shall not always be treated as things and chattels; shall not always be classed with monkeys and ourang-outangs, shall not be outlawed from the circle of human beings by the slave monger, as a herd of chattering baboons. No! humanity shall be elevated, the rights of men shall be asserted, the justice of God shall interpose a defence, and every attribute of his nature shall be active in breaking the yoke of bondage by which we have been oppressed. The sun shall rise upon freemen and Christians, and shall never go down on serfs and slaves. Enslaved and tributary men are everywhere beginning to look up, and ere long, the life blood of an injured people will collect at the heart, and by one convulsive effort throw off the load that has oppressed it for ages. I have no room to say more at present.

But remain yours truly,
JAMES H. CLAGETT.

INQUIRY.

MR EDITOR:—Please have the kindness to grant the following a place in your valuable paper. I have a son somewhere up north, and I take this method of trying to ascertain his whereabouts. John Terry is his name. It has been three years since I received a letter from him. He was then in Chicago, Illinois, having made his escape from slavery in St. Louis, Mo. The last I heard of him was that he left Chicago for Canada, at the time so many of our people went from there for fear of the enforcement of the fugitive slave law, &c. The first time we were all sold together to the widow Beck at Plattsburgh, Mo. The last time we were separated, my other son was sold south. Thank the good Lord, since then I have obtained my freedom. I am now living in Leavenworth city, Kansas. Any information respecting this inquiry will be thankfully received.

ELIZA BECK.

Brother Weaver, H. H. Thomas, who has been taking your paper for some time, sends one dollar, also Margaret Early, one dollar. (Send the papers to this city.)

N. B.—There was no money in this letter when it came to hand.—ED.

For the Christian Recorder

DIED.

On the 23d of January, 1863, in Leavenworth City, Kansas, sister Farba Ann Pulliam, in the thirty-fifth year of her age, after an illness of about four months, in full triumph of a living faith. Her disease was consumption. Her sufferings were indescribable; but I never visited a sick person in my life and especially one who seemed to be suffering the most excruciating pains, that exhibited more patience than did sister Pulliam. I called to see her frequently, and found her invariably disposed to talk of the goodness of God, and the grace of her Redeemer. Often while engaged with her in worship, notwithstanding her physical strength was much reduced, she would shout and praise God from a feeling sense of his love being shed abroad in her heart, evidencing the blessed assurance of her acceptance with him through Jesus. It was not only gratifying to the oldest and most experienced Christian to converse with her, but there was a benefit to be derived. She had obeyed the divine injunction, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." In her fourteenth year she gave her tender heart to Him who says, "Give me thy heart." She then united with the Methodist Episcopal Church south, in the State of Arkansas, and lived a worthy member of the same until the spring of 1860, when she removed to Leavenworth City, Kansas, where she joined the African M. E. Church.

Sister Pulliam was loved and esteemed by all who knew her. She was an affectionate and faithful wife; a true friend, a good neighbor and a Christian. Just at the moment when dissolution was taking place, she looked at her husband and sister, with others who were present, and said, "I am going to rest; don't grieve for me, now." Realizing the power of the divine truth, that man is destined to be a resident of the dust,—but the glorious Gospel of the Son of God, throws its celestial radiance across the tomb, and addresses us,—"But I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep; that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even, so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." She leaves a husband and a dear sister, with a large circle of relatives to mourn her loss. The husband has lost a wife, the church one of its faithful members, the RECORDER one of its patrons. The RECORDER was always a welcome visitor to her, and when she grew so weak that she could not read it herself, she would frequently request it to be read to her. Our prayer is that her husband and sister may follow her good examples.

J. T.

For the Christian Recorder.

DEAR BROTHER WOODFALK:—

I address you this, asking you to favor me by informing the churches that one of your little flock has gone to her last home.

My daughter, Eliza Cole, departed this life, on last Monday night, the 9th inst., for those realms of heavenly bliss, where sorrow and pain are unknown, and where joy is everlasting. She died praising the Lord with her last breath.

She told Brother Graham, the pastor of the Colored Bethel Church in this city, last Sunday, the 8th, that "she had found the same Jesus we were all looking for, and that she was going to meet him." And with her dying breath sang, "I am going home to die no more," and then bid us all good by, hoping we would meet again, where there would be no parting. She suffered much, yet as soon as it abated she renewed her praises to the Lord.

She died at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, Monday night, the 9th inst. She was asked a few minutes before she died, did she have faith. She replied that the nearer she approached the Lord, the stronger her faith grew. Tell the brothers and sisters to pray that I and they may meet her in the arms of Jesus.

Your brother in the faith,
JOHN ELKINS.

Cincinnati, Feb. 17th, 1863.

A FRIEND has sent us the following scrap, with the request that we publish it.

The vast audience then rose, and with one accord, led by Mr. S. Isaac, closed the evening by singing the new version of the John Brown song by Edna Dean Proctor. It is as follows:

John Brown died on a scaffold for the slave;
Dark was the hour when we dug his lowly grave;
Now God avenges the life he gladly gave—
Freedom reigns to-day!
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown sowed, and his harvesters are we;
Honor to him who has made the bondmen free,
Loved evermore shall our noble leader be—
Freedom reigns, &c.

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave;
Bright o'er the sod, let the starry banner wave:
Lo! for the millions he perilled all to save—
Freedom reigns, &c.

John Brown lives—we are gaining on our foes—
Right shall be victor whatever may oppose—
Fresh, through the darkness, the wind of morning blows.
Freedom reigns, &c.

John Brown's soul through the world is marching on;
Hail to the hour when oppression shall be gone:
All men will sing, in the better age's dawn,
Freedom reigns, &c.

John Brown dwells where the battle-strife is o'er;
Hate cannot harm him nor sorrow stir him more;
Earth will remember the crown of thorns he wore—
Freedom reigns, &c.

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave;
John Brown lives in the triumph of the brave;
John Brown's soul not a higher joy can crave—
Freedom reigns, &c.

LAMENT OF A FATHER ON THE DEATH OF HIS LITTLE SON.

Child, by God's sweet mercy given
To thy mother and to me,
Entering this world of sorrows
By his grace, so fair to see;
Fair as some sweet flower in summer,
Till death's hand on thee was laid—
Scorched the beauty from thy brow,
Made the tender petals fade.
Yet I dare not weep nor murmur,
For I know the King of kings
Leads thee to his marriage-chamber,
To the glorious bridal brings.

Nature fain would have me weeping,
Love asserts her mournful right,
But I answer, they have brought thee
To the happy world of light.
And I fear that my lamenting,
As I speak thy cherished name,
Desecrate the Royal dwelling—
Fear to meet deserved blame,
If I press with tears of anguish
Into the abode of joy;
Therefore will I, meekly bowing,
Offer thee to God, my boy.

Yet thy voice, thy childish singing,
Soundeth ever in my ears;
And I listen and remember,
Till mine eyes will gather tears
Thinking of thy pretty prattlings,
And thy childish words of love;
But when I begin to murmur,
Then my spirit looks above—
Listens to the songs of spirits,
Listens, singing, wondering,
To the ceaseless, glad hosannas
Angels at thy bridal sing.

For the Christian Recorder

A GRAND CONCERT FOR A GOOD OBJECT

MR EDITOR:—If the colored people of this country would be heard, they must blow their own trumpet. I therefore wish to pen a line or two for your valuable journal, in reference to a grand Concert given in Sharp St. Church, a few evenings ago, by the Choir of that church.

The announcement that the proceeds were to be applied to the liquidation of the small debt on the church, and the musical reputation which the Choir so liberally enjoys, attracted one of the largest and most fashionable colored audiences ever assembled at a Concert in this city. There were also present a large number of white ladies and gentlemen, the *elite* of Baltimore.

The performers acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner. All did well; but there are some deserving especial notice. Miss Susan E. Braddicks, the accomplished *prima donna*, (and a most lovely young lady withal,) of whom our people are justly proud, fully sustained her reputation as a superior vocalist. Her voice is one of the sweetest I ever heard. She sings without the slightest apparent effort, and fills every heart with her delightful melody. She is, indeed, a favorite child of song. Both nature and art have done much for her.

Mrs. Harrison W. Webb also deserves more than a passing notice. This talented lady is widely known as one of the sweet singers of our Israel. On this occasion, though laboring under severe indisposition, she executed the solos assigned her, also, the duets with Miss Braddicks, with great ability. She has a full, round voice, of great compass and flexibility. Her musical talent, and her personal attractions, always render her a great favorite in the Concert room.

Mrs. Eliza Braddicks, the mother of Miss Susan, Mrs. Martha Jones, another daughter of the same estimable lady, Mrs. Cecelia Savoy, and Mrs. Wright, won considerable applause by their graceful demeanor, as well as their musical ability.

Among the colored musical amateurs of the Monumental City, Mr. C. L. J. Lee stands pre-eminent. He is a young gentleman who has no such word as *fail*, or *can't*, in his vocabulary. The main responsibility of this Concert rested upon his shoulders, and most faithfully did he execute the arduous duties devolving upon him. Many were the compliments bestowed upon him for his admirable performances, and most modestly did he acknowledge them. Long may he live, a credit to his people, who will, I trust, ever appreciate him!

But I must not forget to mention that Professors Webb, Bowyer, and Bridges, all of them accomplished musicians, reflected great credit upon themselves. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Mr. Wm. Carr, the talented and efficient leader of the Choir. He has just cause to be proud of his Choir, and they are really proud of him. The same be said of Mr. Jno. Simpson, the very gentlemanly assistant leader. But I have not mentioned my friend, Mr. Brown, who "Cast that shadow." Go ahead, friend Brown; keep a stiff upper lip, and, with practice, you will yet cast your shadow far and wide.

The proceeds of the Concert, after deducting expenses, amounted to $62 38, which were promptly handed over to the trustees. W.

Balt. March 2d, 1863.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY CLIFTON.

I might have known it long ago—
'Twas pleasure far too sweet to last.
Our earthly joys on thorn-beds grow,
And fade with every winter-blast.

The heart with hope now beating high,
Or throbbing quickly with delight,
Next hour may heave th' desponding sigh—
Its brightness all obscured in night.

Poor mortals we! who never weave
A garland wanting for its thorn—
Who find a pleasure but to grieve
Its death ere scarcely it is born.

The flower, one moment in the hand,
Exhaling fragrant, rich perfume,
The next is withered, helpless to withstand
An adverse wind, and hastens to its tomb.

The friendship, short time since our own,
So bright it burned, and seemed so true,
Perfidious flies, leaves us alone
To walk our way—'tis vanishing as dew.

The love soon grown to fullest height,
Will fade, will chill as fast away;
We ne'er expect to last the Borealis' light,
Nor watch we long for insects of a day.

The oaks, that like the mountains stood
When blasts are crushing all around,
Grow slow, the while their roots expand;
Not hastily they thrive, but sound.

The truest hearts we find, are those
Who *slowly* make their lasting friends—
Are with us in prosperity's repose,
And when life's storm its fury spends.

MORNING.

Perhaps there is no description of the coming on of light so perfect, as that which Shelley has given us in his little poem, "The boat on the Serchio:"

The stars burnt out in the pale blue air,
And the thin, white moon lay withering there.
To tower, and cavern, and rift, and tree,
The owl and the bat fled drowsily.
Day had kindled the dewy woods,
And the rocks above and the stream below,
And the vapors in their multitudes,
And the Apennines' shroud of summer snow,
And clothed with light of aery gold,
The mists in their eastern caves uproll'd.
Day had awaken'd all things that be—
The lark and the thrush, and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song and the mower's scythe,
And the matin bell and the mountain bee.
Fire-flies were quench'd on the dewy corn,
Glow-worms went out on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim;
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill.

WAIT, MY LITTLE ONE!

Wait! my little one, wait!
When you get to the beautiful land;
Tarry a little, my darling,
Ere you join the heavenly band
Stand close to the shining gates of pearl,
Look out on the narrow way,
For I want the first glance of my heaven-born sight
On my little babe to stray.

Wait! my little one, wait!
When you reach the courts above;
Look down with the light of thy beautiful eyes
On those that you used to love.
Whisper sweet dreams in our earthly ears
When we lie down to sleep;
Paint bright pictures before our eyes
When we awaken to weep.

Wait! my little one, wait!
When you reach the celestial strand,
For thy mother may be toiling up
To the heights of the better land.
For the years that fall like molten lead
On the hearts this side of the sea,
Will pass like the light of a beautiful dream,
My little baby, o'er thee.

☞ Have you asked your neighbor to take the RECORDER? If you wish him well, ask him!

IN THE GARDEN.

Whene'er again thou sinkest,
My heart! beneath thy load,
Or from the battle shrinkest,
And murmurest at thy God,
Then I will lead thee hither,
To watch thy Saviour's prayer,
And learn from His endurance
How thou should'st also bear.

Oh come, wouldst thou be like Him,
Thy Lord Divine, and mark
What chastening sorrows strike Him,
What anguish deep and dark,
That extort cry to spare Him,
The trial scarce begun!
Yet still he saith: "My Father,
Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Oh wherefore doth His spirit
Such bitter conflict know?
What sins, what crimes could merit
Such deep and awful woe?
So pure are not the heavens,
[illegible]
And yet He saith: "My Father,
Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Oh mark that night of sorrow,
That agony of prayer,
No friend can watch till morrow
His grief to soothe and share.
Oh where shall he find comfort?
With God, with God alone,
And still He saith: "My Father,
Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Hath life for Him no gladness,
No joy the light of day?
Can He, then, feel no sadness,
When heart and hope give way?
That cup of mortal anguish
One bitter cry hath won,
That it might pass: "Yet, Father,
Thy will, not mine, be done!"

And who the cup prepared Him,
And who the poison gave?
'Twas one He loved ensnared Him,
'Twas they He came to save.
Oh sharpest pain, to suffer
Betray'd and mock'd—alone;
Yet still he saith: "My Father,
Thy will, not mine be done!"

But what is joy or living,
What treachery or death,
When all His work, His striving,
Seem hanging on His breath?
Oh can it stand without Him,
That work but just begun?
Yet still he saith: "My Father,
Thy will, not mine, be done!"

He speaks, no more He shrinketh,
Himself He offers up.
He sees it all, yet drinketh
For us that bitter cup.
He goes to meet the traitor,
The cross he will not shun,—
He saith: "I come, My Father,
Thy will, not mine, be done!"

My Saviour, I will never
Forget Thy word of grace,
But still repeat it ever,
Through good and evil days;
And looking up to Heaven,
Till all my race is run,
I'll humbly say: "My Father,
Thy will, not mine, be done."

W. Hey. 1828.

AN ADDRESS TO HUSBANDMEN

BY WALTER ELDER.

All hail! ye cropper of the land,
In life you've ta'en a noble stand;
Thy calling is so wise and grand
No king can equal thee!
If I were left to choose a trade,
I first would clinch the plough or spade;
The hardest times can't make them fade;
A husbandman for me!

Thou art the sovereign of the soil!
When products large reward thy toil,
All mankind then do grateful smile,
And count it a God-send.
Your wife and daughters, blithe and fair,
Are free alike from want and care;
Thy gallant sons, right nobly, dare
Their useful labors tend!

When land and stocks are all thine own,
And seeds got in and timely sown,
In harvest, crops are reaped and mown,
And carefully got in.
In winter months, provide manure
To make all yields both good and sure;
No evil then will thee allure,
Nor lead you into sin.

Success to thee who tills the ground!
In ev'ry clime where thou art found,
May all thy crops with thrift abound,
And plenty round thee bring!
'Tiou art a nation's mind wealth;
Thy products give the people health,
And comforts, too—not empty stealth;
But ev'ry useful thing.

I wish your horses sound and strong:
Thy cattle and thy sheep,
The same pigs, and poultry, too,
May they good breeders keep.
Possum's trees and bushes, vines,
Yield yearly blooms and fruits,
When they do get manures enough
To feed and clothe their roots.

Sweet Flora's ware should get good care
And daily much attention;
Their beauties are so charming, fair,
Too many here to mention.
And O, they shed a sunshine light
Around thy rural home:
I love them there and ev'rywhere
I travel, stay and roam.
You, worthy, honest, grazier chap,
May think you're here forgot;
Yet I've a word or two for you—
God's blessing on your lot.
It's very pleasing, in spring-time,
To get a young stock born;
Let no good grazier, after this,
Say, "Men was made to mourn."

With grass so green, and health so good,
Keep always in a cheerful mood,
You just stand now where Abr'am stood,
The *faithful man of God*.
When autumn comes, you sell your flocks,
And then increase in "money stocks."
Your're favored far 'bove other folks
With profits of the sod.

In choosing land, you, dairy-man,
Secure the running waters,
To *swell the milk*, give cows a drink—
Make thine wife and daughters,
Such scrubbing, scouring, washing clean,
Tend all things to keep sweet;
Then cheese and butter, when for sale,
For better prices meet.

A deal of work you have, no doubt,
But that promotes your health.
When other people are in want,
You've plenty, comfort, wealth.
All hail! then noble husbandry,
Great parent of all trades,
You flourish like an olive green
When ev'ry other fades!

Philada., Nov., 1862.

CHARLIE AND THE ROBIN'S SONG.

One summer morning early,
When the dew was bright to see,
Our dark-eyed little Charlie
Stood by his mother's knee
And he heard a robin singing
In a tree so tall and high
On the topmost bough 'twas swinging,
Away up in the sky.

"Mamma, the robin 's praying,
In the very tree-top there;
'Glory! glory!' it is saying,
And that is all its prayer.
But God will surely hear him,
And the angels standing by,
For God is very near him,
Away up in the sky."

"My child! God is no nearer
To robin on the tree,
And does not hear him clearer
Than he does you and me
For he hears the angels harping
In sun-bright glory drest,
And the little birdlings chirping
Down in their leafy nest."

"Mamma, if you should hide me
Away down in the dark,
And leave no lamp beside me,
Would God then have to hark?
And if I whisper lowly,
All covered in my bed,
Do you think that Jesus holy
Would know what 'twas I said?"

"My darling little lisper,
God's light is never dim,
*The very lowest whisper
Is always close to Him.*"

—Mother's Journal.

Domestic Items.

Items.—General Foster has returned to Newbern to make arrangements for another expedition.

A grand review of the entire force from North Carolina was made by Gen Hunter yesterday. The display was very imposing.

Our iron-clad navy will soon have complete control of Charleston harbor.

There is reason to believe that active operations in the Department of the South will not be much longer delayed. It is rumored that Admiral Dupont is only waiting for the arrival of iron-clads, of which five are already at Port Royal and two others are to start for that port immediately. The rebels have exhausted engineering science in fortifying both Charleston and Savannah, but no doubts are entertained that the "Monitors" will overcome all difficulties.

The reports relative to matters in Charleston are somewhat contradictory, but the general evidence is that the people have nearly all left the place—that they have carried away furniture and everything of value, and intend to burn the city, rather than have it taken by the Union forces.

The rebels are perplexed by the operations of Admiral Dupont and General Hunter. Troops are advancing in the direction of Savannah. A portion of General Foster's force has been thrown Southward. Heavy cannon are loading at the pier on schooners and tugs, which are to be placed in position by troops already sent out. No wonder they are perplexed, for the preparations are such that when the fleet moves from the harbor of Port Royal, it will be in condition to sail either towards Charleston or Savannah, as prudence may dictate.

Protest Against Mediation by the Senate.—Washington, Feb. 28th.—The resolutions reported by Mr Sumner, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, and concurred in even by Messrs. Henderson, Davis and Hicks, (the Border State members,) assert that the Government is engaged in the suppression of a conspiracy for the establishment of a separate Government upon the corner-stone of Slavery, and for the building up of a great class power—and that the only effect of mediation, arbitration and interference would be to prolong and intensify the struggle and add to its horrors. All tendencies to foreign intervention are protested against, and foreign Governments and people are called upon to note the present struggle as a contest between freedom and slavery.

Cairo is full of startling rumors. It is said that on the 26th the Vicksburg cut-off was completed, the dredging machines having been at work for several days.

It is asserted that the transports have also passed through, and the gunboats are preparing to follow after. The rebel batteries at Warrenton are to be reduced.

The whole force is to be sent against Port Hudson.

It is also stated that the small gunboat fleet have reached the Yazoo river, via Union Lake.

The London Times ridicules the Lord Mayor for bringing Mason into prominence at the Mansion House banquet, and shows that the affair was without any significance. It says:

"Mr. Mason's remarks about the early recognition of the Confederates go far ahead of the real state of affairs. Recognition is not a question of time, of a minority or of a majority, but of real existing facts. When the Federals find themselves obliged to leave the Confederates in quiet possession of their States, it will be time to discuss the question of recognition. As it is, Mr. Mason has received no assistance or encouragement, except from gentlemen who, like the Lord Mayor, are under no responsibility to weigh their words."

Philadelphia Markets.

APPLES.—Green, 2.00@3.00; dried, 5@8.

BARK.—Quercitron, first quality, 36 00@00 00; second quality, 33 00@00 00; third quality, 28.00@00 00; Spanish Oak, cord, 16.00@17 00; Chestnut Oak, 15@16

BEEF.—Mess, barrel, 12.00@15.00; Prime, 6@7; dried beef, 11@11½.

BEESWAX.—Yellow, 42@43.

BRISTLES.—American, 40@50.

BUTTER.—Firkin, 17@23; in kegs, 14@18; Roll, 18@25; Goshen, 20@24.

CANDLES.—Sperm, 34@35; Adamantine, 20@22; Tallow mould, 14@14½; dipped, 13@00.

CHEESE.—Ohio, 12@13. New York, 13@15.

COFFEE.—Cuba, 32@34; Java, 35@38; Laguayra, 31@33, Maracaibo, 31@31; Mocha, 40@00, Rio, 30@31; St Domingo, 30@31.

CRACKERS.—6@7.

DRIED BEEF.—10½@11.

FEATHERS.—American, 45@47.

FISH.—Mackerel No. 1, 12 50@18.00; No. 2, 7.50@10 00; No 3, 4.50@6 75; No. 4, 3.50@5.00. Herring, pickled, barrel, 2 50@5.00; box, 25@00.

FLAX.—Jersey, 8@9.

FLOUR.—Penna., 6.25@6 50; extra, 7 25@8 00, Western, 6 00@6.25. Rye flour, 4 75@5.00. Corn meal, 3.75@4 00.

FRUIT.—Raisins, box, 3.45@4.10; quarter boxes, 1.00@1 10. Ginger, per pound, 18@19. Citron, 40@43. Oranges, 2.75@3 00. Lemons, 2.25@2.50. Currants, 11½@12½. Figs, 13@14½. Almonds, soft, 31@32; hard, 17@19. Groundnuts, bushel, 1.75@2 50.

GRAIN.—Wheat, Penna. red, 1.70@1.75, white, 1.85@2.00; Southern red, 1.70@1.75; Southern white, 1.80@1.85. Rye, Penna., 97@1.00. Southern, 92@94; Corn, yellow, 88@90; white, 85@89, Oats, Penna., 40@43; Southern, 40@42. Beans, white, 2.25@2 75.

HOPS.—10@20.

LARD.—Jersey, 12@12½, Western, 12@12½.

LUMBER.—White Pine, Susq., 15@17; Yellow Pine, Virg., 16@17; Hemlock, Lehigh, 8.00@9 50, Albany White Pine, 25@28. Shingles, cedar, M; 20@22.

MOLASSES.—Cuba, 38@48; Porto Rico, 45@50, New Orleans, 40@58; Sugar House, 25@35.

OILS.—Olive, gallon, 1.65@1 70; Linseed, 1 64@1 70. Whale, crude, 97@1.00, winter, 1 00@1.05; fall, 1.00@1.10, Sperm, winter, 2.00@2.10; spring and fall 1 7@1 80; Lard oil, spring, 80@85; winter, 92@95; petroleum, 37@46.

PEACHES.—Dried, 7@11. Pared, 15@18.

PLASTER.—Soft, 3 25@3 37.

PORK.—Mess, 11 75@[illegible]. Hams, smoked, 9@12; pickle, 7½@9; Sides, [illegible]; in salt, 7@9½. Shoulders, smoked, 5@6, in salt, 5½@5½.

POTATOES.—Bushel, 60@90.

RICE.—7 25@7 50.

SALT.—Liverpool, in sacks, 1.35@1.40; sacks, fine, 2 25@2.50; St. Martin's, 28@31; Turk's Island, 29@31.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed, 6.50@7 12½; Flaxseed, 3 45@3 70; Timothy, 2 75@3.00; Herd Grass, 80@90; Canary Seed, 2 25@2.50.

SUGARS.—Havana, white, 12 00@13 00; yellow, 10.50@12.00; New Orleans, 10.00@12.25; Cuba, 10.00@11.50; H. R. loaf, 15½; crushed, 17; pulverized, 14½.

WOOL.—Prime or Saxony, 85@90; American, No. 1, pulled, 75@80, Merino, 78@82.

Church Directory

OF

PHILADELPHIA

FIRST (COLORED) PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Seventh Street, below Shippen.

SERVICE.

Morning, - - - - - 10½ o'clock.
Afternoon, - - - - - 3 o'clock.

LECTURES every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the EBENEZER HALL, Seventh street, below Lombard Street.

JONATHAN C. GIBBS, Pastor,
107 North Fifth Street

SABBATH SCHOOL.

The Sabbath School connected with this Church meets at nine o'clock in the morning, and at half past one in the afternoon.

JACOB C. WHITE, Superintendent

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Lombard Street, below Ninth.

SERVICE.

Morning, Prayer Meeting, - - - 10½ o'clock.
Preaching, afternoon, - - - 3 o'clock
Preaching, evening - - - 7½ o'clock

LECTURE every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.
JOHN B. REEVES, Pastor.
Residence—907 Lombard St.

A. M. E. UNION CHURCH—Coates Street, below Fifth St.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

Preaching at - - - 10 A. M.
" - - - 3 P. M.
" - - - 7 P. M.

Preaching on every Thursday evening.
Class on Sabbath, at 12 o'clock, M.
" Monday evening, at 7 o'clock
" Friday evening, at 7 o'clock

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M., and at half-past 1 o'clock, P. M.
REV. HENRY DAVIS, Minister in Charge,
Residence—No. 918 Wood Street

Married.

In Peoria, Ill., Feb 19th, 1863, by W. J. Davis, Mr. SAMUEL VACEY, to Miss CHARITY WILLIAMSON, both of Peoria, Ill.

Married, on Jan 25th, 1863, by Rev. John Turner, Mr. CHARLES WARD of Ohio, to Miss AMANDA POINT of Leavenworth, Kansas.

Died.

In New Bedford, Massachusetts, Feb. 11th, 1863, CHARLOTTE JANE SIMPSON, aged 18 years, and one month, only child of Edward and Susan Simpson, after one week's suffering with the canker-rash. She was a member of the Allman M. E. Sabbath school.

On the 13th inst., JAMES H. MORRIS, aged four years and eight months.

On the 11th inst., MARY E. MORRIS, three years, and two months, after three days illness with the canker-rash, children of Mr. and Martha Morris.

Go by angels guards attended,
To the heavenly place above;
For of such the kingdom is,
My father suffers them to come.

Departed this life on Sunday morning, Feb 22th, at 11 o'clock, A. M., Mrs. SARAH BUTLER, after a long protracted illness. She was a great sufferer, but bore it with Christian fortitude, giving great satisfaction of the assurance of a better land than this. I will say more of her hereafter. W. W. GRIMES,

New Bedford, Mass., Feb 23rd, 1863.

Advertisements.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY,

"TRIBE OF ASA,"

Will give a Benefit Concert for the "S. C. Statistical Association of the colored people of Pennsylvania," at Sansom Street Hall, Wednesday Evening, March 11th, when they will sing their new songs of Home, Patriotism and Freedom

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Children under 15 years, 15 Cents.

Tickets may be had at the door, and of the Committee, Isaiah C. Wears, W. Still, J. C. Gibbs, P. B. Vidal, Stephen Smith, J. C. White, Sr., Moses Wheeler, Franklin Turner, S. Morgan Smith, Henry Gordon, Robert Jones, W. P. Price, Morris Brown, C. H. Bustill, J. P. Clay, Parker T. Smith, Dr. J. H. Willson.

THE

FARMER & GARDENER,

A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,

Devoted to the Interests of Agriculture, &c.

A. M. SPANGLER, EDITOR.

CONTENTS OF THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

AGRICULTURE.—Living on Agriculture—Bone Manure—Leached Ashes—Pneumonia, or Influenza in the Lungs in Cattle—Artificial Location of the Patella—Bleeding Animals—Hog Pens—Look Well to your Dairy Cows—Cultivation of the Plum. The Feasibility of Woods—Cultivation of Celery—What Gifts Tree—Cheap Cisterns and Filters—Experiment in Irrigation—The Plough.

HORTICULTURE.—Brief Hints for the Kitchen Garden—The Remunerating Influence of Horticulture—New and Improved Flowers—The Ever Blooming Rose—Soil for Flower Gardens—Cultivation of Bulbs—Culture of the Raspberry—Shrubs in Grassy for Barren Fruit Trees—Salt for Trees—To Prepare Trees for Planting—Apple and Peach Trees from the seed.

EDITORIAL.—The Soil in a Peril—The Relation of the Farmer to the County—Prospective Scarcity of Farm Hands—Keeping Accounts—High Feeding of Cows and Stock Generally—Magazines, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A Truthful and Cheap Barometer—Words in the English Language—Two Pi-lings to the Hen—Loss of Weight in Salting Pork—Proportion of the Sexes in the United States—Red Ink.

HOME DEPARTMENT.—Feeding Poultry—Killing and Preparation of Fowls—Lime on Fruits—Treatment and Care of Hens—Corn Bread—Scalloped Oysters—The Best Corn Bread—Cooking Apples—Three Hints for the Season—Vegetable Hash—To Clean—To Keep a Fire Bright by Two Applications a Year—To Clean Black Crates, Hear the elder, &c.—Killing Cats, a Novel Plan—Choosing Horses, a New Cloth—Artificial Goods for Horses—What is the Cheapest Food for Horses?—Fattening Cattle on Cod-Liver Oil—Heave Remedy—Soap tub Ink—The Bamboo and its Uses—Cleaning Linen—Party Lightning Rods.

TERMS—One Dollar per annum.

WM. S. YOUNG, Proprietor.

☞ A specimen No. will be sent to any one who may forward two letter stamps and address.

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION.

The new process of bread making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas, under pressure, by which the dough mass is made thoroughly light and ready to be discharged into pans for baking, in the brief space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The "sponge" is 300 pounds, and each machine completes the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes.

The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results. 1. Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and in the superior value of the article produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed. 2. Because such employment of capital, as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition it precludes none of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not come to Dr. Ure, though he seems to have had a clear foreshadowing of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, since he states hypothetically that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be somewhat spongy. Could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be so much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, to Dr. Ure, was evidently a clearly comprehended chemical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

ITS ECONOMY.—The superiority of unfermented bread is by no means new. Dr. Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says:—

"In Scotland, nine tenths of the lower class of people, and that is the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, or unfermented farinacea in other forms, and there are not a more healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years, that I have practised among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with a disease, in our countrymen, that I could impute to the use of unfermented farinacea."

At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the [illegible] referred to above by Dr. Cullen, and other kindred writers, says:—

"Such, then, being sufficient evidence in favor of the wholesomeness of unfermented bread, it becomes important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The result gained by this process (fermentation) may be considered to be merely the separation of the particles of which the loaf is composed, so as to render the mass more readily divisible by the preparatory organs of digestion. But, as this alone is aimed at, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of Professor Thompson's experiment showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent, over that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of over one sixteenth of the nutritive properties of the flour which, by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

We come now to a more particular consideration of the superiority of the Bread made without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents, over the Bread made by other processes. Although from what has already been said, this superiority appears in most vivid contrast, yet the public will be better satisfied to have the points stated specifically; for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction in the manufacture of bread.

I. ITS CLEANLINESS.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or feet of the baker, from the setting of the flour to the completion of the baking, it is not and scarcely can be touched by any one. "The desideratum attained in its manufacture," says Dr. Willard Parker, "is its entire cleanliness." Says Dr. [illegible], "The process is not only purely scientific, but pre-eminently cleanly."

II. ITS PRESERVING ALL THE NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLES OF THE FLOUR.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure in a closed vessel or receiver, it takes a perfect vesicular or spongy texture. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly unchanged, while the process of raising bread by fermentation inevitably sacrifices some of them, as has been already shown.

III. ITS UNIFORMITY.—The bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious. The conditions being simple, and not liable to variation, no failure can occur in always producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity. The process also insures a perfect freedom from all acidity, even in the hottest weather. Says the London *Times*:

"The objectionable consequences of fermentation being avoided, the constituents of the flour are left both unchanged and uncontaminated, the resulting meal being absolutely pure."

IV. ITS WHOLESOMENESS.—Being free from the deleterious substances which are the product of fermentation or chemical reactions, by the old modes, the bread made by the New Process is [illegible]

[illegible]

V. ITS SAVINGS AND ECONOMY.—[illegible]

[illegible]

VAN RIPER & CAMP,
EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS,
Corner of Broad and Buttonwood Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

COUSIN'S HOUSE,

EAST MAIN STREET,

XENIA, OHIO.

This House has been thoroughly repaired adding much to the comfort of guests. Is now open for the accommodation of old friends, and the public generally. Neither pains nor expense will be spared to give general satisfaction to Bridal Parties and others seeking pleasure, and they will do well to call.

Feb 7-6mo. JOHN COUSINS, Proprietor

MRS MARTHA COLLINS,

730 Russell Street, above Fitzwater.

Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL, for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

MRS S. SHORTER HAWKINS'

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Mrs. H. calls the attention of her friends and patrons to a new stock of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of Delaines, Calicoes, Flannels, Muslins, Drills, Shawls, Balmoral, and Hoop Skirts.

N. B. Regalia and Dress Trimmings still on hand. All will be sold as near the old prices as possible. Call and see.

SHROUDING.

Mrs. JANE JOHNSON & Mrs. ANN WEAR

Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

No 818 South Eighth Street, Philada.,

and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

☞ TERMS MODERATE. 1y

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CORAL, PEARL, ONYX, JET, &
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for sale cheap at

JOHN S. WILSON'S,
1808 MARKET STREET, PHILA.

nov29-5t

TO THE FRIENDS

OF

OUR PATRIOT DEAD.

Repeated applications having been made to the subscriber to establish a branch of his business in the vicinity of the late battle fields, with a view of reducing the cost of bringing home the bodies of the dead, he respectfully announces that he has now established a branch at Hagerstown, Md., and is prepared to attend to the business at greatly reduced rates. Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

The Burial Casket

furnished by me is equal to any other in use with regard to security, economy, and entire absence of any of the unpleasant circumstances which generally surround similar articles. Wherever used it has given entire satisfaction, and the subscriber challenges comparison with any Casket now before the public.

Much complaint has been made of the extortious practiced by unprincipled men engaged in the business, which the subscriber will honestly avoid,

JOHN GOOD, Undertaker.

No. 921 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED.

A very respectable moral young woman to learn the dress-making business in all of its various branches, one that has learned to sew, and has a regard for Christianity, can apply at Mrs. Margaret Hazzard's dress making establishment, where they can be accommodated with board in the house if required. Inquire at No. 520 Shippen Street, between 5th and 6th Streets, South side.

Feb 20-1t

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AND

SEXTON OF DR. WADSWORTH'S CHURCH,

No. 250 South Tenth St., above Spruce,

Dec 18 1y. PHILADELPHIA.

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GENERAL FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

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Every requisite furnish[illegible] most reasonable terms.

[illegible] De 19 1y

A SERMON

ON

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Preached in Portland, Oregon, October 31, 1858. By Rev. P. B. Chamberlain, pastor of the First Congregational Church. Third edition. Price 10 cents.—$1.00 per dozen, $7.00 per 100. Will be sent by mail, on receipt of the money and direction. Wm. S. Young, No 923 Race street, Philadelphia.

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THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No 4, D. of T., from Phenix Union, No 5, D. of T., from Northern Union, No 16, D. of T., Webb's Union, of Chambersburgh, Pa., from Dr. Ross' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No 12 D. of T., from Vandusckle Union, No 15, T., of Norristown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet, Grand Associate, Sister Burrels, Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett, Grand Conductress, P. Thompson, Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dubbart; Grand Chaplain Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Roberts, G. P. P. Sister Anderson,
" " E. Bowen, " " J. F. Brown,
" " M. H. Lyons, " " E. A. Evans,
" " S. Newman, " " Moore,
" " S. Davis, " " S. Hall.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May, August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

Mrs. SARAH CARTER,
President.
Mr. L. R. SEYMOUR, Sec'y.

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OF THE

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We keep on hand, in connexion with our other books, Sabbath school books of various kinds, Question Books, Catechisms, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. We have a good assortment of such books as are generally used in the Public Schools. Also, Stationery, Inks, Pens, Paper, Envelopes and Blank Books.

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Dec 2-1y 604 MARKET STREET

GOOD NEWS

To Tailors, Dress-makers, and to those wishing to be such. Also, to owners of sewing machines [illegible] Pants, Vests, Jackets, and Over-coats.

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Or, apply to Mrs. Mary F. Weaver, (wife of the Editor of this paper,) 819 Pine St., Philada., Pa. Jan 19—6p

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NEW AND SECOND HAND

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STOVE STORE,

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The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and all in want of good stoves, that he has now on hand a general variety of excellent PARLOR, COOK and CHAMBER STOVES, including Gas-burning, as well as other patterns, which he is selling at very low rates. He buys entirely for cash, of the best wholesale foundries, and of course can sell much cheaper than those buying on the usual credit system. At any rate his friends are invited to give him a call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere, as he feels that they would be convinced that it would be to their interest to give him their patronage. Coal orders constantly on hand.

W. M. STILL.

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NO. 717 LOMBARD STREET, PHILA.,

(Above Seventh St., under Philadelphia Institute,)

Where he continues to keep always on hand the very best assortment of OYSTERS and other refreshments—hoping that all his friends and the public in general will favor him with their patronage.

☞ Meals served at all hours. Families supplied with Oysters of the best quality and flavor at the shortest notice.

☞ Also, public and private waiting done on the most reasonable terms. 1y

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The subscriber will always be happy to welcome her numerous friends, and the public in general.

TERMS:

Board per week, ... $6 00
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Single meals, ... 50

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BOARDING

IN BROOKLYN.

MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first-class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

Her house being located in a very pleasant part of the city, and within five minutes' walk of Fulton Ferry, is made thus a very desirable and convenient place.

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Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banaker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banaker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable.

1-sept

COAL, STOVES, &c., &c.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

NO. 107 NORTH FIFTH STREET,

formerly occupied as the Anti Slavery Office, (where he has been engaged for the last fourteen years,) to occupy it henceforth as a place of business for the sale of

COAL, STOVES, &C.

Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh, Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

He will also keep constantly on hand a general assortment of good NEW and SECOND-HAND STOVES, FURNACES, &c.

Persons wishing Stoves taken down, stored away, put up, or cleaned, can be promptly accommodated by applying as above.

He hopes by energy and strict attention to business to obtain a fair share of patronage.

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One or two respectable colored men in a quiet and respectable family to lodge, where they can secure all the comforts of a home, with a furnished room.

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Nov 17

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We hope, that brethren of our connexion and friends will send orders, accompanied with the cash, for such works as they themselves ought to study—also the Sabbath Schools—so that our Depository may have an upward, and not a downward tendency.

I remain, your humble and obedient servant,

ELISHA WEAVER,
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CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE

[illegible] *Variety Store.*

No. 47 South Street, Philadelphia.

"THE LINES ARE FALLEN UNTO ME IN PLEASANT PLACES."

I love the peaceful Sabbath-time,
As voice of Sabbath bells,
Proclaims in double, triple chime,
"Here, Lord! thine honor dwells."
I love to see the young and old,
Responsive to the call,
Haste to the gentle Shepherd's fold,
And crowd the sacred stall.
But should the Muses cloud the sky,
That earth may spring anew
And with a blessing choose to try,
Who are his faithful few,—
If stay-at-homes are well and strong,
There surely must be something wrong.

I love betimes, to take my way,
With wife and children band
Like steps,—from two feet you would say,
To six feet high they stand:
I love to enter steadily,
To bend to God for grace,
And to a stranger, readily
Yield up the wonted place.—
For though I love a crowded aisle,
All in their happiest mood,
As if they loved to come the while,
And coming did their good;
Still member's place is stranger's due;
He ought not *haunt* a Christian's pew.

I love the organ's sounding peal,
I love the call 'Confess,'
I love the contrite's pardon seal,
In Christ, our righteousness.
I love the opening hymn, whence spring,
The thrilling note of soul-felt praise,
When all the congregation sing,
And heart attunes with voice, the lays:
In every group a perfect choir,
Swells group to group the anthem higher,
Till tidal wave of rich accord,
Bursts forth one choral, "Praise the Lord."

I love not well, when choir quartett,
Monopolise the notes they raise,
To mock th' exceptions, those who yet,
Would join their studied act of praise.
The singers may be true and good,
Their worship, doubtless, all sincere,
But oft, alas! 'tis understood,
They *sing*—the people silent, *hear*.
Sooth 'tis a sweeter, nobler strain,
Raised by my rosy neighbors fair,
Whose fresh young voices swell amain,
Because devotion's soul is there.
And then the cost of trained quartett,
Soprano clear and basso deep,—
What they in yearly stipend get,
A score of Mission schools would keep.
Commissioned praise, vicarious song!
There surely must be something wrong.

I love the gospel-lesson's sound
Of vast, undying love the token;
Where gracious words of Him abound,
Who spake as man has never spoken.
I love the solemn call to pray,
When human kind, seems human kin,
And self is merged in man, to stay
Creator's wrath from creature's sin,
Pure Spirit flame! thy quickening glow
Links earthly chain to heavenly pole.
One mighty heart-throb's answering flow,
Upbears the longing of the soul.
What glorious privilege to stand,
United round the throne in prayer,
To call down blessings on our land,
And o'er its rulers, special care:
To suffering, help, relief for need,
And for a world to intercede!

I love not well that easy style,
Indulged by some well meaning friends,
Who could, if needs be, run a mile,
Yet sit, while sacrifice ascends.
I cannot, would not, dare not tell,
What soul is on its bended knees,
My word be theirs, who would repel
The charge of weakness, age, disease.
Yet some amendment might be wrought,
Would we raise our ancient bond,
And seal with word devotion's thought:
'Tis time the people should *respond*.
On all, might gifts increased be poured,
Who *stand* and *speak* before their Lord.

I love the hymnal call for grace,
So to receive and hold,
That heavenly seed in watered place,
May yield a hundred-fold.
I love, when posted on his tower,
The watchman sounds his trumpet-blast,
"The accepted time, salvation's hour,
Is now,—this call may be the last."
And tempted am I, here to ask,
Why come the *watches* forth to view?
Is sermon time an irksome task,
Or, are its moments all too few?
A maxim erst, was laid for me,
Unformed in manner all, as yet,
"That show of watch in company,
Marks breach of courtly etiquette."

I love a theme well pointed, clear;
The propositions broad and high,
The arguments in line appear,
Convincing, sound, in full supply.
I wait not 'prentice-play to come,
When master's place is occupied,
But workmen's rivets driven home,
Then clinched upon the other side.
I love deductions, ample, fair,
Terse lessons of direct intent,
Persuasive call to each one there,
"Thy sins forsake, repent, repent,"
No easy velvet homily,
But earnest plea, and searching look,
That each must own, "'twas meant for me,'
Nor write it in his neighbour's book.
Thus, sinner's props are swept away,
The easy churchman sleeps no more,
The child of God will inward pray,
The Holy Spirit hov'reth o'er.
Cease, watchman,—lift thy suppliant cry,
Soul-freighted, to the throne on high.

I love the final psalm, whose tone
Vibrates contrition's sigh,
Points faith to Him, the living One,
Who intercedes for aye.
As listening angels catch the note,
Redemption's song with harps they play,
Celestial music seems to float,
And linger in the closing lay.
"The Father, Son, and Spirit praise:
To God, Triune of endless days,
Great undivided One, in Three,
Unbounded glory ever be."

I love the benediction's grace,
With lifted hand o'er bended head;
The unwilling foot-fall's lingering pace,
Ere from the courts of God I tread.
O, say! love you these loves of mine?
If like delights your heart entwine,
So, let our daily walk afford,
A perfect service to the Lord. Suo.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

Passing along on the Pittsburgh and Chicago railway, as we approached the village of Massillon, O., a friend called attention to a beautiful residence on a charming site to the south of the village. Men would suppose that happiness was an inmate of that dwelling, and while speaking of it, little did we think, what I learned soon after, that the physicians and friends were gathering around the dying occupant in earnest consultation. Thus while all things seemed cheerful without, sorrow reigned within.

How prone we are to judge from partial knowledge, and to be deceived by appearances. In this world things are oftimes very different from what they seem to be. Men frequently wear the mask of cheerfulness, when a worm of care or grief is gnawing at the heart. Devils assume the garb of angels and saints. Wasting disease often decks herself in the roseate hues of health. Sin allures with the promise of life, and pleasure, and profit, concealing the sting with which it infuses the death-bearing poison into the soul.

The lesson which these facts eloquently teach is, caution against deception by appearances. What seems like a light is ofttimes only an *ignis fatuus*, a "lamp upon the marsh, which a traveller never reacheth." That which is taken for a wholesome medicine may be a most virulent poison. The wine cup sparkles and promises to make a merry heart, but the serpent's bite and the adder's sting are not more deadly. D. H.

NEW GAS.

Petroleum gas has been introduced into the St. Nicholas Hotel New York. With crude petroleum at fifty cents per gallon, the proprietors estimate that they will make a saving of $10,000 per annum in their gas bills. The Manhattan company charged them nearly $23,000 a year.

From the Lutheran and Missionary.

HOW MONEY CAN BE MADE TO ACCUMULATE.

I promised in my last to give you an account of an experiment of a great merchant prince to accumulate an enormous fortune for his descendants, and how it resulted:

This is the story:—Peter Thelusson (son of Isaac de Thelusson, Ambassador from Genoa to the Court of Louis XV.) settled in England and fixing his abode in London, about the middle of the eighteenth century, he accumulated an immense fortune as a merchant there. (The family traces its descent to the ancient Noblesse in France.) Peter subsequently purchased the manor of Brodsworth in the County of York. He married in 1761, and died 21st July, 1797, leaving three sons and several daughters. After bequeathing about £100,000, to his wife and children, he devised the residue of his immense fortune, namely landed estates to the annual value of £4,500, and personal property to the amount of £600,000 to Trustees, to accumulate and be laid out in the purchase of estates in England, until all the male children of his sons and grandsons are dead, and then the whole to be conveyed to the eldest male descendant of his three sons, (who, if otherwise named, was to take the name of Thelusson,) with benefit of survivorship. The term of accumulation was computed to be not less than from ninety to one hundred and twenty years. If it should terminate at the first period, the property would amount to about thirty-five millions of pounds sterling; if at the latter, to one hundred and forty millions. If, at this remote period, he should have no lineal descendants, the whole estates are to be sold, and the money applied to the Sinking Fund under the direction of Parliament. This extraordinary Will was mooted before the House of Lords, but finally confirmed by that branch of the Legislature on the 25th of June, 1805. An Act of Parliament, however, subsequently passed to interdict in future any accumulation of property so devised, beyond the term of twenty-one years after the death of the Testator.

The *result* of the experiment, (with some little repetition of the above.) I give from the London "*Times*," July 5th, 1856.

AN ENGLISH MILLIONAIRE.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of vanity, and pursue with eagerness the phantom of a name, attend to the history of one richer than Rasselas,—even to the history of one Peter Thelusson, late of the city of London, merchant. It is partly detailed in the columns of our this day's Law Report, but scarcely plain enough to be understood without labor by non-legal minds.

It is now sixty-two years since Peter Thelusson took stock of his worldly possessions, and found that he had £600,000 in money and land of the annual value of £4,500. Peter Thelusson had satisfied the ordinary ambition of an English *bourgeois*—he had founded a family. Peter Isaac, the son of his youth and the prop of his house, was heir to £35,000 a year in money and land, and might claim to be a born gentleman. Peers and Peeresses might hereafter spring in intermediate succession from that denizen of a dingy little back parlor behind the Bank. The best men upon 'Change envied the rich and prosperous Peter Thelusson, who had no object of ambition unsatisfied. Peter was of a different mind; he had not nearly money enough. Let other men be satisfied to found one family; Peter was lucky enough to have three sons, and he would found three families. It was not that he loved his sons, or his sons' sons; but it was the hope and desire of this magnificent posthumous miser to associate his name in future generations with three colossal fortunes. If he did not love his sons, he did not hate them; he was simply indifferent to everything except to his own cherished object. Peter Thelusson took the very best legal advice, and made a will. He left a few trifling legacies, probably to show that no unnatural antipathy to his children tainted that will with mania. But this great fortune was all conveyed to trustees. It was to accumulate until every man, woman and child of the offspring of Peter, and alive or begotten at the moment of Peter's death, should also be defunct. No one of the children or grandchildren who had ever looked Peter in the face, or trembled in his presence, or quailed at the sound of his harsh, hard voice, should ever be the richer of Peter's wealth. "And the rich man also died." Twelve months after making this will, and sixty-one years from the present time, Peter was gathered to his unknown fathers. The will was opened, which created sensations which vibrated through the land in widening circles. Our law books picture to us the blank disappointment of the then living relatives, the gentle cachinnations of a past generation of lawyers, and the gaping wonder of the general public. There were three sons and six grandsons of this malignant old merchant then alive—all destined to live the life of Tantalus; to see this great pagoda tree growing up before them, yet never to pluck one unit of its fruit. The terms of the will enjoined, that when the last survivor of the nine children and grandchildren should yield up his breath, then the charm was to end; the great mountain of accumulated wealth was to be divided into three portions, and one third was to be given to each of the "eldest male lineal descendants" of his three sons. Having thus done what he liked for his own, and excluded all his living progeny from all benefit, he ends with a whine to the Legislature worthy of Shylock appealing against mercy—he had earned his money with honesty and industry, and he hoped the Legislature would not alter his will. Of course, the first thing that followed was a Chancery suit of the fattest bulk. The common sense view of the case would have been to set aside the will, as the product of a diseased mind—a mind rendered morbid as to its disposing powers by dwelling upon an irrational object. But Lords Loughborough and Alvanley and Eldon, and judges of kindred sympathies, seem to have been led by their love of art to admire the skill with which the technicalities of our blessed real property law had been adapted to the object of this old trader. Perhaps, also, they saw something eminently sane and matter-of-fact in this good old sordid vice of accumulation, or were excited to admiration by seeing the meanest vice of man expanded into something like sublimity in its gigantesque proportions. The litigation went up to the House of Lords, and the will was confirmed. This affair naturally made a great noise. The Legislature took it up and, although they would not set aside the will by an *ex post facto* law, they branded Peter Thelusson's memory with the imputation of "vanity, illiberality, and folly;" and enacted by statute, 39th and 40th of George III cap 98, that the power of devising property for the purpose of accumulation shall be restrained in general to twenty-one years after the death of the testator. Persons of an arithmetical and statistical turn of mind also occupied themselves with the matter, and, with the aid of life insurance tables and Cocker, they calculated that this fund, accumulating at compound interest, could not amount to less than nineteen millions at the moment of distribution, and would very probably reach the tremendous figure of thirty-two millions. But "nothing is so false as facts, except figures." The calculators had forgotten to take account of that unknown quantity which must, in practical matters, be represented, not by the letter "*x*," but by the word "litigation." Contemporaneously with the Chancery suit to set aside the will, there was a cross suit to have the trusts of the will performed under the direction of the Court of Chancery. That suit is now sixty years old, and, although children and grandchildren are dead, the suit is as hale and vigorous as it was in their earliest youth. That suit was the true heir to Peter Thelusson, and it is still spending his money like a frolicksome young cornet. Necessarily there were other suits. There were suits about post testament acquisitions of real property, there were suits about advowsons, there were suits about other matters, so numerous that even equity lawyers, not stingy of their words, are fain to describe them as "various." The careful and improving management of the Court of Chancery has also exercised its influence upon the estate. The Yorkshire estates have participated in that excellent system, which has been so uniform in its action, that when we see a house all windowless and unpainted, tottering and decaying, we can predicate, with a tone of undoubting conviction, "That property is in Chancery."

The last survivor of the nine lives died in February, 1856, and four new bills were immediately filed. The property is to be divided not into thirds, but into moieties. There is, however, a question raised as to who is entitled. Who were the eldest male lineal descendants of old Peter Thelusson in February, 1856? There are two who are eldest in point of lineage, and two who are eldest in point of personal age. This point is still *sub judice*. It would not be very difficult to guess how it will be decided; but that is no matter of ours, nor would it have been a matter of the least interest to old Peter Thelusson. His object was to make the heap very large; he evidently cared not one lock of wool as to which of his descendants might be the possessors. The public interest in this long line of litigation is confined to its general aspect. Peter Thelusson's clever scheme has turned out a foolish failure. No single Thelusson will stalk over the land, overshadowing our dukes and crushing our barons by the magnitude of his territorial possessions. No thirty-two millions are expanded into broad acres where men may travel and say—"Behold the conquests of the great Peter Thelusson." Whether Lord Rendlesham and Charles Sabine Augustus Thelusson divide the estate as the eldest lineage, or whether Thomas and Arthur take as eldest in years, we should equally desire to be able to call up old Peter Thelusson to see the division of his anticipated accumulations. The Court of Chancery has so clipped and pollarded his oak, that it is not much larger than when he left it. It would be fit punishment for that purse proud, vain, cruel old man, to see that he disinherited his own children only to fatten a generation of lawyers; that he was the dupe of his own subtlety, and that his name, instead of being associated with the foundation of a house of fabulous wealth, is only known in connection with an abortive scheme of vulgar vanity.

Some years ago, one of the most wealthy men in one of our own cities made a will similar to that of Peter Thelusson's, giving a small yearly pittance to the family of his only child, and the remainder of his large estate to Trustees, to accumulate until his youngest grandchild, then an infant, should be of age; thus dooming a large family to comparative want, in order that they, or their descendants, might inherit a princely fortune at the end of twenty years.

The Supreme court of the State very properly set the will aside. O. P. Q.

AN ARMY ON SKATES.

During the famous expedition of Louis XIV., the art of locomotion was used against the Dutch themselves in one of the most curious and daring exploits recorded in history. When the States sued for peace, the terms offered by the pride of Louis were so monstrous, that the people tore open their sluices and laid the country under water. The frost after a time, however, rendered even this unavailing; and at length General Luxembourg, one dark and freezing night, mounted twelve thousand men on skates, and sent them over the ice from Utrecht to surprise the Hague. The result is given as follows by a writer who takes his fact from a French historian:

"When they left Utrecht, it was clear, frosty weather, and the effect of the moon and stars upon the even sheet of ice, over which they swept like a breeze, was truly magical. By degrees as they advanced, the visible horizon of the earth was obscured by vapour, and they could see nothing around, above, or beneath them, but a circular expanse of ice, bounded at the edge by thick, gray clouds, and canopied by the starry curtain of the sky. The strange groaning sound which ever and anon boomed along the frozen wilderness had at first something inexpressibly terrible to the imagination; and as it died fitfully away in the distance, the space surrounding them seemed extended almost to infinity. The sky at length was gradually covered by the vapors rising, as if from the edges of the circle of earth; a veil of dull and hazy white overspread the heavens and obscured the stars, and a dim, round spot of watery brightness was the only indication of the site of the moon, by which alone they could now steer their course. A rapid thaw had come on; their skates sank deeper and deeper into the ice at every sweep; and at last, the water gathering upon the surface, as it was agitated by the night wind that had now risen, assumed the appearance of a sea. The wind increased, the sky grew blacker and blacker, their footing became more spongy and insecure, they plunged almost to the knee, and the ice groaned and cracked beneath them. Every one looked upon himself as lost; and the horrors of a fate hitherto untold in story, and appearing to belong neither to the fortunes of the land nor the sea, appalled the boldest imagination.

"At length a faint, twinkling light appeared in the distance, sometimes seen and sometimes lost in the varying atmosphere; and they had the satisfaction, such as it was, of at least knowing the relative bearings of the place on which they were about to perish. The light proceeded from a strong fort in the enemy's hands, impregnable without cannon; and what added bitterness to their misery, was the knowledge that beyond this fort was a dike, which in all probability afforded a path, however narrow and muddy, by which they could have returned to Utrecht. The fort, however, was the gate to this avenue of safety, and even if they had possessed the requisite means of siege, if it was defended for a single day, they would either be swallowed up by the water, in the continuance of the thaw, or perish miserably through cold and fatigue. But anything was better than inaction. The water creeping insidiously around them was a deadlier enemy than stone walls and cannon-shot, and they determined at least to make a rush upon the immovable masonry of the fort, and provoke the fire of its defenders. It is impossible to account for the result. It may have been that the sight of so large a body of men rushing in upon them, and as if from the open sea, their numbers multiplied, and even their individual forms distorted and magnified in the mist, struck a panic terror into the hearts of the garrison; while this may have been increased by the shouts of courage or despair, booming wildly over the icy waste, and mingling like the voice of demons with the rising wind. But however this was, the gates of the fort opened at their approach, and the hapless and half frozen adventurers rushed in without striking a blow."

PAPER TUBING.

A novel description of tubing, composed of bituminized paper, has been brought forward in France. It appears that in the course of some experiments, some paper which had been coated with bitumen was laid aside in a rolled form, and after some time it assumed a very stiff and solid form. Several layers of bituminized paper were then put around a cylinder, and, on being submitted to internal pressure, it was found that a tube a quarter of an inch in thickness was capable of resisting a pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. The lightness of these tubes, their portability, cheapness, and non-liability to oxidation induced the authorities of Paris to try them for the conveyance of gas, and with entire success. As to their capability of resisting heat, it is stated that they may be submitted to a temperature of one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, without any deterioration.

EARS OF SONG BIRDS.

It is mentioned in an interesting work, entitled "Miscellanea Curiosa," that Mr. Clayton and Dr. Moulin discovered a remarkable peculiarity in the structure of the ears of birds, particularly those distinguished for their song. Contrary to what takes place in man or in quadrupeds, there is in birds almost a direct passage from one ear to the other, so that, if the drum of both ears be pricked, water will pass, when poured in, from one ear to the other. There is, however, no cochlea, but a small cochlea passage, which opens into a large cavity, formed between the two bony plates of the skull, and this passes all round the head. The upper and external plate of bone, forming the skull, is supported by many hundreds of small threadlike pillars or columns, which rest upon the lower and interior plate, immediately over the brain.

Now, what is worthy of attention is, that this passage between the outer and inner plates of the skull, was observed to be strikingly larger in song birds than in birds which are not possessed of musical powers. So very remarkable this difference is described to be, that any person to whom it has been once pointed out, may readily pronounce, upon inspecting the skull of a bird, whether it was a bird of song or otherwise, though he might have no previous knowledge of the bird or its habits.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

A Cincinnatian has invented a machine by which twelve thousand photographs per hour may be printed; a most important invention, which will probably result in substituting for the wood cuts in pictorial books and papers the photograph. We have only one photographic journal in this country, whereas England has six: London has also six photographic societies, and every considerable town of that kingdom has such a society; whilst neither Boston, New York nor Philadelphia has such an association. The British Government is said to save over £25,000 annually by the copying of maps by means of photography. A grand Photographic Convention and Exhibition is to be held in London in January next.

AN ESCAPE.

Colonel Ponsonby, of the 12th Dragoons, at the battle of Waterloo, was stretched wounded on the ground, and a Polish lancer, seeing some life in him, said, using an obscene expression, "F—— you are not yet dead," and deliberately ran his lance into the disabled man's body more than once. Some French riflemen then took possession of the ground where Ponsonby lay, and they made a heap of the bodies they found on the spot, to serve as a sort of parapet, from behind which they fired kneeling. Ponsonby had the luck of being placed at the top of the pile, and the rifleman who was using his body both as a shield and rest, observing some signs of life, instead of acting as the savage, dastardly lancer had done, gave him a drink of brandy out of his flask. As the day wore on, Ponsonby's sufferings became so intolerable that he implored the friendly foe to put his rifle to his head and despatch him, but the gallant fellow said, "No; cheer up, the day's your own. We are in full retreat; farewell, I must be off." We are afraid to say how many wounds Ponsonby had—we believe they were not under a dozen—and his survival was attributed to his remaining on the ground, exposed to the cold, (for cold it was, though mid-summer,) for nearly forty-eight hours, which kept down fever that otherwise would have supervened. He recovered to tell the story we have repeated, and few finer-looking men could be seen than he was, after having been riddled and pierced with a dozen wounds. But mark what death was in store for a man who had survived what we have faintly described. *Exitus ergo quis est? Heu gloria!* The hero died of the merry-thought of a chicken. He was choked by a chicken bone at Marral Green, on his road to Southampton, twenty-two years after his escape of all the horrors of the field of Waterloo!

HOW TO DIRECT A LETTER.

No letter writers ever consider that the style of address, or rather the manner of writing addresses, sanctioned by immemorial usage, is as nearly as possible just what it ought *not* to be? Let us illustrate:

WASHINGTON LAFAYETTE SNOOKS ESQ.,
No. 718 Zenobia St.,
Athens,
N. Y.

Here we have the individual name by far the most prominent feature; then the street in which he lives; then, still smaller, the town; and finally, in almost illegible letters, the State. This letter goes into the New York Post office, with twenty thousand others; the clerks pour the whole lot upon a table, and begin to sort them for the mails. The first thing a clerk wants to know is—not *whose* letter it is, but *where it is to go*. Mails are made up for East, South, West, and North, and for States and parts of States. Now, all the clerk cares for is the *State* to which the letter is to go, and, in a few instances, the section of the State. He has no regard for Snooks, nor for Zenobia street, nor for Athens, except to know *what* Athens, so that he may not send to Georgia or to Greece, a letter that should go up the Hudson river.

That *is* the case. Now let us see what *should be*, and the best way to illustrate is thus:

Washington L. Snooks,
No. 743 Zenobia St.,
ATHENS,
NEW YORK.

Here the clerk sees at a glance that the letter is for New York State, and at the same instant he recognises the special location to be Athens. That is all he cares about; the letter is properly mailed; at Athens the local postmaster sees on the instant that the letter is in the right post-office, and at his leisure he finds who it is sent to. And of all the men in the service, from the Post-Master General downward, the special postmaster at Athens is the only man who cares to know the name of Washington Lafayette Snooks. *Moral*: Write the name of the State and town in full, and very large; as for the rest, it is of small account, so it be neat and plain.—*New York Tribune.*

Family Circle.

THE POWER OF A STING

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

My friend had a hive of bees given him. All the family rejoiced and talked about the new pets—how beautiful it would be, to see the little creatures so earnestly at work—some making new comb, some feeding the young bees, some bringing in the yellow pollen on their legs, some coming diving home laden with honey, and all singing and joyful,—seeming to say,

To work! to work!—
Early and late,—
None will shirk
Or shun her fate!

And then they talked about the rich, delicious honey which they would have from the hive at the close of summer.

So the bees were gathered into a new white hive, and placed under the great elm tree, in the yard, not far from the house. The boys were delighted at first, and the bees were so gentle that any body might go close to them and watch them. The boys were charged never to disturb or excite them.

After some weeks the boys found that by tapping on the hive they could make the bees come out. Then they began to annoy them, till finally they found that by throwing a few stones at the hive, they could bring out thousands. They would then come as near as they dared, throw a few stones, and cry, "Bee, bee! come after me!"

One day—and all the time they kept the fun to themselves—as they threw their stones, and challenged the poor bees, one bee said, "I'll come after you!" and after them she went, humming and threatening. The boys ran, and threshed with their caps, and brushed their heads with their hands. But the bee was up to them, and when they had run almost down to the big butter-nut tree, she had just touched Robert on the very lower tip of his ear. It was done in an instant. "Oh," says he, "I'm stung,—but I don't care. It didn't hurt much!" But by-and-by the smart and the pain increased, and the ear began to grow red and swell, and soon the whole head began to ache. "Oh, Willie, I'm sick, very sick," said he. Then he sat down, and pretty soon every thing seemed to swim round him, and every thing grew dark, and he felt that he was pale, and then he began to vomit, and last of all, he was in a cold sweat, he fainted entirely away. Willie ran and cried for help. And when Robert came out of the fainting fit, his mother was bending over him, rubbing his hands and putting water on his face. Then he blamed "the cross bees," and he felt that he would like to kill them all—because the poor little things wanted to defend their homes in the way that God had taught them.

But this was not all. The bees were spoiled! They had been gentle and confiding, but now they lost all confidence in everybody, and were so cross that they would allow nobody to come into the yard. The clothes could not be hung out to dry, the wood could not be brought in, and the cow could not be driven to her yard from the pasture.

The hopes of my friend in regard to enjoying the industry of his workers, were spoiled.

The hopes of being able to increase the number of swarms, were spoiled.

The hopes of having a harvest of honey, were spoiled.

The temper of the bees and of the boy, were spoiled.

Robert disobeyed his father,—was that right?

He disappointed all the family,—was that right?

He destroyed the happiness of the poor bees,—was that right?

He laid the blame on the bees—when he alone was to blame,—was that right?

He frightened his mother—for she did not know what ailed him when she found him apparently dying, so that she did not get over it for months,—was that right?

The sting of the bee is often thus terrible: but oh! "*The sting of death is sin!*" What a sting is that!—*S. S. Times.*

THE BABY'S TOOTH.

"Some people think babies do no good in the world, but only live here to torment those who want to have quiet and order. But I think they are real missionaries, making others better by their smiles, and lifting heavy loads of care off many hearts by their artless ways.

"Well, years and years ago, when there were few cars and when people had to jolt over shocking roads in great lumbering stage-coaches, the circumstance I am going to tell took place. I can remember the time well. I assure you it was no holiday sport to go 'out West,' as people then called a good part of New York State. It would not do for delicate folks to travel then! There were very few wedding tours. But of *this* journey!

"The evening coach was full—'so full that it was an imposition on the passengers'—so said Miss Trimmer, who, with two or three pattern hats and a box of artificial flowers, was the last one to enter, notwithstanding the inconvenience to which she put her fellow passengers.

"The village squire—never too sociable—was returning from the court, where he had been nonsuited in a case involving about a *fiftieth part* of his estate; of course, he was morose and impatient. A worn-looking woman was trying to quiet a restless baby by tossing it up where there was not room to toss a bird, because a simpering school-girl on the next seat had whispered aloud to her *very young* gallant, that 'babies were a perfect nuisance in a stage-coach, and that she should think any one would rather stay at home than travel with one.' Poor! unfortunate baby; poor, sensitive, widowed mother! Theirs was no pleasure trip; they were going, uncertain of a welcome, to a rich relative of the newly dead, the only one on earth of whom they could ask aid. Comfort or pity the mother did not look for. It was between these and the surly squire that Miss Trimmer inserted herself. At the cruel remark of the incipient belle, the widow turned her head to wipe away a tear, when her innocent half yearling grasped with her plump hand a huge bunch of honeysuckles and carnation pinks which dangled from the near side of Miss Trimmer's bonnet.

"'Will no one take pity on me?' shrieked the bearer of the flower burden. 'Will no gentleman shield me from such annoyances?'

"'Yes, madam, I will,' answered an old gentleman who sat in a corner, resting his chin upon the ivory head of his cane. The lady was soon safely installed in the seat farthest removed from the vicious baby, and the old man in her place. Now this cramped up child was a perfect democrat. She did not know that she was poor and fatherless; nor that, when he lived, her father was only a hard working bricklayer. She knew nothing of all this, and seemed to think she had as good a right to shout and crow as any other baby, and to pull flowers out of bonnets, too, if she could only reach them. So at the newcomer she went. Her first effort was to secure his white beard, but that was immovable. She next reached out her hand for the seals, and lastly grasped the cane. 'Well, little lamb,' cried the dear old man, 'if you want to get at my seals, you had better come a little nearer.' So he took the willing baby from the weary mother and installed her on his own knee. The poor woman straightened herself and drew a long breath, as if relieved from a burden she had not strength to bear.

"'You look tired, madam; have you come far to-day?' asked the merciful man.

"'I've held the baby, sir, thirty-six hours in the cars before I got into the coach,' she answered with a quivering lip.

"'I don't see how any one can take care of a tiresome baby,' again whispered the little Miss.

"'Somebody held us all once, and took care of us, too, my child,' replied the old gentleman, whose ears were too keen to lose her remark. 'Children must be taken care of; they have their work to do, and they generally do it faithfully.' And he rattled his seals and key again for the happy child.

"The poor mother cast a look of unmingled gratitude on her benefactor—yes, benefactor he was, though he had never given her a crust nor a copper; for kind words are often better than either. This good man alone, of all the passengers—save the unconscious baby—seemed at his ease.

"At length the horses stood still, and all seemed pleased at the prospect of having the company thinned. Miss Trimmer looked hopefully at the widow and baby, but they did not move. An anxious, care-worn gentleman began to ewridge himself preparatory to alighting. Then in the deepening twilight there bounded from the dwelling, beside which the coach had halted, a curly-headed boy of four years. 'O! pa, pa,' he shouted, as the paternal head emerged from the coach door, 'I've good news for you; you can't guess what has happened to-day.' And clapping his chubby hands and dancing for joy, he exclaimed, 'O, papa, *the baby's got a tooth*.' There was a sudden revulsion of feeling in the coach. The passengers all laughed heartily at the vast importance of the news from that little world, *home*. Miss Trimmer put her head out of the coach window and exclaimed, 'What a darling little fellow!' The coachman forgot to crack his whip for a whole minute as he gazed at the happy boy. The father turned round, smiled, raised his hat, and said 'good by' to his fellow-travellers. The surly squire laughed and drew home his feet, which had all the way been stretched out on the widow's territory, to her great inconvenience, saying, 'Beg your pardon, ma'am.' Even Miss Trimmer was softened, for she opened the cover of her reticule and gave the offending baby a stick of candy, saying, 'Poor thing, she must have something to amuse her.'

"'Well,' cried the laughing school girl, 'I do love children, after all—they are so funny I can't help it!'

"'Never try to help it, child,' said the baby's benefactor. 'They ought to be loved, for they do a great deal for us grown folks. Now don't you see that rosy boy, with the news of the great acquisition to his family treasures—a tooth for the baby—has changed a coach-full of anxious and ill-tempered people into a cheerful and even kind-hearted company? Don't you see how he has made friends for my little companion here who is too young to speak for herself? Why, we are all better now for riding with this little one, and my word for it, you'll think of her after you go home, too.' Then, turning to the widow, he asked her to whose house she was going. When she answered him, he said, 'Oh, it's too far to ride to-night with the poor tired baby; stop and rest with us; grandmother will give even a strange baby a welcome, for we've just buried our pet at home—my daughter's little one. She made the house very cheerful for us, but she's gone; but not forgotten! No, I believe grandmother loves all babies better since *she* died; so don't be afraid of intruding.' Moved by such kindness, the widow in an undertone told her painful errand to her new friend. 'Ah, ah!' he said, 'well, your relative is a kind man, if you go at him just the right way, and folks say I know how to manage him as well as anybody. In the morning I'll drive you over there, and present your case in the most judicious manner. Never fear, he'll be kind to you; so keep a good heart, my poor friend.'

"Overcome by such unlooked for kindness, she wept out the tears which had all day been gathering in their fountain under the cold look and sarcastic words of those around her. Miss Trimmer, who, when not in a hurry or a crowd, was really a kind hearted girl looked compassionately at the faint effort the young widow had made towards wearing black for the dead. 'Won't you call at my shop with the lady, as you go by in the morning, Mr. Bond?' she asked; 'I should like to speak with her;' and again she glanced at the straw hat with its band of thin black ribbon, with an expression which promised a new one.

"'Well, here we are, my friend,' cried the old man, as the coach stopped before an old brown mansion, 'and there is grandmother in the door waiting for us.' The little belle offered to hold the baby while the mother alighted, and the softened squire handed out her carpet-bag and basket. 'Good night'—crack went the whip—and the cheerful travellers rode on to their homes. Light and warmth and a cordial welcome for the night, and prosperity on the morrow awaited the lonely widow, 'and all,' so said her noble friend, 'because a baby had a tooth, and his little brother told of it!'"—*From "Maple Hall."*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALGER'S
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IN WHICH
THE PROPER NAMES, AND NUMEROUS OTHER WORDS, BEING ACCURATELY ACCENTED IN THE TEXT, AND DIVIDED INTO SYLLABLES, AS THEY OUGHT TO BE PRONOUNCED,
According to the Orthoepy of John Walker,
BY ISRAEL ALGER, JUN., A. M.
[illegible]

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was drawn to it so as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and its only peculiarity is its adherence to the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. [illegible]

[illegible]

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

[illegible]

From Mr. Dalley, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in Boston.

[illegible]

[illegible]

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CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism sixteen years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my knees and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. GEORGE A. RUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 10, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled. RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.
Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public. Mrs. EVELINA DEMING.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 10, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of 4 years I have been very lame at times, arising from sprains. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PHEBE A. MOSES.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for many times. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 30, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

STEAMER PEARL, Sept. 3, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where the cure has failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 18, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of many years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.
Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it. Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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This certifies that Miss Mary Still is legally authorized agent for the City and County of Philadelphia, Penn'a, to collect subscribers and donations for the Christian Recorder of the African Methodist Episcopal Church of America.

We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER,
Editor & General Book Steward,
No. 619 Pine St., Phila.

For the Christian Recorder.

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify, that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson—formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson who was married before William Hook, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record in his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and I further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Emmons, (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is exhorter) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed before me May 5th, 1862.
Wm. Blakey, J. P.
her
Emily × Johnston.
mark.

THOMAS CHARNOCK,
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Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

MUSIC.*

BY JOHN WILLIS MENARD.

Sweet Music throws her arms
Around the weary heart,
And with her mystic charms,
Bids its rude cares depart.

Like incense sweet it falls,
Upon the din-worn ear.
And with her voice she calls
The soul from heavy fear,—

Like odor sweet it floats,
Upon the midnight air,
Like angels' softest notes,
From the celestial choir!

Sweet Music—gift of Heaven!
Disperser of our woe,
To thee is power given,
To cheer us here below.

We hear thy voice below—
We hear it sound above:
Which fills creation full,
Of life, and joy, and love.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 13, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder

"WE WOULD SEE JESUS"

BY W. H. FOS.

"Sir, we would see Jesus!"—John xii. 21.

"We would see Jesus," when oppressed by sin:
"Fightings without, and fears within!"
Annoyed by doubts, by cares deprest!
Longing to find some place of rest.

"We would see Jesus," in the hour of grief,
When naught on earth can give our souls relief;
When all around our path is dark and drear;
And we can find no ray of comfort here!

"We would see Jesus," when we've wandered far,
From Him we love, "the bright and morning star,"
And, feeling our ingratitude, we mourn,
And cry aloud, "Return, O God, return!"

"We would see Jesus," when our loved ones gone,
We sit in sorrow, silent, sad and lone!
And while we lean upon his loving breast,
We'd beg of Him to grant us this request:—

That we might meet them in the realms above,
Where all is perfect blessedness and love!
Together there in that celestial home,
To worship Him, where parting ne'er can come!

"We would see Jesus," in the hour of prayer,
When we, assembled, meet our brethren there;
And earnestly beseech him to impart
His richest blessing to our every heart!

"We would see Jesus," in our closet, too,
And beg for rich supplies of heavenly dew,
Upon our thirsty souls, from Zion's hill,
That we may always do His holy will.

"We would see Jesus," in the hour of death,
That we may yield to Him our parting breath;
In glad assurance of the home above,
Where we'll "see Jesus," nevermore to rove!

March 4th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder

SHOULD A HUMAN BEING BE ALLOWED TO LIVE AFTER HE DETERMINES NOT TO SERVE GOD?

MR. EDITOR:—I have a subject to bring before your readers which I feel is of great importance. This subject takes a view of the creation, existence, and destiny of man; not only the man of an individual community, but of all men throughout the human family. The heading of this article asks a serious question, For what should human beings live? or this question as it is in my mind would be better understood asked in a little different shape. Should a human being be allowed to live, if he utterly refuses to answer the purposes for which he was created? Is there any use in reality in a man living any longer than up to the time that God sees that the man in his own mind has determined never to return to God? Now, there are undoubtedly at this moment of time, hundreds and thousands, and perhaps millions, whose minds are already made up that they never will yield to be saved upon the terms of the gospel. Then if this be true, I would reiterate the question, what real use is there in such being longer detained on earth? Now as these are dispersed through and in the midst of those who are disposed to do right, are not the former a hinderance to, and really in the way of the latter? Can there be any use at all, in a human being, after he has fully made up his mind to give the devil the whole of his time on earth? If it becomes absolutely certain in the eyes and mind of God, through my own wicked determination, that I will be absolutely lost, when I leave the world, and when he sees too, that I am determined not to use any means whatever by which God's name and cause may be glorified and honored, should I be allowed to live on earth another year, or another month or another hour? These are questions that I would like to hear any intelligent man answer. Now, no one I suppose, is skeptical enough to think for a moment, that the Almighty does not know the end from the beginning of every human being, and the moment too, when every human being crosses the line of mercy, after the crossing of which, every such case is incurable. These things are not things which are to come to him, for I cannot believe, that anything is in the future to him, ever was, or ever could be, for with him I conceive that all is one, eternal now. To argue the reverse, would be to argue a defect in the eternal presence of God, which thing we can never do, for he knows all that is to come to us, as well as all that is past to us. This position I think I might easily prove by the Scriptures, were it necessary for me to [illegible] up the time to do so. Then if it be the case [illegible], and thousands, and it may be millions, [illegible] described, would it not be better really in every sense of the word for such to be removed at once? Indeed I think I can show anybody that it would be better for such to be removed. For instance, is it not true, that every hour a human being stays above the ground, after his doom is sealed, adds that much more to his punishment in the world of wo? This is evident from the fact that a man lost, is to be punished according to his crimes, that is to say, according to what he has committed in the way of crime, and not according to what he has not committed. So a man dying then at fifty years of age, would, it is reasonable to suppose, have more sins to answer for than the same man would have had to have answered for, had he died when he was twenty-five years old. Hence, it is clear that the punishment of such a man could not be less than double, and how much more we cannot tell; would it not have been better for such a man to have died at twenty-five years of age? I answer, that it seems very clear to me that it would have been, and that the advantage would have been on his own part. But there are other advantages that would follow an early removal, that would accrue to those from the midst of whom he might go; for there I suppose never was nor never will be a man who was, or may be too corrupt to have any influence at all. Indeed the reverse seems but in too many cases to be true; hence the great injury that such would do, were they detained on earth after the sealing of their doom, injury which by them could never be repaired. Then there would be another advantage in the early departure of such. Those who are disposed to do right who remained here, would have all that might be left behind to put to a proper use. Then again, why should the Lord's temporal bounties be expended upon such while they are doing all possible for them to do for Satan and his cause, every hour they are detained on earth? Now since we have brought this subject before our minds in this shape, is it any wonder that whole neighborhoods, and whole communities, and whole cities, and whole nations, are nearly all cut off sometimes, as experience and history teach us is the case? At least we have but to refer the Bible reader to the antediluvians. There we see a whole world of people cut off and destroyed by a flood of water, all but eight persons, which destruction of people was accomplished by Him who knows when a man's cup of iniquity is full, and who it cannot be proved ever did suffer a human being to live one hour after that the destruction doom of such was sealed. The Almighty, as the moral governor of the universe, knows precisely how to manage the existence and destiny of all living creatures.

T S

Terre Haute, Ind.

For the Christian Recorder

THE COLORED RACE IN AMERICA.

BY NEW CONTRIBUTORS.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me the privilege of writing to you on a subject which should be considered of great importance to both white and colored men, and also entirely new to me. Though not accustomed to writing editorials, still we hope what we may have to say will be acceptable.

In the first place then, we ask why should the colored people be despised and trampled upon by the white men? Why can they not be treated with the same respect as the white man? Is it on account of their color? God created the colored man with as pure a heart as the white man, and with the same feeling. Did God make the colored man to be bought and sold by the white man? No! he gave freedom to all, for one man was not to be made a slave to another.

In the second place we ask, why should they not enjoy the freedom this country affords? We turn back to the revolution, where the colored men showed their indomitable courage and bravery to great advantage. Again, we look at the present condition of our country, when the land is over-run with traitors. We, the colored men, are willing to free our country from this cursed rebellion, and assist our brethren to gain their freedom who are now in bondage. But the time is now at hand, when the colored man shall be able to prove his indomitable capacity and courage as was formerly shown in the revolution. Therefore, let us thank God that the time is approaching when the colored man shall enjoy the same liberty and freedom as the white man.

The courage of the colored men is not to be doubted, as is shown by the following extract: which we take from a letter from Fort Clinch, Florida, dated the 31st inst., which states that a fight took place between a body of South Carolina colored volunteers, which did not amount to over three hundred men. The rebels attempted to take possession of the steamer John Adams, but they were met by the colored volunteers, who bravely defended the steamer, and compelled the rebels to retreat in great confusion. But while attempting to drive them off we met with a great misfortune in losing our noble commander; but his murderer did not long survive him, for he was instantly shot by a colored officer. But this is not the only instance in which the colored men have shown their bravery in defending the glorious flag of our native land. But we soon hope to show the white race that we are no cowards when our country needs our services. We see the work of raising colored regiments for our country's services has already commenced in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and is progressing rapidly. Massachusetts will appear in the field with the first colored regiment in a few days. We hope success will attend them in all the battles in which they may be engaged; recollecting that they are fighting on one hand, for the Union, and on the other, for their brethren in bondage. Then, arise! colored brethren, and shake off the shackles which bind you in slavery! The time has now come when the colored men are to make their mark in the annals of American history. It is hardly necessary to remark that while passing along the street we are constantly subjected to insults from the scum of the white race. Respectable colored ladies are not permitted to pass along the streets without being openly insulted by white loafers lounging on the street-corners and rum shops. But why should we permit it any longer? Are we not able and willing to fight against all traitors to the United States? But we will now show the Irishmen that we are not what they term us to be, "the mean nigger."

In the third place we shall be free for the Bible informs us to that effect. For Christ saith, "The lion and the lamb shall lie down together," and all shall be love. We believe the time is approaching when the prophecies of the Bible shall be fulfilled. Wo unto the man who maketh another his slave, for surely God will not permit such works to prosper. In his infinite wisdom God designed the colored man to occupy as high a sphere as the white man. Surely God granted freedom to the colored as well as the white man. Surely God will not permit the wickedness of slavery to prosper, for he created them with the same intentions. Brethren, your sufferings will soon be at an end, and you shall enjoy the same freedom and liberties as the white man.

We have noticed some very interesting letters from our friends, brothers Turner and Turpin. We hope they will still continue to contribute to the success of the Christian *Recorder*.

Farewell, hoping our few lines will be acceptable to the columns of your illustrious paper. Amen.

Yours in Christian fellowship,

S. H. & J. C.

Philadelphia, March 2d, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder

WATER.

The jailer counted nothing too dear to secure to himself the crown of life. If Paul and Silas had required him to part with even life itself and he had thought it would please God, he would not have hesitated to do it. He inquired what must I do to be saved? I am willing to be instructed in the way, and I will comply with the requisition of the gospel. Lord save, or I perish, is the longing language of the thirsty soul; nothing can satisfy this immortal desire but the well of salvation. I have no friends I wish to bury or any thing else to attend to till I quench the thirst. Those that thirst must make religion a business for life. It is said of Bonaparte that in some of his preparations for battle, he took up bridges so that his army could not retreat. So it must be with those who thirst for the water of life. He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God. Lot's wife for looking back after she had left Sodom to escape destruction, was changed into a pillar of salt as an everlasting monument. Hear Christ's heavenly word, and expect to serve Satan no more. Blessed, says the Saviour, are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. It is true that those persons alluded to are in heaven, and desire never to turn back to the weak and beggarly elements of the world. They have counted the cost, and are determined to lay their foundation on the rock Christ.

Water is free.—Visit any country or climate where water is common, and it is considered a free article. Nobody will think of charging you anything for water. Just so with salvation. It is just as free as the waters of the running brook. It would be an insult to the Almighty to offer money to pay for the distinguishing grace of God. It was said to Simon, "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money."

Water is abundant.—More than two-thirds of this vast globe is covered with water. See what immense bodies there are in the great Pacific, Atlantic, Northern and Southern oceans. What immense quantities are found in our large bays, gulfs, lakes and rivers. Just so with salvation. It is abundant, so much so, that it is justly called a fountain by the poet and others.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Emanuel's veins."

JOSEPH B. CLARK.

For the Christian Recorder.

STRAY LEAVES FOR THE YOUNG

Probably no position in the teacher's or lecturer's life is more responsible than that of lecturing to the young. If a man should ever feel that he is laboring for the reversion of future bad habits, it should be when he seeks to impress convictions upon youthful minds; for in them he may touch chords strung by the infinite organist of creation; which will echo and re-echo from hill to hill, down the valley of life; and reverberate along the shores of eternity. A sentiment struck into a young mind, who shall tell what it will bring forth? It may overturn empires, undermine systems, reconstruct states, metamorphose descended philosophies, and remodel the very anatomy of society. (For my own part I should like to reconstruct the present state of fashionable society and its posturing formalities, which has ever been in unnatural harmony with the laws of hygiene and the social relations of man.) A good thought or a virtuous impression made upon a sound youthful mind, may redeem a whole life from sin and misery; and a bad impression may work a corresponding amount of ruin with all its secondary results, which no stretch of human thought can comprehend. Good advice to the young cannot help but impress life-long convictions upon their minds. I certainly oftentimes feel when I look around me, and behold the wretchedness, blasphemy, intemperance, riot, gluttony and disease of this wicked world as though mortal man and woman were beyond redemption from error, folly, vice, avarice and malice. It verily appears to me as though the people of this very enlightened nineteenth century had no practical life-duties to attend to, whereby to insure future health and as a result to happiness. But that gigantic ball of business, fame, partisanism rolls its furious weight and influence over the whole animated universe, and we may remark that the 'errors and follies of the fathers are copied by the children, and the stultified ignorance of ancestors is perpetuated in their descendants,' and truly we are all on the wide way to irretrievable destruction if our eyes are not opened and the path from whence we came be earnestly and quickly retraced. Life and health are not preserved—their laws are not heeded, and, consequently, why need we wonder that we are sickly, ugly, selfish, penurious, and continue miserable sinners? The wonder is how poor nature resists so many violations without disintegration. Are we, candidly speaking, an enlightened community? Are we civilized? Do we exhibit common sense? Certainly not good sense, for this is the growth of judgment founded upon scientific knowledge. Few ask themselves the question, Do I live right? Are the habits of my life in consonance with the laws of health and happiness? Nay, truly, such queries would indicate more thought than is generally exercised by an intemperate,* gluttonous, pharisaical and money grabbing people. My youthful brothers and sisters, you are fully cognizant that all financial matters are securely and scientifically attended to, and the laws of the land which govern safe investments are explained to you, and you seek to comply with their injunctions, for the sake of your own protection. You make secure your worldly goods for future enjoyment, but without health, you have no real bliss. And since I look upon permanent health as a paramount purse to all industrious and worthy people, I therefore ask you to place the question of health for future enjoyment upon an equal footing with monetary matters, and show unto the world that money invested in health is at compound interest—as health is by far the most valuable of the two;—the love of fame, honor, position, friends and distinction of every variety you may apply these remarks to. When the functions of organic and animal life are performed in unison with the fixed laws that preside over them, the soul is made joyful, we become liberal-hearted, noble minded, and it banishes all demoniacal spirits and bigoted notions from the minds of the community—preventing disaster, desolation, constantly occurring in nations and societies. By due regard to the laws of *health*, we will not only become master over ourselves and our appetites, but we will receive bodily and mental grace, beauty and eternal bliss. And, finally, we would become so pure, that the Holy Spirit would yearn to dwell within us, because we would become the "palaces of the soul," and truly the millennium would be established, for all the simple absurdities would have passed away, and everything would appear pure to us—hence we would "love one another" and "our neighbor as ourselves," and the present grossness of sinful sin would sink beneath the dignity of a gentleman, and gentlewomen would no more be insulted by gross men; earth would be a paradise where gentleness, innocence and bliss would reign supreme. And what a child-like affection would exist between the whole human family, without suspicion, jealousy, avarice and malice! O! gentle youth—listen to me—awake from your slumbers; "arise, or be forever fallen!" Be ye not all, both great and small, acknowledge that purity, health and happiness are glorious conditions, worthy the esteem and appreciation of our exalted people? Yea, verily, we do all wish to be both great and good. To establish this end, I would not have you struggle for an abundance of worldly goods, (you are to understand me that wealth is not to be acquired at the expense of disobedience to the sacred precepts that should govern you;) but I would have you observe every law of nature. I would have you look upon purity and health as the god principle which is only inherent in every man and woman, as he or she is sound and healthy. I would have you "love one another" in purity and innocence; teach each other simple rules of life; seek your real wants which are easily supplied; exercise each inborn faculty to perform its function; study a true physiology; learn to comprehend that obedience to natural laws is holier than sacrificing them, and suffering the penalty in pains, despondency, imbecility and irritability, and wiser than swallowing poison to mend a broken law. I would have you shun all useless and bad habits, and avoid swallowing or inhaling any agency which is poisonous to a truly healthy person. I would teach you that such agencies are often very deceptive, and always destructive to life and manly purity. I would have you know that everything which is not pure food and drink is poison. The human stomach was not made for man to abuse with all sorts of nasty and poisonous trash, which no sane man would give to a pig; and a pig would not swallow your teas, coffee, tobacco, lager, swill, grease, peppers, porter, ale, medicines, and other pernicious stuff, which is considered so nice and so fine to a people who are governed by appetite and not by scientific reasoning. I also would have you understand that a man must lead a pure and healthy life for several years before he can appreciate and understand its meaning and value. I have no confidence in persons, preachers or poets, who continually preach to others, and experiment upon their fellow-men, and never practise or use themselves what they recommend to others. We may talk to age, but the opinions, habits, state of minds, held and cherished for years unaltered, will prevent our words from making an impression deeper than that which troubles on the ear drum. Equally so may we lecture to manhood in its strengthened vigor; for the world will roll its great ball of business and sin between us and souls we would reach, and well nigh drown our words, though they may be pregnant with truth and love. But the ear of youth is open and ready to catch every thought. This adds additional responsibility to the adviser of youth, but at the same time urges him on to noble efforts in their behalf. Responsibility, when properly felt, crushes not into silence and inactivity, but goads to effort. To me, youth is full of rosy bloom and developing charms. I am some years past its season of budding promise and glowing hope, and for some years have been attending the sick with a feeling of pity and sorrow for my fellow brothers and sisters, who would have given all in their power, if the glorious blessing of health could have been their friend once more; but, alas! the hour had come, and "each one received according to his works." As a hygienist into whose hands the bodies of living beings are intrusted, I deem it my greatest moral duty to urge upon my dear young friends, as well as the old, the great cause and laws of purity, health and perfect happiness. Learn to study and obey the health laws. "To obey is to live."

H. JEROME BROWN.

Burlington, N J

For the Christian Recorder.

LIFE OF ST CYPRIAN—THE AFRICAN BISHOP, MARTYR AND SAINT.

BY REV B. T. T.

CHAPTER III.

Cyprian the Rhetorician

CYPRIAN A MAN.—LIFE REAL.—YOUTH A FEAST.—RHETORIC—ELOQUENCE SPRINGS FROM THE HEART.—LEARNING UNPOPULAR AT ROME.

The youth Thascius has become a man; whom we have known as the sprightly school-boy, in this chapter we shall know as the eloquent rhetorician. Consequently his relations to life are changed. Ceasing to speak and act like a child, his deportment is that of a man, meeting the stern realities of life with a determined heart and head. He must now bear his own burden and feel his own responsibility. Hitherto others had lived for him,—had stood between him and life, and warded off its blows; but now he must live for himself. We speak of the stern realities of life, and how true. Life is no fancied dream, no myth. It is actual, real. There is gravity in care, weight in responsibility, and ponderousness in disappointment.

And yet in the days of childhood, very much that is actual in life, assumes a mythic garb,—almost ceasing to be real. In that sphere there is scarcely such a law as Sir Isaac Newton's gravitation; for everything tends upwards,—all is levity, buoyancy, delight. To speak in a poetic strain, of spending youth rationally, is to say a merry feast must be given to Wisdom and her numerous retinue. Every avenue to the soul should be cleared and swept, every door swung wide open, and every apartment prepared for the reception of the glorious train. And it was thus that Cyprian spent his childhood. The members of this train found in him a liberal and a whole-souled host, and long did they revel in the princely palace of the soul. But manhood had come,—the morning of the night of the feast, and the guests must now depart, carrying with them, things eloquent and sublime.

Cyprian becomes a teacher of rhetoric.

Rhetoric is the art of speaking with propriety, elegance and force. When we call to mind man's nature, we are led to say with Charles Rollin, "One might believe that for the attainment of it, (eloquence) it would suffice to hearken to and follow the voice of nature. Does an outraged soul demand other than the inspiring sensibilities of his nature to enable him to speak with eloquence? Does the patriot, who beholds his bleeding fellows, demand a human art, before he can tell the sorrows of his race? Is not the genius of oppression a master rhetorician? Eloquence is the offspring of the heart, and not of the head. Its spirit is not of the dead, but rather of the living. Who so eloquent upon the rights of man, as the black sage of Rochester? In the "Dialogue concerning Oratory," said to have been written by Theodius, one of the speakers, Maternus, says, "Demosthenes, I believe, did not owe his vast reputation to the speeches which he made against his guardians; nor was it either the oration in defence of Quinctius, or that for Archias, the poet, that established the character of Cicero. It was Catiline, it was Verres, it was Milo and Mark Anthony, that spread so much glory round him."

The answers to the questions, How early this science was taught, or cultivated by the ancients? where first introduced? and by whom first taught? lie away in the awful distance of the past. Many of the ancients regarded it as coming directly from their deities, especially the gods Thoth, Hermes, or Mercury: others declared it was first taught by Pittheus, uncle of Theseus, at Troezene, in the temple of the Muses; while others mention Empedocles, Corax and Tisias of Sicily, and a number of others.

In the early days of Rome nothing but the sterner features of life received attention. The one ruling idea of the whole nation was the extension of their borders, and to it every other must bow or give way. Carneades, an eloquent Greek, formed one of an embassy from Athens to Rome, and so pleased were the Roman youth with his discourses, that the Capitol resounded with his name and praise. Cato the censor beholding this, hastened the departure of the embassadors. "Let them return to their schools," said he, "and teach there as long as they please, the children of the Greeks; but let the Roman youth hear nothing within these walls, except the laws and the magistrates, as they did before their arrival."

Greece conquered by the sword, in turn subdues her captor by her eloquence and learning. Notwithstanding the opposition of the consuls Strabo and Messala, and likewise of Cato; the Greek rhetoricians and men of learning after their introduction by Paulus Æmilius in the second century before Christ, succeeded to such an extent, as to make the Romans, in their unbounded zeal for the Greek, well-nigh despise their own language.

From that time a half dozen generations of Romans were educated almost entirely in a foreign tongue. It is said that L. Plotius Gallus about the year B. C. 90, undertook first to teach rhetoric in the native Latin. So long had they studied in the rich language of Greece, that all others, even their own, were thought to possess no merit nor beauty.

Cicero, who studied the Greek and continued to use it, says, "I did this because the Greek language, supplying more ornaments, accustomed me to compose in the same manner in Latin. Besides studying under such great masters of eloquence, who were all Greeks, it would not have been in their power to have instructed and corrected my compositions, if I had not made them in Greek."

When Gallus opened his academy for the study of rhetoric in Latin, it was deemed, not merely a novelty, but an intrusion; and though the Romans were charmed with his eloquence, still it was regarded as an innovation upon the established usage of the nation, and the schools of the Latin rhetoricians were officially declared to be places, where the youths of the city "pass whole days in idleness," and consequently were "contrary to discipline and good order." The censors concluded their edict as follows:—"Wherefore we think it incumbent on us to notify this our opinion, as well to those who have opened such schools, or to such as frequent them, and to declare that such innovation is not agreeable to us."

TO BE CONTINUED

Washington, March 6th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE

Man's Changeableness—Inconstant Revolutions—Doubtful Fluctuations—Congress—Powell a Humbug—Republicans won't hear him, sleep first—Voting proceeds with unsurpassed skill—Grand Debate, Rev. W. Hughes and Mr. Crew—Great Missionary Meeting at Asbury—$81 raised—Missionary Meeting at Israel Church—$41 raised—Addressed by talented divines—Society organized—Rev. Mr. Clinton on Stonewall Jackson—Mr. Hinton, United States Officer—Governor Williams, to be—Benjamin Newton recovering—Correction.

MR. EDITOR:—Grand are the presentiments of transpiring events, while the laws of gravitation, attraction, and cohesion never change; and many other natural relations and fixed principles, which are subjected to no kind of mutableness, move on in that regulated harmony and undying symmetry in which they were originally strung, and standing, moving, or whirling in the confines of an eternal unvariableness. Man is reeling, tottering and inclining hither and thither, in the multiplicity of his ideas, changeableness of his thoughts, and the instability of his principles. To-day, in the enthusiasm of his nature, he is exclaiming in almost deafening acclamations, "Hosanna to the Prince of David! blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." But to-morrow the same individuals are crying out in the frenzied franticness of a wrath-intoxicated soul, "Crucify him! crucify him!" or, *vice versa*, the cruciferously denounced creature of to-day is to-morrow lauded and heralded to the skies. Thus revolution succeeds revolution, but inconstancy marks its progress. Heaven of heavens! how faltering is man! how blandiloquent a mortal! how wavering his mind!

All that I have said in the above is allusive to the rising and falling of *Copperheads*, Semi-Republicans and Secession sympathizers, whom one victory, defeat or retreat will so affect; or a little rise in gold, discount on paper money, capture of a gunboat, removal of a General, foreign mediation, the coloring of some "petit maitre's" or coxcomb's speech, &c., all of which keeps, from all human appearances, seven-tenths of this great nation in an endless state of fluctuation.

But we must leave that subject. Congress has adjourned and left the acts of its unparalleled session on record for reference to unborn generations, and, to meet the emergencies of the present time; for several days before they adjourned, they sat in session all night. On Monday night I remained in the Senate during the night, watching their manoeuvres. The Senate had under consideration a bill to indemnify the President for the suspension of the writ of "Habeas Corpus." All the Democrats were favorable to it, except five—the leader of whom was Powell, of Kentucky. And such wire-working and laughable schemes to defeat it, I never saw nor thought could be strategized in the American Senate.

Senator Powell, however, attempted, after he could not effect an adjournment, to talk the night away—and the Republicans thought they would satisfy him, and when he got through they would pass the bill; and while he was speaking, sometimes, every man would be asleep, except the chairman and the speaker, or else they would all leave and go into the eating saloons, and thus while away the time; and as soon as they would leave, the Democrats would move an adjournment. The little boys who had been posted by the Republicans would immediately start in all directions seeking them up; and here they (Republicans) would be seen rushing in at every door, and vote down the motion of adjournment. And while Powell would still be speaking to an empty house, the Republicans would be in the adjoining rooms eating, sleeping, smoking, &c., and thus they went on, till daybreak next morning. Powell spoke till he became satiated, when one of the Senators inquired, if he would allow him to ask him (Powell) a question, he dropped back in his seat and said, in a much exhausted tone, "*Yes, forty of them.*"

I thought it was the grandest piece of foolishness I ever saw in my life, when he knew the Senate would pass that bill, to be standing there, gabbling all night for nothing under heaven.

Tuesday night I spent in the House of Representatives, and had the extreme pleasure of finding Mr Colfax in the chair, who is pronounced to be the greatest chairman in the United States, and I can endorse the report; for I don't believe there is a man on earth who can preside with more efficiency than he, however great the confusion, or upside down the house may be, in two minutes he can restore order and keep it so; for about one hour, I think, he passed a bill about every three minutes.

The grand debate between Rev William A Hughes, of Washington, and Mr Edward T. Crew, of Baltimore, came off before the Israel Lyceum on Monday evening, the 2d instant. The disputants were more than ordinarily eloquent. Mr. Crew handles the English language with great precision indeed. This naturally might be expected, as he was for many years the student of the late venerable Rev. William Watkins. Mr Hughes exhibited an acquaintance with science, art and history, which so astonished the people of Washington, who have for many years been listening to his preaching, that they could hardly realize him as the same man. Both of the disputants were frequently interrupted by loud shouts of applause. Rev. Mr. Hughes, though, by the unanimous decision of the Judges, took the premium. The house was crowded to overflowing, and, upon the whole, it was a literary treat.

A missionary meeting was held in Asbury church, (Methodist Episcopal) on Sabbath evening, 1st inst. The meeting was addressed by Rev L. P Phelps, Rev. Mr Cook, and Rev Mr Ryland, all white. They collected some $84 for missionary purposes. I am informed by one of the members of that church that there is an eruptive state of things among the old-siders, as they are called, in relation to white preachers. It appears that they are, both here and in Baltimore, deciding some scheme of secession from the M. E Church, or else have them to recognize colored preachers as representatives in their Conferences. This is a great move, if they can muster up courage enough to carry it into effect. I do not desire to speak disparagingly of my "old-side" brethren; but I doubt very much whether that cowardice has died out sufficiently to enable them to strike boldly and fearlessly for their rights.

Another missionary meeting was held in Israel church on Thursday evening, the 5th inst. The basement was densely crowded. The pastor stated that he expected Revs Brown and Wayman from Baltimore, as he had written to them, but, likely, other engagements had withstood them; and that he was equally disappointed that none of the city pastors were present. But as we had such a large audience, he moved that the Rev. Charles Hicks should take the chair. Carried. By motion of David Dickson, Edward T Crew was elected Secretary, and, after some farther arrangements by the Chairman, he rose and stated the object of the meeting, and then introduced Rev. H M Turner, who spoke for about fifteen minutes, after which he introduced, as speakers, Rev. McGill Pearce, Rev. William A Hughes, and Rev. David Smith. This brought us to ten and a half o'clock, when the Chairman called for a collection, and the people came forward and showed their willingness for the cause by giving, with a few subscribers, forty-one dollars, after which, by motion of Rev McGill Pearce, the house resolved itself into a missionary society, to be properly organized at the next meeting. By motion of Rev H. M. Turner, every person in the church was recognized as members from that night. Eleven o'clock having arrived, by motion, the house adjourned, to meet that night four weeks. Benediction by Rev. Charles Hicks.

I received an anonymous letter yesterday evening, which contained these words:

"REMARKS MADE BY REV. JOSEPH CLINTON IN THE ZION WESLEY PULPIT.

"*The reason why Stonewall Jackson was so successful in battle, was, because he is a man of God. Previous to battle, he always went to the Throne of Grace, and, while his men were fighting, he was praying.*"

I am not acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Clinton, and do not know his political or theological views; but, if Mr. Clinton *did* say those words, he may not be as far wrong as some might presume. If the rebels out-*pray* us, they may out *fight* us, as little as many may think of it; for I doubt very much, if the sin of the North was counterpoised with the sin of the South, but what our bulk would be the heaviest. The prevailing principles of both are so contemptible, that I do not desire to think of them.

Mr. Thomas H C. Hinton has been, by the Secretary of War, appointed a recruiting sergeant.

Governor J. F. Williams gets his commission to-day, to what office, I do not know.

Professor Solomon G. Brown is still lying very sick.

Benjamin Newton, whom we had all given up to die, is fast recovering.

CORRECTION

In my last letter you made me say that I was informed by Benjamin T. Tanner relative to the withdrawal of the Presbyterian delegation from the Convention. I said Benjamin T *Tannum, not Tanner.*

H. M. T.

Washington, D. C., March 7, 1863

For the Christian Recorder

BROOKLYN CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—In my last communication I was crowding all sail, and keeping a good look out, if haply I might discern a vessel on this tempest-tossed ocean of human strife. Steering north-west, on a cruise of seven days, observing the signs of the heavens,—watching at the mast head, (it requires vigilance these critical times, when pirates are abroad on sea and land,) we descried a sail, and according to promise, report: The vessel is an old one, having been out on the ocean for many years. Her crews have been changed frequently, in consequence of the length of the voyages. Freighted with the destiny of mankind, all nations have been, and still are, interested in her late anchorage in the destined harbor. Inscribed on her broad pennant is, the name which has electrified the nations, till from the Ganges to the Mississippi, the shout for "*Liberty*" is still echoing over the plantations, and through the rice swamps of the great valley.

The rush of battle, nor the reverberating thunder of artillery shall ever drown the loud acclamations of the struggling millions who are about to rise in their might, and assert their rights to enjoy their manhood, till the rebellion is crushed, and this nation is free; and crowned heads shall learn that Republicanism is not a failure. On this noble ship, England's greatest thinkers have had a passage: Fox, Pitt, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Curran, and Erskine have pleaded the cause of humanity; their memories will live in all coming time, even when there will be no slave to clank his chains. Since those sages have passed into the inner court, and are resting, others have arisen to take their places, and Europe is still steered, as the winds of heaven blow, and the flag of liberty, streaming aloft, bids the millions of the oppressed to look up. The Magyar starts from under the Hapsburg's heel, and unsheaths the sword, to avenge his national wrongs. The Italian, long burdened with priest-craft, rises in his strength, claiming his right of conscience. The philanthropists of this country have been pleading the cause of the poor, despised slave, for thirty years. Wm. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Lewis Tappan, and a host of others have been pleading at the bar of public opinion, and at the throne of God, for the downfall of this "sum of all villanies." Through all these long years, they have borne manfully their faces to the storm, knowing they were right; the difficulties have been increasing, demanding more laborers and God has lifted up his chosen ones for the work: the pulpit was to be a means to forward this measure. The fire of Liberty, which kindled the flames of Puritanism in old England, culminated in the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. Puritanism establishes a church to perpetuate her principles of human liberty, and Heaven gives to her a minister whose soul is as large as the cause his church represents. And Dr. Cheever loves God supremely, and man as his brother, though black as the raven's wing. His name shall live in the memory of Afric's sons, to be honored and revered, while that of Dr. Lord shall rot.

Plymouth, too, bears a charm, which Liberty only can give. The place where one first finds liberty is ever dear; and by virtue of the benefits received, the name is ever sacred. It was a rock on which the pilgrims landed,—it was on [illegible] they based their right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. Freedom to think, to write, to speak as was consistent with the truth, was the boast of that noble band. And the same lives, and the principles spread, through the medium of Plymouth church. Its shepherd, is indeed like the ruddy boy of [illegible], he dashes the black brain of slavery to death at one mighty swoop,—grapples the lion of prejudice in his lair, and with one bound he stands triumphant over all the host of the uncircumcised, vindicating the right of the God of Israel, to honor above all the gods of the earth. Liberty to all mankind, justice to the poor of this land, has been, and still is, the language of H. W. Beecher, as he calls men to "*Liberty.*" The dissemination of information on all the interests of the black race is still in progress. Mr Goodell has issued a little work on the constitution and law, which imparts much instruction to the colored community. An important meeting was held in the Bridge Street church, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 24th, at which Edward Gilbert was the principal speaker. His exposition of Judge Bates' opinion on the citizenship of colored men was a masterly effort. The large concourse sat patiently two and a half hours to listen to the opinions of those champions of freedom, Theodore Tilton, Esq., and Rev Mr Joslyn, who followed the first speaker with telling eloquence. That meeting will do much good, and awaken in the minds of the people inquiries which they have hitherto neglected.

A new organization has been formed in this city by the name of the "American Freedmen's Association," if I am not mistaken in the name. Its object is to look after the interests of the "Contrabands," to gather clothing, moneys, and donations for that people, who are in need. I have no doubt of the utility of their movement. This Contraband business seems to pay white men a handsome profit, and I do not see why colored men may not "*make a leetle*" something also. I am very willing to trust my brethren with these affairs. I think they are just as capable of collecting and sending off old clothes as whites are, and I believe they will do the work better than some of those now engaged in that task. I have been informed that one Rev. gentleman, who has been very active in collecting money for that object, gathered a nice sum, and absconded with it, the colored contrabands suffering notwithstanding. I hope the war will put an end to slavery, and leave no more work for these *jackalls* to do. Our poor bleeding race have been suffering at the hands of these bloody priests since apostate Las-Casas obtained that accursed decree from the seven hills of Rome to import blacks from Africa to work in the gold mines of South America, in order to save the Indians.

The gentlemen connected with this movement are well qualified to guide the affairs of the association. Rev J N Gloucester is the President; John Peterson, Esq., Secretary; Dr. McCune Smith, Treasurer, and many other distinguished gentlemen of New York, Brooklyn and Williamsburg. May they be successful in their good work.

Rev J D S. Hall has a good work in progress in his church. Many souls have been converted, and general prosperity attends his labors. My friend, the "nice man," in Bridge street, has a "hard road to travel," to use a common phrase. Not that he is disqualified to make things pleasant, but because he has rather *tough old timber to hew.*

Having a desire to know what and how matters in that church were prospering, I entered into conversation with one of the leading members, who is posted in the operations "behind the curtain." He informed me of a little transaction, which, for meanness and contemptibility, is beyond endurance. Mr. Cary had been very active in securing a committee of ladies to invite Mr. Douglass to lecture in his church for its benefit. The committee had made their arrangements, but, the night before the lecture, the Trustees conceived the idea that the pastor had over-stepped his limits, supposing he had appointed door-keepers. So, to vent their spite on him, they appointed door-keepers themselves to take the money. It made some trouble among the committee, and there is little encouragement for doing much just now. There are several of the old rebels in the Trustee Board who despise the Discipline of the Church, and will not be governed by it. Their death will be a glorious event for that church and people. *May it soon come!*

JUNIUS

DR. BEECHER'S "TEMPERATE" PARISHIONER.

Dr. Beecher's views upon the use of alcoholic drinks, were, previous to the year 1825, like those of many wise and good men of that day, adverse to excess, but tolerant of moderate drinking. A writer in the *Recorder*, after stating the above fact, gives an interesting account of the occasion of the radical change that made the doctor so bold a champion in the temperance crusade:

"The revolution in Dr. Beecher's views originated in discussion with one of his parishioners, Mr. Hezekiah Murray. This man, who lived in the extreme South-Eastern corner of the parish, was remarkable for the depth and clearness of his ideas, and for his far-reaching grasp of truth. Without more than ordinary education, his mind, cultivated by thought, and exercised with great themes, ripened in wisdom and judgment. Nor were his convictions speculative. To know duty was, with him, to yield unfaltering obedience. In the intervals of his farm-work he carried, for himself and others, produce and merchandise to and from New-Haven. Upon the wagon-box, slowly threading the long roads among the hills, his thoughts were busy with questions of religion and humanity.

"On one of these occasions he reviewed the list of his neighbors and acquaintance from childhood up, and was startled to find how many of them had reached a drunkard's grave. His own habit of moderate use and his example in thus setting temptation before his family, disturbed him. At length, step by step, he came to the point of total abstinence, then to a resolution against furnishing spirits to others, and then against aiding and abetting the manufacture, traffic in or use of alcoholic drinks.

"He even refused to transport the article with his team. More than this. He had for some years distilled cider-brandy for himself and others. That very year, at an expense of one hundred dollars, a new copper still had been set up on his premises. Now he determined it should never be used for distilling. These conclusions he had reached not only without hearing a word in behalf of temperance, but even before any public effort had been put forth in that cause.

"The apple harvest arrived. No persuasion, no price could shake Mr. Murray's purpose. People called him a fool—said he was insane—tried various intimidations or inducements, all in vain. At length Mr Beecher came down in hot earnest to cure him of his fanatical delusion. Mr. Murray stated the process by which he had been led to adopt these principles. Mr. Beecher rejoined, and urged the Scriptures: 'Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish,' 'Let not your good be evil spoken of,' etc. He argued, that if Mr. Murray were consciously too weak to resist the fascinating cup, he might abstain, but why judge for others, etc. Mr. Murrey defended his position, and with such effect that his pastor went home discomfited, though not convinced. It did not so end. Mr. Murray followed his minister home, and again and again pressed him to come out thoroughly for temperance. 'He would not give me peace,' said Dr. Beecher to the writer; 'he stood up in the middle of the floor and counted the names of my people who had died drunkards, and of those who were going to ruin; he pictured some dreadful death scenes, and pleaded with me till the tears rolled down his face. And, do you believe—after all that, I made flip with a crow-bar;'—alluding to the bar used for rolling back logs on the fire in the huge chimney-place, and which, being always hot, served instantly to thrust into the pitcher of flip when one returned from a wintry ride.

"However, the stern, fixed conviction at length seized the pastor's heart, and shaking off every prejudice, he poured into the temperance work his whole energy of body and soul. Then, ere long, came the 'Six Sermons' into being."

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*When the word intemperate is here used, we apply it to all the habits of life

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Mar. 14. 1863.

REPORT

Look here, brethren, read this: and remember it, too:—

The meeting of the Executive Committee and their appeal to the ministers having the charge of circuits and stations, and to the members of the A. M. E. Church, is as follows:

DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—According to the authority vested in our Editor and General Book Steward, he called together the Executive Committee of the Book Concern on the 13th of November, at which time we had a very pleasant interview together in relation to the present flattering condition of the Book Concern, and the wants of the Church.

Brethren, let me tell you for once that the Book Concern is really in a prosperous condition—and how it is that our Editor and General Book Steward has so managed to keep the Book Concern and paper in the hopeful condition in which we find it, and with such scant means, we confess we are at a loss to know—and more especially in times like these, when many a firm and paper, with a much larger capital, have succumbed. But, brethren, in order to hold this position, and to keep up a growing interest throughout the connexion, there are means needed—first, there is a very great demand for hymn-books, in every direction in the connexion, and our Editor and General Book Steward has informed us there are only seven or eight in the store, and he has no more to bind up. Therefore, the Committee deem it advisable, in view of such a demand for our hymn-books, and especially in the Western country, to advise our General Book Steward to get out another edition, so that our people may be supplied. To do this, brethren, it will require about $500. This should be done without delay. We therefore recommend each elder, deacon, and preacher to properly lay this vital matter before their congregations, and to take up a free-will collection, and to forward the same to the General Book Steward and Editor, so that it may be in his hands forthwith to operate with—and he will give each credit through this paper. Now we ask our brethren, shall the Book Steward have the amount? We will answer for the Philadelphia district, our portion will be forthcoming. We also recommend to our Bishops, while travelling around, to speak of this matter.

WILLIAM MOORE,
W. H. WATERS,
STEPHEN SMITH,
W. D. W. SCHUREMAN,
ELISHA WEAVER, *Ch'm.*

NOTICE.

We again call the attention of our correspondents and others, that our Post Office Box is No. 2075 and not 430. Please to take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

RECORDER.

Brethren, we are standing in great need of money, *just now*, in order to carry on this great work. Will not the brethren send us in aid? Those of our agents who have not yet done so, will please remit by return mail the amount of money they may have received from the sale of papers. Our need is great and pressing, or we would not ask you to come to our aid.

We would also mention, at this time, that, if those of our city friends who have not yet found opportunity to pay up their subscriptions for this year, would please call at our office (619 Pine St.) and settle up, we should deem it a great favor. We know the times are hard, brethren, and we dislike to press this subject upon your attention, but necessity compels us. Try what you can do; you'll never regret it.—ED.

EXHIBITION.

Bethel Sabbath School will celebrate their 26th anniversary at Sansom Street Hall, on next Thursday evening, the 19th instant. It is to be hoped that an appreciating public will not be backward in bestowing a liberal patronage on such a worthy object, and we wish to see the Hall crowded to its utmost capacity upon this occasion. There has been no pains nor labor spared on the part of the Christian Superintendent and gentlemen, Mr. Seymour, in conjunction with the worthy managers, in the preparatory arrangements, to make this anniversary celebration one that will fully come up to the ardent expectations of its most sanguine friends. Mr Seymour's name will be a sufficient guarantee.

Although we entertain not the slightest doubt that the name of Bethel School will be sufficient to fill the Hall, it may not be out of place to urge *every* friend to attend. The affair will not disgrace Bethel's unsullied fame.

The price of admission (for adults) has been fixed at the remarkably low sum of twenty (20) cents; children, ten (10) cents. Come to our Bookstore (619 Pine street) and get your tickets. ☞ Go early, and get a good seat.

THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

There never was a time when there was such a demand for the Christian Recorder. From all parts of the country we are receiving packages of letters, saying, "Send me the Recorder." Last week we could not begin to meet the demand—we ran short. We do hope that our brethren will send us aid, so that we may be able to supply the people. We have to see so much after financial affairs, that we wonder sometimes how we make out to write anything ourselves.

NOTICE

We have received several very interesting pieces which came too late for this number, among which is one from Alexandria.

NOTICE

There will be a special sermon preached to children next Sabbath afternoon, 15th inst., at Wesley Church, Knightsville, New Jersey, at three o'clock. All children and their friends are invited.

Isaiah Henbinson, the children's friend.

MUSIC.

Mr. Andrew Burris has published two splendid pieces of music which ought to be in all of our schools. One piece called, "I would not live always," is dedicated to Bethel Sabbath school, and the other is dedicated to the members of Bethel Choir of Philadelphia. The price of the latter is 15 cents, and the former 6 cents. They can be had at the A. M. E. Book Store, No. 619 Pine street.

DIED

Mr. Edward M. Thomas of Washington, died very suddenly in New York. We have not, up to the time of writing, heard the particulars.

GREAT REVIVALS.

ZANESVILLE CHURCH, OHIO.

Rev James A. Shorter, elder of the Zanesville church, Ohio, has written us a very encouraging letter, treating upon the condition of his charge. They have had one of the greatest and most successful revivals, probably, they ever experienced in times past. They have received some thirty three additional converts and members into the church. The Lord be praised for his goodness and mercy.

Brother Shorter, as we are informed by one of his stewards and exhorters, (Brother Bryant, of that city, who is making a short visit here in our city,) has succeeded in paying off the last cent of debt. That is right, Brother Shorter: we are glad to hear this, for it is very important that our ministers should not only be preachers, but financiers. Let every debt be honorably discharged as soon as possible, and the good cause must ever flourish to the glory of God.

BURLINGTON CIRCUIT.

The Rev. Joseph H. Smith also writes that the revival is still going on in Burlington. It is said that the whole town is aroused. The church is crowded regularly every evening to its utmost capacity. Sinners are being stricken down on the right and left by God's irresistible and convincing power.

Brother Smith is certainly one of the most successful and persevering revivalists that we have in our connexion. Long may he continue to carry on the good work.

Brother Joseph Long, also, under his charge, has been carrying on another great revival at Jordantown, on another part of the circuit. Well done, Brother Long.

BORDENTOWN CIRCUIT.

Of which Rev. J. Young is pastor, is having a great work going on. May the good Lord be ever present with them, and bless their labors to his own honor and glory.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Baptist church, in Little Pine street, of which Rev. Mr. Hamilton is pastor, is also having a very interesting time, and have been going on for some two or three weeks, or more. May the good Lord bless Brother Hamilton in his noble and praiseworthy efforts.

WEST PHILADELPHIA.

Under the charge of Rev. W. D. W. Schureman's circuit, has been holding a protracted meeting. We have not yet learned what has been the result.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Rev. W. R. Revels, M. D., pastor of the A. M. E. church in this place, has written us a very interesting letter, stating that God has most powerfully poured out his Spirit in that part of his moral vineyard. They have had no less than seventy odd conversions. Mighty God and Father of the Universe, we bend the suppliant knee in prayer to thee—prayer that the good work thus nobly begun shall continue till the day of accounts—till the end of time.

MOB LAW IN DETROIT.

We have to chronicle now of the most disgraceful, inhuman, and heathen-like riots, ever recorded upon the pages of history. It occurred in the city of Detroit, Mich. It is said that a colored man committed rape upon a white woman. He was tried before a court of justice. There was no proof of the fact—the court could not find him guilty, but remanded him back to prison. If he was guilty, every respectable person, white and colored, would favor the execution of the law upon him. But what are the facts in the matter? Why, the accused man is said to be as near white as he could well be, and hardly ever associated with the people of color. He has a meat stall in the market, we are told. The girl who lays the charge against him, is said to have a bad reputation, and associates with a certain low class of colored people. On this occasion she went to him, and demanded from him what he owed her. She followed him into a room with a colored girl with whom she is said to associate. The colored girl then withdrew, and left this white girl in the room, which seemed to have been a made-up plot between them. She hallooed, rape! and upon this ground he was taken into custody.

Then a wicked and most malicious mob attempted to take the law into their own hands; and as Uncle Sam would not allow them to do that, they made a cowardly attack upon the innocent, burned down their houses, murdered the inmates—and that without any provocation whatever. The rebels under Jeff. Davis would not have been guilty of a crime so heinous and hell-deserving with the poor, innocent colored people.

What have the colored people done that they should be thus treated? Even here, in the city of Philadelphia, in many places it is almost impossible for a respectable colored person to walk the streets without being insulted by a set of blackguards and cowards; and the very lowest and most vulgar language that ever any human being uttered, is addressed to our wives and daughters. How long shall this state of things continue? For we solemnly declare that there is not a more true soil loyal people to the Union than the colored people, and we hope that our city papers will come down on such conduct if they are loyal to the Union.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV RICHARD ROBINSON.

NO. XI.

CONTINUED.

The hero still lives and works for his Lord and Master, in Bethel Church, Second Street, N. Y., where we placed him before the close of our last article. We have returned, and found him still laboring at the same place. He is now winding up his year's services in order to meet and report to the Conference, which met in the year 1814, in the city of Brooklyn, L. I. The young and faithful servant of God, Robinson, comes forth in the strength of God, and again meets with his brethren in a Conference capacity. They greet each other with the blessings of God, for sparing them with health and strength to meet again to do the business of a year's work, for the church of God. The Conference sets about the work, with the Bishop at its head, Bishop Brown and brethren seated around him. The Bishop proceeds to the disciplinary questions. The brethren are called upon to report the membership of their churches, and we find that Brother Robinson is called upon to report, first, the charge over which he presided the past year. He reports a membership of 614—the largest that had ever been reported before. This, of course, was encouraging to know that the work in Bethel Church, Second St., for the good Lord was increasing, and all went to show that the services of Brother Robinson were appreciated by the New York Church and members. He was also examined in his moral and religious character, and he was found to stand fair in his charge, and among the brethren. Thus he marched on in the cause of the great I am. At this Conference he was again re-appointed to Bethel Church, Second St., New York, which of course gave joy and consolation to the members of that Church and congregation; because he was the wheel-horse, or the ablest man in those days. He received his appointment cheerfully, and labors for that church and congregation another year.

(To be continued.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

LEBANON, OHIO.	
Rev. W. W. Hunter, old account,	$7 60
ATTLEBOROUGH, PA.	
Per Rev. J. Cornish:—	
Mrs. Eliza Hamilton,	1 25
James Saddler,	1 00
BRISTOL, PA.	
Mrs. Sylvester Beckos,	1 12
BORDENTOWN, N. J.	
Of Mr. Wm E. Middleton	1 25
TEMPLESVILLE, MD.	
Philip Roberts, per Mrs S Gibbs	1 00
LEAVENWORTH CITY, KANSAS	
Per Rev. John Turner:—	
Mrs. Louisa M. Matthews,	3 25
ZANESVILLE, O.	
Rev. James A. Shorter,	2 00
Mrs. Nancy Messer,	1 00
SPARTANSBURG, IND.	
Mrs. S. H. Smothers,	1 00
TAMPICO, O.	
Ira A. Collins, per S. H. Smothers,	1 13
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	
Rev. Jos. P. Shreaves, for papers sold,	4 00
BURLINGTON, N. J.	
Rev. J. H. Smith,	1 00
Miss Mary L. Davis, per Rev. H. Davis,	1 13
PITTSBURGH, PA.	
Mrs. Nancy W. Smith,	2 25
GEORGETOWN, D. C.	
Rev. H. J. Rhodes,	4 00
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.	
J. T. Ranburen, per Rev. J. M. Wilkerson,	2 25

For the Christian Recorder.

DEAR BROTHER:—I have been thinking you would like to hear from us. The good Lord has been with us in this place up to this time. From February 8th to February 20th, we held our protracted meeting, not knowing what would be the result, but in God's name, and trusting in him, we went to work and in that time seven souls confessed Christ and him crucified. In the midst of these hard times I have been able to live up to the present. My charge is in a tolerably good condition at the present. I have been using my best endeavors and influence to get subscribers for the *Recorder*, but as there are but a few readers in my charge, and as it takes those few a long time to make up their minds to begin a good work, I have not, so far succeeded. Still I will do all that I can for our Church and its paper. Pray for us that the Lord may continue with us.

Yours truly, REV. W. M. JOHNSON.

Coxsackie, N. Y., March 6th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—The Union Relief Association of Union Bethel, A. M. E. church, begs leave to acknowledge through the *Recorder*, the receipt of the following goods for the freedmen in and about Washington.

From the Relief association of Elmira, New York, Mrs. Mary E. Brown, President, one barrel containing one hundred and fourteen pieces of clothes. Express paid, $2 75.

From the Freedman's Relief Association of Ithaca, New York, Rev. John Thomas, President, one barrel containing one hundred and fifty-eight pieces of clothes, and thirteen books. Express paid.

From a committee of ladies of Waters Chapel, Baltimore, Md, Rev. John Lynch, pastor, two boxes of clothing, containing five hundred and seventy-five pieces. Freight free.

The association is under many obligations to the above named parties, for their noble efforts in behalf of our distressed people, and hope that they will continue in their work and labor of love. The demand for aid of every description is very great. About one hundred of that class of persons for which we are laboring, arrived here to-day, and still they come.

The goods, &c., will be faithfully applied by the executive committee.

JAMES L. THOMAS,
Secretary.

Washington, D. C., March 9th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—I beg of you, as a subscriber, to permit me to fill up a small space in the columns of your most excellent paper, so as to return my sincere and heart-felt thanks to those philanthropic person or persons, that have been so kind and benevolent as to remunerate you with this year's annuity for the Christian *Recorder*, in my behalf, as I saw my name enrolled with those that had paid their yearly dues. I felt it my imperative duty to give due credit to the value of such Christian charity (which I feel to be a great virtue) and enterprising spirit, to whomsoever it may be, in endeavoring to continue and extend the perusal of your widely circulated paper, which is a great auxiliary to the church and connexion. Although I am, through the just dispensation of Providence, confined to the house, and have been for nearly one year with the exception of attending quarterly meeting at Burlington, N. J., and then unable to walk without assistance; nevertheless, I have held communion with the outer world through and by the aid of your press, which afforded great consolation, more especially "The sketch of the life of Brother Richard Robinson," who was my pastoral father in the Lord, and from under whose hand I was first ordained and allowed to stand upon the walls of Zion as a mouth-piece, to declare the sacred oracles of God to a much corrupted and sin-cursed world; therefore, I feel the greater interest in tracing the history of a Christian gentleman who adhered to and administered justice in its keenest sense; also embraced honor in its strictest integrity. As an example for the followers of Christ, he was one worthy of patronage according to my limited judgment. I form my opinion from personal acquaintance.

I remain yours in Christ,
SHEPHERD HOLCOMB.

An Irish miller, who had held some petty military command, was observed one day coming into town with a cart loaded with sacks of flour. "Ho," cried a wag of that place, "there comes Marshal Saxe with the *flower* of Tipperary!"

For the Christian Recorder

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF OUR PEOPLE

Relying upon the benevolence and philanthropy of the Christian ministers who peruse the "Christian Recorder," we make an appeal to them in behalf of those freedmen whom our heavenly Father evidently designs we should aid and succor. They are seeking an asylum in our midst, and are in a situation demanding the sympathy and support of those of us who have been blest with a happier allotment in life. We should follow the indications of Providence, and surely, never were they more clearly exhibited than at this time. Divine wisdom has seen fit to bestow the blessing of freedom, and admitted the first rays of light upon some of our race, who have for centuries been kept in the darkness of bondage. It has been asserted that we, as a people, do not sympathize with this oppressed portion of our race. Let us, my friends, by our benefactions, by words and by acts of kindness, disprove these assertions. Let us emulate those brethren of Boston who have so nobly extended relief, not only to those seeking refuge in the wilds of Kansas, but also to our society in Washington. You have, many of you, doubtless heard of the society formed by them called "The Fugitive Aid Society, presided over by Mrs. Stella Martin; also another formed in Mr. Grimes' Church, called "The Relief Association;" and here we must not forget to render the amount of praise due to our brethren in Philadelphia and New York. We have now, in our immediate vicinity, from eight to ten thousand poor men, women, and children, in a most distressing and deplorable condition. We need for them food, clothing, and money. We have now several invalid families of women and children under our care, for whose house rent, fuel, and medical attendance, we are obliged to expend money. Our society, "The Contraband Relief Association," was formed for the purpose, not only of relieving the wants of those destitute people, but also to sympathize with, and advise them; we have endeavored to carry out this spirit. We have visited and counselled them; and we have, as far as we have the ability, relieved their wants by giving them food, clothing, and medicine, but much which our hearts longed to do, we have been obliged to leave undone, for want of means. We are sad, when we reflect that hundreds, nay, thousands, in different parts of our land are in the same destitute condition, houseless and homeless; and not for those cast amongst us alone do we wish to enlist your sympathy, but desire to call your attention to those scattered throughout the West. We would most particularly direct the attention of ministers to the duty of presenting this subject before their congregations, arousing their sympathy, directing their efforts, and inducing them to give their time and means according to the power they possess. It is very important that Christians should understand the necessity of action at the present moment, and appreciate in its full extent the work before us. Unless contributions are speedily increased, the poor freedmen must suffer, and great obligations rest upon us to do all we can to assist both morally and physically, those whose lot has hitherto been cast in the dark, rough paths of life. This is our seed-time, and doubtless our heavenly Father will cause the seed which is sown in weakness to bear a rich harvest. I hope we shall have the prayers of all our Christian brothers and sisters, that the Lord will bless the efforts of our society, and of every other formed for the same purpose, and upon the hearts of His people to give according to their ability. Who, in appearing before the Great Judge when life is over, would not rejoice to have done what he could for those destitute brethren and sisters? We hope yet to meet many whose faces we may never see on earth, but who will join us in this labor of love, and through whose instrumentality the heart of the poor freedmen may be made glad.

Elizabeth Keckley, President of the "Contraband Relief Association."

Packages and money may be sent by express to Mr James Wormley, 311 I. Street, Washington, D. C.

The Repository and Anglo-African please copy.

For the Christian Recorder

SOLDIER CORRESPONDENCE.

New Bedford, Mass., March 7th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—In my letter of the 23d ult., I stated that Gov. Andrew was expected to be present at a war meeting, to be held that evening. Having to attend the funeral of a military officer at Lowell, Mass., he could not be present, therefore, the meeting went not on. Thursday, the 26th, Gen. Wool, accompanied by Gov. Andrew, and Gen. Berry, of N. H., visited this city. In the evening they spoke at the City Hall. In the course of his remarks, Gov. Andrew said, he had been expected to address a colored audience in this city. He thought colored people were not a peculiar people, that they needed more urging than others, therefore, he knew not what to say to them more than to other fellow countrymen. He was glad that the day had come when any man, regardless of color or birth, was a welcome recruit to our army. Of the fifty-five that have enlisted in this city, once have been rejected. Tuesday evening, March 3d, the recruits and many citizens assembled at City Hall and were addressed by many gentlemen.

The 4th of March, 1863, will long be remembered in this city. At two o'clock, the recruits assembled at the City Hall, and were each presented with a pair of mittens by the city treasurer, a donation from the city Postmaster, with the instruction to use them when their hands were cold, but to lay them aside when they met the enemy. They were accompanied to the depot by a band, and a great number of citizens. Along the route, cheers were given for the Morgan Guards, (that being the name of the company,) and ladies waved their handkerchiefs. The number that went was thirty-six. The rest will depart next week.

They have left us with stout hearts,
Holding each a bold lancell;
Nobly will they act their parts,
Never will their country sell.

We may never on earth see them,
Their brave hearts to praise and cheer,
But we will in heaven meet them,
Then we'll shout together there.

GURNEE.

P. S.—The company before they left, petitioned to the Governor, for the appointment of Wm W. Grimes, who has taken an interest in the company, as chaplain. He accompanied them as far as Mansfield, where he invoked upon them the blessing of God for their protection and preservation. The city government has voted each recruit fifty dollars. More anon.

GURNEE.

MEXICO. New York, March 7.—By the Columbia to-day we receive later news from Mexico by way of Havana. The dates from Vera Cruz are to the 17th ult., from Jalapa to the 13th ult., and from the Puebla papers to the 1st ult.

For the Christian Recorder

FROM BURLINGTON. N. J.

MR. EDITOR.—This will inform you and the numerous readers of the *Recorder*, that at the same time the protracted meeting was going on in Burlington, there was one going on also at Jordantown conducted by my assistant, J. H. Long, for we had made arrangements to attack the enemy at these two points at the same time. Brother Long had great success. There have been twenty persons converted at Jordantown, and many others in rebellion against God are crying, "What shall I do to be saved?" Brother Long was taken sick, and had to leave his work unfinished. Brethren I think that this is the best preparation that could be made for these war times, and we should gird on the armor that God has given us, and so walk in him that if we should be called upon to shed our blood to redeem our unhappy brethren from the house of bondage, we would be prepared for heaven. Thus while unborn generations would be enjoying the blessings of that liberty which we had purchased by our blood, so we, in heaven, might be enjoying the richer blessings of an eternal happiness which God has prepared for those that love him and keep his commandments.

Yours in Christ,
J. H. SMITH, *Elder*.
J. H. LONG, *Preacher*.

For the Christian Recorder

BRO. WEAVER:—The sad news reached our ears this morning of the death of James Crump, a young man, a local preacher in the Old Side M. E. church. Bro. Crump preached for us just one month ago, yesterday. He was a very promising preacher. He spoke with a great deal of ease, and was quite an orator. He was married on last Christmas night. I was an eye-witness to the wedding. He leaves behind him a young widow and a widowed mother, who, to some extent, was dependent upon him. His mother was one of the refugees from Fredericksburg, Va., and is said to have property there. Brother Crump has also a brother in Liberia. From what we can learn it was well with Brother Crump in death. He fell a victim to that loathsome disease, small-pox.

I wish to add to the names of the Concerters, that of Mrs. Laura Butler, the Queen. It was supposed by some that Mrs. Butler's appearance was more beautiful than any of the ladies. She looked very well. Her dress was bespangled apparently with gold, and she wore a very handsome crown. Mr. James Sample was the Judge of the Supreme Court; he looked well.

I wish to make a correction in names. Instead of James Thomas as appeared, it is James Thompson, and instead of Miss Dumsia Johnson, it is Durnsie Johnson.

H. J. RHODES.

For the Christian Recorder

COMPOSITION

MR. EDITOR:—I regard composition writing as the most important and useful department of education. All written and printed documents are compositions. The Holy Bible is a collection of compositions. It contains the productions of Moses, Daniel, Elijah, David, Solomon, &c. The New Testament is also a collection of compositions, containing the writings of Matthew, Luke, John, Peter, Paul, &c. And all historical and biographical works are compositions. Hence it is evident that without composition writing, we could know nothing about the things which took place in the world before we came into it.

Since composition is of such vast importance and utility, it is necessary that children should be early instructed in it. And it will, no doubt, take some with surprise, especially those who are inexperienced in the matter, when I tell them how easily children from seven to ten years old, can be taught the fundamental principles of composition.

But what are the fundamental principles of composition writing, some may ask? I answer, that they are a plain legible hand writing, and a practical knowledge of punctuation. If persons can write a plain, legible hand, and are well posted in punctuation, they can generally find something to write about. They should, of course, be good spellers, too. It is a matter of regret that too many persons who are considered good scholars in the common branches, are very deficient in punctuation, both in reading and writing. I venture to say, that there is not one common English scholar out of ten, including a majority of the teachers of our common schools also, that can prepare an article for the press. And the productions of many who are called good writers, have to be corrected by the editor, before they are put into type. This ignorance of punctuation arises from the deficiency in their early training.

Punctuation is a natural thing; just as natural as life. The pauses used in printing and writing, are intended to correspond as nearly as possible, with the pauses that we naturally make in talking. For instance, in talking, we naturally make a full stop, whenever we get complete sense made.

I have said that it is quite easy to teach the fundamental principles of composition to children of the age of seven to ten years old. How this can be done, I will now endeavor, briefly, to show. I need say but little about the method of teaching spelling, as that is generally pretty well understood.

For teaching penmanship, I prefer to use slates in the commencement. The use of slates, not only saves paper, and thereby lessens the expense, but children will learn much faster on them. This I have learned from experience, as I have been engaged in teaching for nearly four years. When children once learn to write on slates, they will learn to write on paper without any further instruction. And the same slate will afterwards do for the child to cipher on. Children should be put to writing as soon they learn the alphabet, and are able to spell very simple words. As soon as they learn to make the letters, which they will do in a few days, they should commence composing. The copies should be left written on the black-board, and let the whole class copy. In the commencement, the exercises should be very simple, and the sentences short. And it is surprising how soon children will learn to read writing by this method. Every exercise should be something new, which will greatly assist in keeping up the interest of the class, as well as improve them faster.

Punctuation should be taught in connexion with these exercises. I did not know, till about a year ago, that children could be taught punctuation so easily. The circumstances which led to a knowledge of this fact, are these: during the last winter term of my school, my assistant teacher had been hearing a class recite in composition in another room, (I mean grown scholars.) At length we made a change, and I took charge of the class, and they recited in my room, in the presence of the small scholars. The class had not recited in my room but a few times, till as I recollect, I wrote the following:

THE OX

"the ox are a very useful animal he works hard for us the Ox eats hay and grass and corn the ox can Poll the Cart we should treat The ox well"

Louisa T., a girl eight years old, spoke up and said to the astonishment of the class, and myself, too, "'Tain't right." "Why," said I, "what is the matter with it?" "The body of the composition ought to commence on the third line, and you ought to have commenced your sentence with capital letters." What is a sentence? said I. "A collection of words making a complete sense;" said she. Do any of the rest of the children understand these things? said I. "I do," says Sophia A., a girl of ten years. Will you make some sentences? said I to her. "This is a good book I love to read it. All children should learn to read." Louis H., a boy nine years old, spoke up and said: "I understand it too; you ought not to have commenced the words ox, plow, the, and cart, with capital letters." Why not? said I. "They are not the names of particular persons or places," said he. "And you ought to have is, where you have are," said Julia O., a girl ten years old. "Whenever we mean but one thing, we should say is, and when we mean more than one, we should say are."

I immediately organized a class among the children in composition; and the result is, that I now have fifteen or twenty children in my school, from seven to twelve years old, who are well posted in punctuation, and are also good composition writers, for to be children. And sixteen months ago, not one of them could write his or her own name. Of course I have my large scholars well posted in these things too.

And scholars that have been drilled in this way, will read print with much more ease and correctness, in consequence of clearly understanding the natural and common sense principles of reading. But, Mr Editor, I fear my article is growing too lengthy. I must close.

SAMUEL H. SMOTHERS.

Union Literary Institute,
Spartansburg, Indiana,
February, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Georgetown, D. C.

Friendship is a trait which should be conformable to every human heart. Show me one whose heart is destitute of that most important trait, friendship, and I will show you a heart that is not endowed with that emblematic humanity which should be a memento to the hearts and consciences of each and every human being. Friendship knows no restraint; holds not back on account of sect or denomination; it is so annexed to humanity, that the teachings and heart will demand objects of regard in the breasts of individuals whose hearts are not earnest in this most important trait of human affection. Friendship does not only operate on the minds of those that are in possession of its principles, but it shows itself more by extending acts of kindness towards their fellow beings, by administering to the wants of the needy if not by action, by sympathy and prayer. I hope that every human heart will become a temple for the indwelling of the Spirit of the living God, in whose heart only is there known to dwell true friendship. Were our wide spread community interested in God and in his cause; if each heart was filled with glory and with God, we would not be found destitute of the obligation that is set forth through the hearts of honest humanity. Let us take henceforth into consideration, our duty one towards the other. Let us not only think about our duty, but act in accordance with our privileges, and being possessed with an honest heart and godly principles, we will be constrained to do our duty.

MRS. M. J. DOVE.

For the Christian Recorder.
Indianapolis, March 7th, 1863

BRO. WEAVER:—I steal a few moments leisure from the wing of time to transmit to you a few lines for the purpose of informing you of the goodness of God toward us in this part of his vineyard. We have had a protracted meeting for a short time, and when the number of converts had reached thirty we supposed that the cloud of mercy that had hovered over us had in a measure receded, and we temporarily suspended our efforts. On last Sabbath a revival broke out in class-meeting, and such were the indications of mercy that we were induced to believe that the time to close our protracted meeting had not yet come; accordingly, we held meetings every night during the week, and the blessed Lord of truth hath been with his people. Seventy-two souls have professed conversion up to this date, and the altar is still crowded with anxious souls inquiring the way of life. The membership is much revived, and truly a healthy atmosphere is felt in our midst; pray that the work may go on until the whole earth may become the smiling garden of the Lord, and righteousness cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

W. R. REVELS.

For the Christian Recorder

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

MR. EDITOR:—The period long desired and looked for, has come at last, and from all appearances an event in the history of our race has been hailed with greater joy, than the blow given to American Slavery by the President's proclamation, January 1st, 1863. Ethiopia now can stretch forth her hands to God, and it is hoped ere long, her sons will enjoy all that God granted them, unmolested by slavery or prejudice.

The people in this vicinity, though late in giving their opinion on the subject, yet the same emotion, demonstrated from every quarter, is felt here, the result of which is communicated:

There was an Emancipation Demonstration held here the 27th inst. At the time appointed a large assemblage of people convened in the African Methodist Episcopal Church. The meeting was called to order by one of the committee of arrangements. Rev. S. M. Giles was called to the chair, and Mr. R. R. Richardson chosen Secretary. The exercise was opened with the usual religious ceremonies by the chairman, assisted by Mr A. C. Dingle. Subsequently, the President's Proclamation was read, followed with applause. The chairman then addressed the audience, alluding to the joyful event we were called to celebrate, a blessing long desired; a subject which had been the theme of prayer for many years; also of its beneficial effects and future prospects. The audience was further entertained with addresses from Messrs. S. C. Henson, S. Kristuller, H. W. Foster, L. L. H. Swears, J. H. Quan, H. R. Richardson, and Mr. Smith, interspersed with singing and the passage of several resolutions.

The addresses were in every way suitable to the occasion. The themes of the speakers were on Emancipation, love of liberty, education, unity, and our duty as citizens. Some of the speakers referred to a sentiment generally expressed among our people, viz., "That we are indebted to the President for the emancipation of the slave." This was regarded as a mistaken idea, because it was only used as a "war measure" for the salvation of the country. The ability and interest evinced by President Lincoln to save the Union, and the alternative chosen when all other plans and purposes failed, showed that he was worthy of the position he fills, and wholly qualified for the emergency. Divine Providence over-ruling his former endeavors, he did not hesitate to follow its dictation in the latter, by striking down the evil which threatened the ruin of the nation; for this and similar deeds, he claims our highest esteem, admiration, and best wishes for his success and prosperity during his administration. But to God alone who holds and controls the destiny of nations, we are indebted for this great deliverance.

While admiring the conduct of our President as an instrument, our emotions of gratitude should be expressed to God who defeated the purposes of men, and brought the blessing of freedom to the larger portion of our oppressed race, and with it the prospect of slavery being wholly annihilated. The whole exercise was interesting and reflected credit upon the speakers. The following resolutions unanimously prevailed.

Resolved, that we are under obligations to Almighty God for his overruling providenc by which over three millions of our brethr who were held in bondage, have been emancip ted by the President's proclamation to enjoy t blessings of liberty.

Resolved, that we do heartily rejoice to the hour long desired and prayed for arrive, when slavery, the scorpion of national greatness, is to be exterminated, so that we can exclaim: The cause of humanity has triumphed!

Resolved, that it be considered our duty to to cultivate our own minds and educate our children, so as to be prepared when called upon to fill any position, and do our duty as citizens.

S. Q. R.

OBITUARY.

Sacred to the memory of Sarah A. Butler, who was born and raised in Alexandria, Va., and who attached herself to the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1832. She was married to Robert Carter in 1834. In 1845, she, with her husband, emigrated to New Bedford, and united herself with the A. M. E Church. In 1849, Robert Carter, her husband, died, and she remained a widow until Oct., 1854, when she was married to John Butler. In 1858, her children became fatherless, and she again was left a widow. She departed this life February 22d, 1863, in the forty-third year of her age.

During the many years of her affliction, she doubtless passed through many vicissitudes; but was comforted and sustained by the gracious promises of Scripture, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but out of them all the Lord will deliver them."

For the last few years, sister Butler has been weighed down with care, anxiety, and sorrow—her spirit has been all shrouded in gloom; but she was strong in faith, and patient in her suffering—looking forward to a better country, where pain and sickness shall never enter, grief nor sin her state to share—there is no night of affliction there; for our Saviour will "wipe away all tears from our eyes."

Then we should always remember that every affliction has its errand, and is sent to accomplish some special purpose. Job says, "Trouble cometh not of itself, neither does affliction spring out of the dust; but man is born to trouble as the sparks to fly upwards."

But the Spirit of Christ sweetly calms the soul of a suffering believer, not by taking away all sense of pain, but by overcoming it with a sense of His love. When Sister Butler felt she was drawing nigh to the chilly waters of Jordan, in haste she sent for all her acquaintances that she remembered had hard feelings against her, and had all past difficulties settled, and shook their hands in token of friendship and love. Just two days before her death, she was visited by a lady from Providence, R. I., whose voice she recognized before the lady entered her chamber. She said, "Mary has come." After her friend from Providence had taken a seat near the bedside of our lamented sister, she discovered that sister Butler was near her end, and said, "Sarah, is there anything on your mind that you desire to say to me?" She replied, "No, Mary, there is nothing. Since I saw you last, I have had a great deal of trouble, but I have given up all into the hands of the Lord. Give my love to your husband, and tell him to meet me in heaven."

Dear Lord! though bitter is the cup,
Thy gracious hand holds out to me,
I cheerfully would drink it up,—
That cannot hurt which comes from Thee.

WILLIAM W. GEIGER.

ADDRESS OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want, from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them, and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capital of this once peaceful and happy nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of the constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association.

THOMAS E. GREEN,
No. 490 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association:

JAMES L. THOMAS,
WILLIAM BURK,
JOHN A. SHAUS,
Committee.

Washington, October 25, 1862.

The Rev. Dr. Spring went to New Haven, Connecticut, and called on Dr. Taylor. He had ridden from Newburyport, Massachusetts, to that place, in his "one-horse shay." "I have come for Moses Stuart," said Dr. Spring; "we want him to become a Professor in our new Seminary at Andover." "You can't have him," was the reply—"he can't be spared." "I know that," was the response; "that's the reason I have come for him. We have plenty of men who can be spared; but these men won't make good Professors at Andover."

SONOLET.

Unseal, sweet muse,
Thy golden store;
Song's tuneful balsam
Around me pour!

With me grieve softly,
With me weep sore,
Nor, mild consoler,
Thy task give o'er.

Till Life regaineth
The smiles it wore,
Till sorrow sleepeth,
Tears flow no more!

FANNY MALONE R

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LUTHERAN AND MISSIONARY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MARCH.

Camp near ——, N. C.
February 15, 1863.

A few months' experience of army life, in different scenes and under varied circumstances, will give our [illegible] a pretty good idea of what the whole thing is like: and one or two samples of soldiers' housekeeping on the road, with small occasional variations, for a description of our eating and bivouacking ad infinitum. The night encampment was usually in a corn-field: once—the night before the battle of Kingston—we lay in a muddy swamp, with just enough dry ground between the logs to spread our blankets. Once we occupied a beautiful spot, a large pine grove, free from underbrush, the ground soft with a bed of fallen cones. The root of a tree for a pillow, and its protecting boughs for covering, were greatly sought, and always welcome to us at evening. On our right, just across the road, stood a country church, and in front was a sharp descent, a little valley graced with a stream, and honored by a mill, which shone romantically in the faint moonlight. But the charm of scenery, always rare in this seaboard region, had little attraction for our comrades: they choose the stopping-places with reference to the needed comfort and provision of the way. The largest plantation in the neighborhood would furnish quarters for the General and his staff, and might supply corn for the horses, with fence-rails, and perhaps potatoes and other delicacies for the men, of a brigade. At the end of a day's march, we generally, as aforesaid, were let into a field, and no sooner was the line dismissed, than rapid would be the rush for whatever might be found to satisfy the physical wants, without and within, of man and beast. Speedily would the fences vanish: nothing makes a better fire than southern rails. Usually the field contained one or more stacks of corn-fodder; they remained not long; bedding for the bipeds, and feed for the four footed animals must be had, whoever might have been the previous owner. If we were near a house, the farmer had stored his winter supply of sweet potatoes in a sort of underground receptacle or outhouse, not much like anything we have in the North: but twenty minutes after our arrival left him but a small stock of that useful article of diet. His sheds (they have no barns down here,) would be visited by officers and servants in search of corn, and as many unshelled ears as they could carry would reward the labor of the patient beasts. Once or twice we found that product ready shelled: but many a time have I carried my saddle bags full of the entire ear, to provide against less hospitable regions. The horses depended on this, no forage was provided, and except the wild winter grass which grows here and there, even the Chaplain had to steal,—or, no, in the better word,—to fulfil his Scripture duties, and provide for his equine household. The merciful man is merciful unto his beast, and this was in a mounted man the most serious responsibility of the journey. Twice, when there were no friendly stables near, the doctor and I had to wander a mile from camp, after dark, back from the main road, through unknown and obscure by-paths, in search of provender. It would have been pleasanter to sit down, eat our own suppers, and rest, but our horses must not starve, and there was no provision near. Directed by more enterprising explorers, we found on each occasion, a farm house—one of them was large, handsome, and surrounded by every evidence of wealth and culture—where straggling soldiers were pillaging at will. We found the out houses with difficulty, filled our bags with corn, tied together an immense bundle of shucks, and rode back to camp with that ornamental addition on the horses' neck. I remember well the latter part of those adventures. The plantation was in a lonely place, far away from camp or road, that I could see. It was late and dark, and we were almost utterly alone: and as we turned to ride back through the thick forest, I thought that two or three enterprising guerillas might have nabbed us and many other stragglers, with no trouble at all. But the enterprising guerillas weren't there, and we had a soft bed and our horses a good feed that night.

We were blest with fine weather during that expedition, sometimes cold, but never rainy. A mounted officer can strap enough bedding upon his saddle, to keep him warm at nights, and I always slept comfortably. The men, who had but a single blanket, had to get up sometimes long before morning to keep warm: but I always rose in time for breakfast. That—and all the rest—were very simple meals. A few hard crackers, some few sweet potatoes, not always, and some slices of commissary ham or rebel pork, were our best. (Of that pork directly.) Occasionally a cup full of stolen honey would satisfy the repast: and Carolina hoecakes, when found, were handled without fear, favor, or affection.

When we left the spot next morning, its appearance was usually not improved, and its resources positively diminished. Fences, corn-ricks, porkers and poultry were no more. It was the same thing where we stopped for dinner: half-an-hour would suffice for the work of consumption and destruction. At first I regretted and disapproved all this, as unjust to the inhabitants and disgraceful to ourselves: but a conversation I enjoyed with a scion of chivalry improved my ideas. One afternoon, when the regiment had just risen from their pork and potatoes, the doctor and I rode on to a large and comfortable house which stood back from the road, on a sandy spot, gardenless and treeless. The owner was standing on the porch. 'You have a fine house here, sir,' said we. 'But do not hope to enjoy it long,' the Southerner replied. 'Why so?' He pointed to the smoke which rose from our encampment. 'My woods will catch, the wind is this way, and your fire may cost me my home.' We endeavored to console him, and to allay the apprehensions of his lady, who came out in a distressed and alarmed condition. He took the matter philosophically, though with some evident bitterness against the Yankees. 'There is no use of worrying, my dear: we must make up our minds to endure everything. We have lost a great deal, and of course we must lose much more—everything, very likely: but we cannot help ourselves, and we may as well take it quietly.' The gentleman was fine-looking, educated, very polished, dignified, and courteous in manner. 'My dear' looked older, and seemed to possess those advantages in less degree: I suspect that she brought the money into the family. I did not inquire, however, and the conversation continued. He proved a physician, who had renounced practice because of ill health, and was not in the rebel army, as he took care to inform us, from the same reason solely, a graduate of the Medical Department in the University of Pa., in your city. My comrade the Surgeon claimed the same Alma Mater, and so did I, in the Department of Arts. He bowed coldly at the announcement; evidently he, as a Southern gentleman, could be unconsciously polite to Hessians, but could acknowledge no possible bond of friendship with them. He professed to have been the strongest Union man in his neighborhood; 'but,' said he, 'when Lincoln issued his proclamation for 75,000 men, he turned us into enemies at once.' The doctor suggested mildly that when the chivalry had suffered sufficiently and been made to feel their masters, their eyes might open to new light and their minds receive different ideas. He fired at the thought. 'No, sir, I think not. You have it your own way here. You may overrun us more and more, drive us to any extremity, deprive us of property, comforts, and life: but we *never* will yield.' He complained, in a dignified tone, of his suffering: his slaves had left him or become disorderly, and he was reduced to the awful hardships of sometimes bringing wood and water for himself, 'things he never had been accustomed to.' We asked, 'but has he lost much by the war?' 'I lose about $3000 by this raid, in fences, corn, fodder, &c. They took twenty of my hogs on your advance. I don't know how many they will take on the return.' And serves you right, we thought as we left him, if you *will* be exterminated, so be it: if milder means can do no good, if self-defense can turn friends of the Union into enemies, if you despise our friendship and defy our power, why—let our men warm themselves at your blazing fences, and eat your hogs and poultry, henceforth I will take, with a clear conscience, from your barn what my horse needs, and not scruple to taste your potatoes and honey when you don't invite me.

I promised a word or two about the pigs. We undertook to subsist on the enemy's country, at least in returning: and official arrangements were made to capture and kill as much pork as would supply the troops with fresh meat. The hog may be found anywhere in this country in great abundance. He roams wild over the woods, and tame about the farms, and tame or wild made little difference to the military butchers. I remember one night a drove was collected in the rear of our regiment and driven some miles, to the great interest and delight of the men, and with great anxiety and hardship to the drivers. From every field a fresh bevy of squealing porkers would be forced into the road, and the animated mass kept growing. While we passed between fences, this was all very well: but much of the country was open, and the piggies were not satisfied with a straight march. In vain skirmishers were deployed, with frantic efforts to arrest the stragglers; in vain our senior Captain and acting Major called earnestly upon the rear guard to 'stop that fellow,—head off those,—keep 'em out of the swamp!' The disloyal animals would persist: here one would rush up a steep bank and be lost, there a couple would suddenly plunge into the forest and escape, and there again a venerable and valiant porker, surrounded by a dozen warriors whooping, waving their arms, and pointing their bayonets at him, would heroically break through their ranks, and regain his liberty. Night came on, we marched late, and when we reached our camp, not a pig was left.

Many picturesque sights were visible on those night marches. The first evening we were out, I foolishly undertook to ride back (we were in the advance) to the rear, for some bedding and provisions we had left in the wagons. The sun had hardly set when I left camp, and it was nearly 10 P. M. when I got back. I had to go half way back to the city from which we started, past thousands of tired and slowly moving men, every tenth one of whom asked how far it was to camp. Arrived at my destination, I found the wagon train stopped above a steep descent, and the foremost vehicle, (fortunately not the one I wanted,) tumbled headforemost over a bridge into the creek below. The driver badly battered and the four horses, though half drowned, were all got out alive, but the frame of the government concern and likely half its contents remained in the water when we returned ten days later. As I went back to our encampment, the woods were brilliant as with the light of noonday. The trees all through this region are rich in turpentine, and many of them tapped to collect that material, which runs down into a groove made in the trunk near the roots. The application of a light will easily set this superstructure in a blaze. Our soldiers are not ignorant of that fact, and the march of an army after nightfall in central North Carolina may be traced by the lurid light of a thousand gigantic bonfires, the pile provided by mother Nature, the torch applied by the destructive hand of man. The flames rush straight up the pine's tall trunk swerving neither right nor left, but sending down a shower of fiery drops. Sometimes a tree will thus burn till it falls, but usually the pitch being consumed, and the bark blackened, the flames and the life of the tree go out together. Many such vegetable deaths we saw upon the road.

I remember well one night, when we were near the rear of the long column, it was very cold, and we marched unusually late. We had come over twenty miles that day, and the men in front—mostly Massachusetts' nine months militia—were wearily used-up. For miles before we reached our encampment, the road-side was lined and crowded with stragglers, volunteer camps of dozens and hundreds occupied every available stopping place. It would have been hard to tell what was a genuine regiment, and what a chance collection of loiterers from all quarters. Fences were on fire on the [illegible], and whenever we halted for a moment, the great blaze drew crowds of freezing wayfarers. Many a time that night I rode into the forest, to rest a moment beside the grateful warmth of a blazing tree. At one station where an unusually immense number had stopped and built their extensive watchfires, our junior Surgeon stayed a while, and he told us it was a treat to hear the conversations that took place between those who were enjoying that self-ordained halt and stragglers who came up or passed by. 'What regiment is this?' inquired a wanderer. 'First Canada—First Texas—Hundred and tenth Rhode Island,—Convalescent Camp,' were the various and satisfactory replies. 'How far is it to camp?' (It was nine o'clock already.) 'Seven miles!' 'That makes nine miles then,' rejoined the victim, 'they told me it was two at the last place.'

The longest and noblest march will end at length, and pleasant was the spectacle when the campfires broke at length on our expectant eyes. Doubtless it was in great part because we were tired and sleepy. But I have seen few finer sights than that. We were on an eminence, and near a level, wide, and open space before us stretched the night encampment. Ten thousand men were eating and sleeping by their fires; not that we could see so many human figures, but the multiplied fires for a mile or two around were plainly visible, and by their light darker forms of wagons, artillery, horses, and men. I doubt if your readers have seen any thing like it. I never did before or since.

And now I have given you enough of this. We came back safely, we are now in barracks, and I expect shortly to be in a better place—at home. B.

Domestic Items.

Volunteer Chaplains for the Army

One of the most gallant and devout of our Major-Generals declared publicly in the Representatives' Hall, on Washington's birth-night, that the chaplaincy system of the army had proved a failure. His own Division of fifteen Regiments—one of the best in the service—had now but two Chaplains remaining. We suppose the facts to be substantially these:

1. A considerable proportion of Army Chaplains are among the most excellent and self-denying men in the ministry.

2. Many Regiments entered and have continued in the service without a Chaplain, and many others are now destitute on account of the resignation, sickness or incompetency of those appointed; and with no prospect of supplying the vacancies.

3. The law under which Chaplains are appointed defines no position, gives no protection, and *prescribes no duties;* so that the best men are liable to discouragement, under unfavorable local influences, and the religious interests of the Army must be imperfectly provided for until the law is modified.

4. Owing to a variety of causes, not a few incumbents of this most important office are still wanting.

The Government cannot be held responsible for this state of facts, nor remedy its evils, nor is it practicable for Regiments in the field to supply their lack of competent spiritual guides, if so disposed. The Christianity of the country owes it to the Great Head of the Church, to itself, and to a noble Army, to meet the emergency, and to meet it now.

The New York Committee of the U. S. Christian Commission propose the following plan, earnestly requesting its immediate consideration by clerical bodies, Pastors and Churches, respectfully urging the promptest action:

1. The voluntary enlistment of at least one Minister of the Gospel, of talent, position, and approved adaptation to this special service, for each Brigade of the Army—say 300 in all—during a period of two or three months each. Every city or large town can spare one Pastor, at least—and *the best one*—for this noble work: his pulpit being supplied by his ministerial brethren of the same or of different denominations in rotation, or otherwise. Each considerable ecclesiastical body can thus detail a representative for the Army.

2. Each volunteer Chaplain may be accompanied by a layman from his own or a neighboring congregation, under appointment as a Delegate of the Christian Commission, who shall aid in the distribution of the Scriptures, Tracts, Newspapers, and camp and Hospital Stores, and in holding meetings, or visiting the sick and wounded.

3. The service thus proposed should be gratuitous, but the Christian Commission will defray all expenses of Pastor and Delegate going to, returning from, and while on the field, and furnish all needed publications, stores, and other means of usefulness. On this system:

The Army would have a demonstration of the benevolence of the Gospel, and of its ambassadors. The very presence of a reputable and experienced preacher of Christ in the camp, on the one errand of salvation, with no earthly reward, would be a living sermon. Able and earnest appeals to the conscience of officers and men, sobered by the exposures and disappointments of war, from esteemed Pastors whose congregations have lent them for this mission of Christian charity, and whose motives to effort could not be questioned, must have great power. It would infuse new animation into the Army. There is reason to believe that such labors would be universally welcomed by officers and soldiers.

The Pastors and Churches might expect a blessing on their joint self-denial.

The country would see the example of Christian patriotism and devotion to so grand a spiritual object, as a counterpoise to the selfishness and spirit of faction so unhappily prevalent.

The Christianity of the country needs for its own invigoration and revival such a demonstration of unselfish vigor as would be afforded by the simultaneous devotion of three hundred of its ablest Preachers, to the Volunteer Chaplaincy service, among half a million of needy, waiting, dying souls.

30 Bible House, *New York, March 3, 1863.*

Signed by
N. Y. Committee, U. S. Christian Commission.

The Rebel Steamer Nashville Destroyed.—The Richmond Examiner contains the following despatch:

"SAVANNAH, Feb. 28.—The steamer Nashville, in coming up the Ogeechee river, last night, grounded on the sand bar below Fort McAllister, and was discovered by the Yankee fleet. A Yankee iron-clad opened fire across the marsh at the Nashville, at thirty minutes past seven o'clock, and continued it until ten o'clock, when an incendiary shell struck the Nashville and set her on fire, and she is now a total wreck."

The Capture of the Indianola.—Memphis, March 2.—Arrivals from below today confirm the sinking of the Indianola, and the capture of her crew, by three rebel boats, amongst which was the Queen of the West.

The fight occurred about thirty miles below Vicksburg, on Tuesday, the 24th ult. The fight was obstinate, lasting several hours, and the Indianola only surrendered when in a sinking condition.

She was run ashore, and the officers and crew are now in Vicksburg.

Specie for Europe.—The steamship Glasgow has a consignment for Europe of $537,000 in specie, and the Borussia has $94,000.

The Gold Excitement.—New York, March 7. Gold has been fluctuating to-day. The opening quotation at ten o'clock was 153; at half past eleven it was 150¾; and at one o'clock it was 154¾.

The intelligence of the sinking of the INDIANOLA is confirmed.

The complete destruction of the rebel steamer NASHVILLE is also confirmed.

A daring and successful attack has been made by the rebels on Fairfax Court House, Va.

Pittsburgh Markets.

APPLES.—1.50 to 2.50.
ASHES.—Pots, —a—; Pearls, 5½a6; Soda-ash, 3a3½c.
BREAD.—Water crackers, ℔ pound, 6c; Butter do. 7c. Sugar do. 8c.
BEANS.—Small white, 2.00a2.50 ℔ bus.
BROOMS.—Common to fancy, 2.00a3.00 ℔ dozen.
BUCKETS, &c.—Buckets, per dozen, 1.50a1.75. Tubs, per dozen, 7.50.
BUTTER.—Fresh roll, 16a19c ℔ pound, packed, 16a13c.
BACON.—Plain hams, 10a—, sugar cured, 12½a— sides, 6½a—; shoulders, 5a5½; country ½c less.
CHEESE.—Western Reserve, 11a12; Goshen, —.
CANDLES & SOAP.—Dipped, 12½c. Mould, —; Adamantine, 20c. Rosin Soap, 6½c; fancy, 10c.
COTTON YARNS, &c.—Cotton Yarn, ℔ pound, from Nos. 5 to 10, — and one cent advance each No., cotton chain, — colored do. — cotton wick, — batting, —, fancy do., —
CORDAGE.—Bed-cords, per dozen, 1.50a3.00.
DRIED FRUIT.—Apples, ℔ bushel, 1.00a1.25; Peaches, 3.00a—.
DRIED BEEF.—a12½c. ℔ pound.
EGGS.—Barrel or box, 18a20c ℔ doz.
FLOUR.—Superfine, from store, —a—; Extra, —a—, Extra family, 6.25a6.50. Rye —a—.
FEATHERS.—Fresh, 40a45c. ℔ pound.
FISH.—Large No. 3 Mackerel, 8.00a8.50, Baltimore Herring, 6.00, Lake Fish, —a—; Cod fish, 5a6c.
FEED.—Sales of feed at 55a70 ℔ 100 pounds.
GRAIN.—Wheat, Red, 1.12a1.15; White, 1.20a1.22. Rye, 70a75. Oats, 45a50. Corn, 68a70.
GLASS.—City brands, 8x10, 2.50 ℔ box of 50 feet; 10x12, 4.00; Country brands, 8x10, 3.25; 10x12, 3.75.
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WORDS, BEING ACCURATELY ACCENTED
IN THE TEXT, AND DIVIDED INTO
SYLLABLES, AS THEY OUGHT TO
BE PRONOUNCED,
According to the Orthoepy of John Walker.
BY ISRAEL ALGER, JUN., A. M.

922 pages, 12mo. sheep, $1.50. WITH METRICAL PSALMS, $1.60.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was drawn to it as to need [illegible] examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and its only peculiarity is its assistance in the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker as contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet no one can do so without labor and careful study.

This mode of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be commenced too early and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading verse about in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bible classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—which but few teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Indeed, if many congregations would place a copy of this Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit for their pastors to read from, they wouldn't hear so more of such places as Philippi and Thessalonica, or such personages as Achan, Mephibosheth, and [illegible]. Mr. W. S. Young, of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston to the publishers.

Next in value to those things that help us to a correct understanding of the fundaments of our religion, are those which help us to a correct reading of them. The errors in the pronunciation of many words in the sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that is not confined to families at the hearth-side devotions. It finds its way into our sacred houses, and even intrudes itself into too many of our pulpits, producing in the church a *diversity of tongues* that is no proof of any thing but apostolic gifts. Every judicious effort to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community,—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament, in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has been so far received as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when it is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority; and so long as there is no better standard than his, accessible to the great portion even of well educated Christians, much will be done when readers shall be enabled readily to refer to that; and [illegible] pronunciations of our vernacular tongue shall [illegible] upon their notice whenever they consult the sacred [illegible].

From Mr. Alger's industry, and his well known accuracy in preparing works of this kind, I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the work which you have in hand as could reasonably be expected from any man, and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in Nassau St.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands.—

I have examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the *Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament.* I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. [illegible] have indeed been made, and with reason, to furnish school books, *generally,* with artificial helps to the correct pronunciation of words. But in *such* books and especially in the Bible, they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy; and we cannot conceal the fact, it we would, that almost a total disregard to accuracy and system, in this particular, prevails, not only in families and common schools but also in too many of our academies and colleges. Believing that the Pronouncing Bible may do much to remedy this evil, and especially to establish a correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage in your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY

From Rev. J. L. Blake, Rector of St. Matthew's Church and Principal of a Young Ladies' Seminary, in Boston, to the publishers.

I am much pleased in learning that you contemplate an edition of the whole Bible on the plan of the "Pronouncing Testament." If the entire plan of school books generally would be objectionable, from its tendency to hinder the proper exercise of judgment and memory, with the young, in acquiring a classical and polite pronunciation of the English language, it cannot be objectionable in regard to the Bible and Testament, which, in schools, are used chiefly, not as class-books, but in connexion with devotional exercises, and in families a little individuals, under circumstances that do not admit of regular instruction to the reader. And, as we are, it is believed that I think of the younger members of a family might be furnished with a Bible on the plan of the Pronouncing Testament and should unite daily, after having been duly instructed in the Key, in reading by turns the chapters preparatory to morning and evening prayers they would soon acquire an accuracy and elegance of pronunciation not usually witnessed—and, judging from my own experience, I should have no hesitation in saying that the older members of most families might find a lesson [illegible] from the habitual use of such a Bible. The Pronouncing Testament will be a sufficient guarantee to all who have [illegible] of Mr. Alger's qualifications for the work in which he is engaged; and those who have seen the neat style of typography and the good paper and binding of your late publications, will have full assurance, I am well persuaded, that your contemplated edition of the Bible will be the *optimal* what it should be.

Very respectfully yours, J. L. BLAKE

From Mr. Gould, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands.

We received notice of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked, has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. Without such a Book a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a laborious study which most of readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c.,
B. A. GOULD,
G. B. EMERSON,
S. P. MILES.

Recommendation to the Testament from the Associated Instructors of Youth in the City of Boston.

The committee appointed at the last monthly meeting of the Association, to examine and report their opinion of the merits of an edition of the New Testament, entitled "The Pronouncing Testament," have attended to the service assigned them and have great pleasure in expressing to the Association, that they consider this attempt of Mr. Alger to apply the principles of Mr. Walker, and the pronunciation and characters used by Mr. Perry, and other lexicographers for designating the various sounds of the vowels and consonants in the proper names, and many other words in the sacred Scriptures, as eminently judicious, and calculated greatly to aid the learner and others in acquiring a correct pronunciation of such words, and that his success has been much greater than could reasonably have been expected in a first edition.

Respectfully submitted by your Committee,
THOMAS PAYSON, Chairman

At a regular meeting of the Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere, the preceding Report was read, and accepted.

Attest, JAMES ROBINSON, *Secretary.*

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PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS,
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The new process of bread-making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic gas under *pressure,* by which the dough mass is made thoroughly light and ready to be discharged into pans for baking, in the brief space of *fifteen or twenty minutes.* The "charge" is usually 200 pounds, and each machine completes the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough in from twenty five to forty minutes.

The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results.—1. Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor and in the superior value of the article produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed. 2. Because such employment of capital as well as the protection afforded by the patent gives adequate security against competition. But while it proves lasting and [illegible] [illegible] of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumer at all times in possession of his former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr. Ure, though he seems to have had a clear foreshadowing of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, since he states, hypothetically, that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used in kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be somewhat spongy. Could a light article," he continues, "be produced in this way, then, as the sugar would remain undecomposed, the bread would be so much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What, to Dr. Ure, was evidently a clearly comprehended chemical truth has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of unfermented bread is by no means new. Dr. Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says,—

"In Scotland, nine tenths of the lower class of people, and that is the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, or [illegible] unfermented farinacea in other forms; and there are not a more healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years, that I have practiced among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with a disease, of any consequence, that I could impute to the use of unfermented farinacea."

At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr. Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes:—

"Such, then, being sufficient evidence in favor of the wholesomeness of unfermented bread, it becomes important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The result gained by this process (fermentation) may be considered to be merely the expansion of the particles of which the loaf is composed, so as to render the mass more readily divisible by the preparatory organs of digestion. But, as this object is gained at a sacrifice of THE INTEGRITY OF THE FLOUR, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent over that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of over one sixteenth of the nutritive properties of the flour, which, by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

We come now to a more particular consideration of the superiority of the Bread made without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents, over the Bread made by those processes. Although, from what has already been said, this superiority appears in most vivid contrast, yet the public will be better satisfied to have the points stated specifically; for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood in order to its universal introduction in the manufacture of Bread.

I. ITS CLEANLINESS.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands *or feet!* the bread, from the wetting of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and *cannot* be, touched by any one. "One desideratum attained in its manufacture," says Dr. Willard Parker, "is its entire cleanliness." Says Dr. Wa[illegible]: "The process is not only purely scientific, but preeminently cleanly."

II. ITS PRESERVATION OF ALL THE NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF THE FLOUR.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure in a closed vessel or receiver, it takes a perfect vesicular or spongy texture. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly unchanged, while the process of raising bread by fermentation inevitably sacrifices some of them, as has been already shown.

III. ITS UNIFORM CHARACTER.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious. The conditions being simple, and not liable to variation, no failure can occur in always producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread and may be eaten warm with impunity. The process also insures a perfect freedom from all acidity, even in the hottest weather. Says the London Times:—

"The objectionable consequences of fermentation being avoided, the constituents of the flour are left both unchanged and uncontaminated, the resulting loaf being absolutely pure."

IV. ITS [illegible].—Being free from the deleterious substances which are the product of fermentation, or chemical reactions, by the old modes, the bread made by the New Process is easy of digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach. "To Dyspeptics," says Dr. [illegible], late of the N. Y. Medical College, "it will be invaluable, as they will be able to use it when the fermented manufactured bread has been found to have signally failed as an article of diet." Says the London Medical Times and Gazette:

"Since the introduction of the new unfermented bread, there have already been received from members of the medical profession, who have recommended it in their practice, as well as from non-professional sources, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and assimilation. Many persons have reported their recovery to health after years of suffering and misery, by the simple use of the bread as a diet. Many cases have also been reported by medical men of position, in which certain distressing forms of dyspepsia, which had remained intractable under every kind of treatment, have yielded as if by magic, almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread."

"The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable to two causes. The one is the absence of the prejudicial matters imparted to ordinary bread by the process of fermentation, and the other to the presence in the bread, unchanged, of those elements which are the essential agents of digestion and assimilation."

The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, not only speak in the highest terms of the ease with which it is digested, and of its rich, nourishing qualities, but especially of its peculiar palatableness, and wonderful keeping properties. The absence of acidity and other strong flavors, which in a greater or less degree, are characteristic of fermented bread, renders the new bread peculiarly delicate to the taste.

V. ITS ECONOMY AND EXPEDITION.—By the use of mechanical means, instead of manual labor, a barrel of flour is converted into baked loaves in but a few minutes, whereas by the ordinary process, four or five hours are occupied in the formation of the "sponge," and a further time in kneading, raising, and baking the dough.

"The steadiness of the consumption of bread," says a correspondent of the *Journal of the Society of Arts,* "renders it an article peculiarly suitable to be prepared and supplied by a public company. And since the new process removes all the vicissitudes of manufacture, and the expense of the machinery gives a comparative monopoly, the supply of bread is placed at once in the same category with gas, water, or other articles of prime necessity."

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THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth anniversary, April 10th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

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Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:

Grand P., Sister Bennet, Grand Associate, Sister Burris, Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett, Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dabbert; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P., Sister E. Roberts,		G. P. P.	Sister Anderson,
"	" E. Rowan,	"	" J. F. Roach,
"	" M. H. Bryson,	"	" E. A. Clark,
"	" B. Newman,	"	" White,
"	" S. Davis,	"	" B. Hall

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY

The STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of this Society are held on the first Wednesday of February, May August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

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ELISHA WEAVER,
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AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS

Oh, world! behold upon the tree
Thy Life is hanging now for thee
Thy Saviour yields His dying breath;
The mighty Prince of glory now
For thee doth unresisting bow
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

Draw near, O world, and mark Him well;
Behold the drops of blood that tell
How sore the conflict with the foe
And hark! how from that noble heart,
Sigh after sigh doth slowly start
From depths of yet unfathom'd woe.

Alas! my Saviour, who could dare
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear,
What evil heart entreat Thee thus?
For Thou art good, hast wronged none,
As we and ours too oft have done,
Thou hast not sinn'd, dear Lord, like us.

I and my sins, that number more
Than yonder sands upon the shore,
Have brought to pass this agony.
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe
That now Thy dying soul o'erflow,
And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.

'Tis I to whom these pains belong,
'Tis I should suffer for my wrong,
Bound hand and foot in heavy chains;
Thy scourge, Thy fetters, whatsoe'er
Thou bearest, 'tis my soul should bear,
For she hath well deserved such pains.

Yet Thou dost even for my sake
On Thee, in love, the burdens take
That weigh'd my spirit to the ground:
Yea, Thou art made a curse for me,
That I might yet be blest through Thee;
My healing in Thy wounds is found.

To save me from the monster's power,
The Death that all things would devour,
Thyself into his jaws dost leap;
My death Thou takest thus away,
And buriest in Thy grave for aye.
O love most strangely true and deep!

From henceforth there is naught of mine
But I would seek to make it Thine,
Since all myself to Thee I owe.
Whate'er my utmost powers can do,
To Thee to render service true,
Here at Thy feet I lay it low.

Ah! little have I, Lord, to give,
So poor, so base the life I live,
But yet, till soul and body part,
This one thing I will do for Thee—
The woe, the death endured for me,
I'll cherish in my inmost heart.

Thy cross shall be before my sight,
My hope, my joy, by day and night,
Whate'er I do, where'er I rove,
And, gazing, I will gather thence
The form of spotless innocence,
The seal of faultless truth and love.

And from Thy sorrows will I learn
How fiercely doth God's anger burn,
How terribly His thunders roll,
How sorely this our loving God
Can smite with His avenging rod,
How deep His floods o'erwhelm the soul.

And I will study to adorn
My heart with meekness under scorn,
With gentle patience in distress,
With faithful love, that yearning cleaves
To those o'er whom to death it grieves,
Whose sins its very soul oppress.

When evil tongues with stinging blame
Would cast dishonour on my name,
I'll curb the passions that upstart;
And take injustice patiently,
And pardon, as Thou pardon'st me,
With an ungrudging generous heart.

And I will nail me to Thy cross,
And learn to count all things but dross
Wherein the flesh doth pleasure take;
Whate'er is hateful in Thine eyes,
With all the strength that in me lies,
Will I cast from me and forsake.

Thy heavy groans, Thy bitter sighs,
The tears that from Thy dying eyes
Were shed when Thou wast sore oppress'd,
Shall be with me, when at the last
Myself on Thee I wholly cast,
And enter with Thee into rest.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1659.

"HIS OWN PLACE."

We have often thought one of the most solemnizing statements which are contained in the book of revelation, to be that which, in the first chapter of the Acts, is said with regard to Judas Iscariot—"that he might go to his own place." We find it in the record which is there given of the prayer which was offered up on the occasion of choosing a successor to him in the apostleship. And there can be little doubt that it was intended to have a reference to the final destiny which was appointed for him in the future world. The language, however, contains no direct intimation of what was the precise nature of his condition in the unseen state of being. It indicates nothing further than that his condition there was such as was exactly fitted for him. It gives us simply to understand, that he found in that mysterious region, into which he rushed with such fearful precipitation, the portion which was suited to his character, which entirely accorded with the kind and measure of his deserts, and for which he had beforehand prepared himself. And it leaves us to draw for ourselves, from the other sources of information regarding the betrayer of our Lord which the word of God supplies, the appropriate conclusion as to the peculiar character of the destination which awaited him in the world beyond the grave. This is a declaration which, like many others made in the Scriptures, derives its power and fitness to make an impression upon our minds, chiefly from its suggestiveness. Viewed in the connexion in which it stands, it brings at once to the remembrance of the reflecting reader truths of unutterable magnitude and moment, which have the most direct bearing upon our interests as immortal beings, while it places them in such a position in relation to one another, as is calculated to enhance, in a high degree, conceptions of their grandeur and importance. And it may have a tendency to further, in some measure, the ends of sacred instruction, to give a brief illustration of one or two of these. The statement in question plainly sanctions the expectation of a state of conscious existence immediately after death. It not only harmonizes with, but is even based upon, the doctrine which asserts the reality of a world of spirits, into which the souls of men enter, so soon as they have left their bodies. And this is a doctrine which we cannot but see to be perfectly agreeable to reason, whatever difficulty may attend the endeavour to give a formal demonstration of it on purely *a priori* principles. We are intuitively led to consider ourselves as possessing something more than simply a material nature. We feel ourselves unable to conceive the possibility of matter being so organised as to be rendered capable of thinking, of remembering, of judging, or of discerning between what is morally right and that which is morally wrong. We are impelled by a necessity in our very being to ascribe such attributes as these to something within us which is distinct from the body, and which has no essential dependence upon it. And we have a consciousness that the dissolution of the latter does not necessarily ensure the destruction of that higher principle within us which gives to man his most distinguishing excellence among the inhabitants of this earthly sphere of existence. We are not, however, left to arrive at this conclusion by the comparatively uncertain guidance of human reason. The word of God directly asserts it, and gives us very explicit information regarding a subject of such transcendent importance as this. It teaches us to make a wide distinction between the body and another part of our humanity which it leads us to regard having come more immediately than the former, from the Divine Author of our being. It informs us that, when the body returns to the dust whence it has been taken, this nobler constituent of our nature, the spirit, does not share with it in this destiny, but as endowed with immortality, returns to Him who gave it. It assures us that this abides beyond the reach of temporal death, so that men, though they may kill the body, cannot destroy the soul. It discovers to us that there is a real, though invisible state of being, to which all of the human race take their departure, when their connexion with the present world has come to a close and into which the soul of Jesus Himself entered after death, though it was not permitted to continue there. And it gives to us no obscure intimations respecting the conscious existence of those who have a residence in that unseen place of habitation. What was it which, in the seeming person of Moses, was seen to converse with our Lord on the mount of His transfiguration? What did Jesus mean when speaking of the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, He said, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living?" What did He mean when in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus He represented them as being carried, after death, and notwithstanding their burial, the former into hell and the latter into Abraham's bosom, and when He further described the former as capable of feeling and of reflecting upon the change which in consequence of his death had taken place in his situation? What did He mean when He said to the repentant malefactor on the cross, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise?" Yea what did He mean when in dying, He commended His own spirit into the hands of His Father? Did Stephen use unmeaning language when in the last moment of his life he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit?" Was Paul under the influence of a vain delusion when he referred to the "spirits of the just made perfect?"—when he alluded to his absence from the body as that which would ensure his presence "with the Lord?"—or when he expressed his "desire to depart and to be with Christ," as that which was preferable to his continuance here? Was he labouring under a false impression when he wrote the words, "We know, that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" Or was it a vision of no significance which passed before the eyes of the beloved apostle when amid the revealed splendours of the opened heavens, he beheld the glorified spirits of the departed faithful encompassing the throne of God and of the Lamb, sharing in the endless pleasures of celestial blessedness and taking part in the rapturous praises which there unceasingly ascend in honour of redeeming love? Are we to suppose that such intimations as these are representations of no reality whatever such as at least will justify our belief of the doctrine in question? No, we find in them a collective evidence of its truthfulness which ought to be sufficient to place it beyond the reach of controversy. And if the Bible have in it any meaning at all, it most assuredly announces this to us. There is, we may certainly conclude, a world beyond the grave, and a world on which we are destined to enter, on our departure from the present. It is no idle dream by which we are carried away, when we believe that we shall continue to exist in a state of conscious being, and to retain our susceptibilities of happiness and of misery when we have left the scene of our temporal pilgrimage. Nor do we, as the disciples of a vain philosophy would insinuate, deceive ourselves, when we entertain the persuasion that our souls shall survive the dissolution of those frail tabernacles in which they now dwell, and abide in the continuous possession of all their wondrous capacities, and of whatever essentially belongs to them in the present sphere of their existence. This is a truth, the importance of which it is impossible for us to exaggerate. How solemn are the impressions, and how awakening are the anxieties, which the consideration of it is fitted to give birth to in every thoughtful mind. And how chargeable should we be with the most lamentable insensibility, did the contemplation of it fail to awaken in our bosoms any solicitude regarding our destiny in that momentous *hereafter*, in which we shall continue to exist, long after it has been said of us *here*, that we are "no more."

The statement referred to no less plainly justifies the conclusion that, in that invisible world which awaits us after death, a place will be found exactly suited to the spiritual existence of every one here. And this, also, is a point on which the word of God sheds a fulness of light, which leaves nothing to be desired which can have any possible bearing upon our duty and practice. While it informs us that there is an unseen and mysterious region to which men, in their spiritual nature, depart, when they put off the garments of their mortality, it explicitly assures us that there will be a difference in the destinies of those who are to enter it. It does not countenance the supposition that the condition of all within it will be found to be essentially the same. It gives us reason, on the contrary, to expect that a very important distinction will be there made between certain classes of them. And it shows us that the ground of this distinction will be the characters which they have severally sustained while on earth. In particular, it tells us of a heaven, the abode of unmingled purity and happiness, which they only can enter who have sought the redeeming mercy of Christ—their safety from condemnation and eternal wrath—who have renounced the service of sin and of the devil, that they might follow Him alone—who have overcome the world and all its pollutions and temptations—and who to the last, have endeavoured to remain faithful to Him. It tells us, also, of a hell, the habitation of darkness and unutterable woe which all are destined to inherit who finally despise the Saviour on earth—who contemn the offers of His mercy and the glorious riches of His grace—who spend here a life of carelessness about their eternal interests, and give themselves no concern about securing a blessed inheritance beyond the grave—and who continue, to the end, obstinately wedded to the lusts of their wickedness. And tells us that the portion of every one in either of these states of future being, will be determined by the complexion, in a moral point of view, of his temporal life. The present, according to the representation which the Scriptures give of it, may be truly regarded as the sowing time of his existence. It is now that he scatters the seeds of good or of evil, the fruits of which he is certain to reap hereafter. And according to the kind and the measure of the seed which he sows now, will be the harvest of glory or of misery which he will have then to gather. Everything which relates to his conduct and character in the present life, is a cause leading to a definite result of the most important nature, which will be found awaiting him in the life to come. The thoughts and desires which he cherishes, the actions which he performs, the habits which he acquires, and the pursuits which he follows, have all an influence of some kind or another in the preparation of the destiny which is in reserve for him in the mysterious world of futurity. Nothing of all which essentially pertains to, or is in any degree indicative of the peculiarities of his moral being can be altogether lost. There may indeed be many circumstances evidential of the characteristics of this which he is disposed to look upon as being of the most trivial moment. There may be many of such which, on account of their seeming insignificance, have entirely vanished from his recollection. And nothing may seem to him more unlikely than their being ever again brought to his remembrance, and the least of all in their giving rise to any future consequences in his after experience. But far from this will be found to be the case. Every thing of this nature, relating to him in the past, has already gone before him to contribute its share towards the grand result with which he has yet to meet. And the time is not far distant when all shall be reproduced and fitly represented in the character of his future abode. Here, also, we find matter for the most serious reflection. There is a place awaiting each of us in the world to come—a place of happiness or of misery—a place for which we are, every day and every hour of our present lives, preparing ourselves in one way or another. Who of us can think of this without being solicitous to know what the nature of that place is likely to be? Who of us can think of this, and not be excited to jealousy over himself lest, through his own carelessness he should lose all which can render eternity in any respect desirable to him? Who of us can think of this and not be stimulated to seek, through the Lord Jesus Christ, and by a life of faith in, and of obedience to Him a portion of unending blessedness in the mansions of heavenly glory?

The statement regarding Judas besides, directly authorizes the inference that every individual will after death, occupy that place in the unseen world for which he has become qualified in the present. This is precisely the meaning which the language bears in the case of the treacherous apostle of our Lord. And the principle on which such an assertion is made with regard to him is evidently one which renders it susceptible of universal application. In the world in which we now dwell there is in many respects a seemingly great disarrangement observable among the persons and things which are contained in it. In an endless variety of instances we discover a wide difference between the positions which they respectively hold and the degree of suitableness to them which they apparently possess. There are not a few things upon which we are apt to imagine, should be found in one situation, which we should be disposed to assign to another. There are many individuals here whom we do not think to be in their right place—many who seem to be very far from occupying their proper place and many who, as it appears to us, would be all the better for exchanging places with one another. And were matters to be regulated according to our judgment doubtless we should see it meet to make plenty of alterations. It is well however, that no such power as this has been granted to any one on this earth. It is far better for mankind that things are at present just as we see them to be than were they otherwise. The just, and loving, and almighty, and omnipotent God has not yet forsaken the government of the world which He has made whatever some in the dreams which are fostered by a presumptuous unbelief may confidently say. Let us be assured that He has the best, the wisest and the holiest of reasons, for permitting this apparent confusion to prevail among its inhabitants. We can never be at any great loss for a sufficient means of accounting for the fact, irrespectively of His plans when we keep in remembrance the extent to which sin has exerted, and continues to exert, its malignant and perturbing influence upon all which relates to our temporal condition. And, meanwhile, let us bear in mind that this state of things, however long it may last, is destined to be of but transient continuance. There is a time not far distant from any one when he shall find himself in the exact position which properly belongs to him. There is a destiny now being prepared for him, of a kind which will be found to be completely suited to his character and to his moral qualifications; and death, whenever it may come will introduce him to the immediate experience of it. Then every one will go to his own place, as Judas went to his. In that unseen world to which all are hastening no confusion nor disorder will be discovered to exist among the allotments which will be severally assigned to them. There all will be found occupying the very situations which, in the course of the present life, they will have shown to be adapted to their spiritual state. And there will all inherit unmistakeably, the respective portions for which they will have attained a meetness. A place will there be found for the believer in Christ, who has fought the good fight, and finished his course, and kept the faith, and who, as the glorious reward of his fidelity, shall enter into the joy of his Lord, and inherit the kingdom which has been prepared for him before the foundation of the world. A place will there be found for the formal professor of the Gospel, who has thought it enough that he has owned allegiance to Christ, in his words, or in his connexion with the visible Church, or at the sacramental table; while in heart and in works he has denied him; and who shall find his final doom to be with all liars "in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." A place will there be found for the open and declared enemy of the Saviour, who makes no secret of the pleasure which he has in the works of darkness, and lives in the daily neglect of the things which belong to his peace, and "who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power." A place will there be found for the covetous man and the worldling who seek their only happiness in the abundance of temporal things; for the backbiter, who finds a malignant satisfaction in the defamation of his neighbors; for the voluptuary, who delights in impure and sensual indulgences; for the drunkard who squanders his substance and plunders his family, that he may carry on more successfully the work of his own degradation and ruin; for all who devote themselves to the service of the devil, in any of its departments. No one will then have any reason to complain that he is not in his right place. Every one will feel himself to be in the very position which his conduct and moral qualities have rendered suitable to him. And all, in their appointed place, will receive that recompense which is their due. Let the lover of sin in any of its forms be warned not to trifle with the impunity which he at present enjoys. God, he may be assured, is not, and cannot be, indifferent to the rebellious resistance which he manifests to His high authority. Sentence has already been pronounced against his evil work, and should he seek no timely escape through Christ, from the threatened execution of it, that sentence will but too speedily be carried into force against him. He shall assuredly die in his sins, and go to *his own place*.

To these remarks it may be added, that the statement now under consideration, naturally leads us to infer, that, from the place to which every one goes at death, there can thenceforth be no recall. That this view is by implication, included in its meaning as regards the traitorous apostle there can be little room to doubt. The inspired record says nothing as to the possibility, either of his return from the place whither he has gone or of his exchanging it for another. It even plainly takes for granted, that no reason can be imagined why, having once reached the situation in the unseen world which was apportioned to him, as entirely suited to his character and deserts, he should ever leave it again. And the very application to his destiny in that world, of the descriptive title "his own place" we may unhesitatingly understand as a virtual assertion that it is to be considered as fixed and unalterable in its nature. How entirely this inference coincides with the doctrine which, in numerous parts of the word of God, is expressly revealed to us no intelligent reader of the Bible needs to be informed. No truth is there more clearly announced to us, than that the condition after death not of one, but of every individual of the human race, is one which, in all its essential characteristics, is fixed, unchangeable and eternal. In the present world, many and diversified vicissitudes may be experienced in the affairs of men. Temporary as its own duration is destined to be, everything which it contains wears the character of instability. All that we see to be connected with it is ever undergoing some process of transition and is continually passing from one state to another. From the position which any person holds in it to-day we can never calculate with certainty what his position will be to-morrow. And such is the shifting nature of events, that while on the one hand the most prosperous state can afford no security against misfortune, on the other, the most adverse generally leaves some room for entertaining the hope of rising above it. But in that momentous futurity to which death is about to introduce us there can be no such thing as the shifting of places. There is nothing appertaining to it which is transitory and evanescent in its nature. Everything which relates to it is fixed and enduring and unending as eternity itself. And such will also be the condition of all who find a residence within it. No sooner shall they have crossed the dark boundary, by which it is divided from the scene of their present habitation than their destiny will be found to have assumed a permanent and unalterable form. From that moment both their character and their fate will be finally determined, as regards the whole duration of their immortal existence. They will be able neither to return to the place whence they have departed, nor to exchange situations with one another. Each will then not only go to his own place, but abide in his place forever. And never, throughout the interminable ages of his future history will any essential change take place in his condition. When the believer in Christ enters that world it will be to enjoy a lasting repose from all his toils and cares and sufferings, and to take full possession of that inheritance of everlasting glory which has been given him in promise. He will never have again to return to this earth to renew his conflict with sin and with the powers of evil. He will never have again to endure the scorns and the buffetings and the temptations to which he has been here exposed. He will never have again to pass through the sorrows and the tempestuous scenes of which he has had experience in this vale of tears. He has but one career of painful trial to run—but one protracted battle to fight—but one decisive victory to gain; and then will the prize of his high calling be won, and the eternal crown of life be placed upon his head and an abiding place be assigned to him in the glorious kingdom of his Lord and Saviour. When the sinner dying in his impenitence enters that world it will be to reap the everlasting fruits of his daring course of wickedness on earth. His condition also will be found by him to be fixed and unchangeable, and everlasting. He will now have to bid farewell to every prospect of happiness and to all which can make the place of his abode a place of hope. No longer for him will the Gospel trumpet be blown, and the call be given to the perishing to repent, and believe, and live. No longer for him will the fountain of mercy be open and its living waters be seen to flow for the healing and refreshment of the soul. No longer for him will the throne of grace be accessible and its precious blessings be in readiness to be communicated in measure large and abundant as the necessities of sinful men. No longer for him will heaven unclose its sapphire gates, and the welcome be given to the guilty human race, to secure, through Christ, an inalienable title to a residence in the paradise of God, and an imperishable right to partake evermore of the fruits of the tree of life. No sweet sound of Sabbath bell, no cheering summons to repair to the house of the Lord, no glad tidings of peace and reconciliation with God can ever now come to his ear. All of these will for him have passed for ever away. He will have gone to his own place—the place which he has chosen for himself—the place which has been prepared for him—the place from which there can be no return. And in that place nothing will remain to him but the experience throughout eternity, of the woes of a dreadful and remediless perdition.

Reader in that unseen world, to which reference has been made in these remarks, there is a place of weal or of woe awaiting you. And the time is very nigh when you shall be called to occupy it. What kind of a place is that likely to be? This is a question to which you may now obtain an answer. And your own choice will be found, at last, to have had no little influence in the determination of it. O let not a moment be lost, ere you have, in the way which is open to you as to all, made sure of a happy futurity. Commit yourself, if you have never as yet done so, to the redeeming grace of Him who has the keys of death and of the invisible world. Seek in Him a timely refuge from the miseries of your fallen state. Heartily espouse His service, and taking up your cross, persevere in following Him. And then will you hear Him speaking to you as He does, and has done, to many others, in the comfortable word,—"I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also."—*In United Presbyterian Magazine.* W. C. H. L.

HOW TO GAIN A TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF OURSELVES IN RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

Do we wish to ascertain our own real moral character? We must not ask, merely, what are the subjects which engage our thoughts, nor what the business which occupies our time. We may employ our intellect on the very best subjects without cordially loving them; we may be busied in the most useful occupations in order to entitle ourselves to take pleasure, afterwards, in something else. To this last point, then, must we come. What is it that we look forward to, with the strongest bent of desire? What is our predominant taste? Let this question be honestly answered, and we gain a true knowledge of ourselves. In matters of business we may be diligent and correct from mere self-interest. Nay, in matters of religious duty we may be punctual, and even rigid, in order to avoid remorse here, or purchase a mercenary heaven hereafter. But, in both instances, it is necessity, not choice, which shows itself. When business is over, and when stated duties are performed, then come choice and freedom; and then, only, do we manifest our hearts. If we drop our regularity with our ledger, we have evidently no inward love of correctness; and if we are accustomed to lay aside our pious thoughts with our Prayer Book, are clearly like something better than our religion. In order therefore to prove ourselves religious it is not enough that we appear to practise it; we must also be satisfied that we have a taste for it; nay, that it is our habitual and predominant taste: few less than this cannot be implied in that supreme love to God which the Scripture considers essential to true religion. Religion is obviously the highest moral habit of which our nature is capable: and our taste, or our liking, is most directly our moral faculty; consequently nothing can be clearer than that the highest exercise of this faculty must enter essentially into that which constitutes our highest moral habit; that is, we must relish religion above all things, in order to be religious at all. Mrs. Barbauld is not the only modern writer of genius who accounts religion a sentiment, or a business of taste. Mackenzie, in his beautiful story of La Roche, has so impressively enlarged upon this very idea, that it would be injustice to the subject not to transcribe it. "La Roche's religion," says he, "was that of sentiment, not of theory. When he spoke on the subject it was from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awakened them. 'You regret, my friend,' said he to an infidel philosopher, 'when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music,—you regret your want of musical powers, and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you; which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful. Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or all the enjoyments of the world.'" I cannot, however, refrain from adding the following remarks of the eloquent and rational Saurin; as I conceive no passage of equal length could do fuller justice to the subject:—

"Reasons," says he, "for resisting the flesh, for rising superior to sense and matter, too commonly vanish at the presence of those objects which act upon our passions. How greatly then is that man to be pitied who knows no other way of drawing near to God but that of discussion and ratiocination. There is a far more certain way of approaching the Supreme Being, and one far better fitted to preserve us in communion with Him when once we have been admitted to it. I mean the way of taste and sentiment. Happy the believer who in the combats in which he is engaged with the enemies of his salvation can oppose pleasures to pleasures, delights to delights; the pleasures of prayer and meditation, to the pleasures of the world; the delights of silence and retirement, to those of circles of dissipation, of spectacles! Such a one will be steady in his course, were it merely on the ground of common rationality; for whoever possesses this, must love that which opens to him sources of joy. Such a one is bound to religion by the identical ties which keep others in bondage to the world; that is, because he draws from religion the chief pleasure of his life. Such a person can never be wholly conquered by temptation, because, according to the strong language of the Apostle, 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keeps his heart and mind;' that is, it preserves him, by the delights which it yields, from the moral possibility of falling into gross sin."

Considering human nature, it is self-evident that a religion without taste and feeling could not be a religion for man. It could furnish no counterpoise to worldly temptations, or animal pleasures. It could not repel the tide of desire, nor charm down the hurricane of passion. It could neither occupy the mind, nor engage the heart. In fact, that alone can be a religion for man which has properties respectively adapted to each of our faculties; which has truth for our reason, moral principle for our conscience, amiableness for our affections, and novelty, sublimity, and beauty, for our imagination. Such, evidently, are the uniform demands of the human mind. And an adequate plan for making us either virtuous, or happy, must provide, in due proportion, for them all."

Alex. Knox. Remarks on Mrs. Barbauld's Essay on Devotional taste."

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF ORGANISTS

When writing the introductory articles to the "Modern School for the Organ," we contemplated to say a few words on the "*Rights and Duties of Organists*," but finally concluded to desist from it, for the reason that the "Rights" seemed to us of so small account, and on the other hand the "Duties" so disproportionately numerous, that we almost feared to discourage young students by such an article. Since that time we have ourselves been fortunate enough to detect, by a rather unfortunate circumstance, the existence of one right, which common justice will accord to every organist, viz: *to have an organ fit at least to be played on.*

Instruments of deceased great artists have been, it is well known, eagerly sought for, and bought at high figures, not only because they were honored with the touch of the great masters, but because they are considered of great excellence as a matter of course. Lovers of music, and such people as buy a Piano, for example, for a better purpose, than merely to complete their parlor furniture, will take care to secure an instrument, the true value of which is made; a professional man, if he follows his profession out of choice, not by chance nor necessity, will be sure to have a well toned instrument, even though poverty should oblige him to live and work with broken chairs, a cracked looking glass, newspaper window curtains, and no carpet.

Let us now compare the aspect of things in the church. There is, in the first instance, a costly carved and ornamental chancel, convenient, well cushioned pews, splendid chandeliers, and on all these tokens of the riches of poor sinners looks down the large organ with its majestic gilded pipes, contained in a frame work, in careful keeping with the style of the mounting of the whole church. Out of such a noble-looking case noble music is expected. If it does not come, of course, it is thought the player's fault, just as it is the teacher's if a child will not learn.

~~But to come to the point.~~

All that a Pianist has to do, is *to strike* his keys; to do that well is all that is expected of him. The organist has to do exactly the same, but observe, O reader ignorant of organ playing, he has also to change the stops, to manage the couplers, and to use the pedals. These things are seemingly of but little account, but suppose some draw-stops require the power of a strong man to move them, while others will move almost by a mere wink of the eye! suppose some stops shut off of themselves during your playing! Suppose, that similarly agreeable differences exist in the touch of the keys! Suppose you set out to play a conspicuous solo or an a solo stop, and all at once upon an accented note, there is no pipe to answer your touch! and above all, suppose, you strike your keys down, and *have to raise them also!*

That the organ player should have as easy a work as the Pianist, cannot be expected; but he has a right to claim, that his instrument should be in a good working condition. The salaries of organists are scarcely sufficient to pay for the striking *down* of the keys, and are paid for *that*. If now the keys are to be raised again by the player, he ought to be paid separately for such additional labor,—not to speak of the injury which would accrue to his reputation from such a style of playing, and the accompanying discouragement from practising for his own improvement.—*John Zundel in the Monthly Choir.*

SINGING AMONG THE INMATES OF THE ROUGH HOUSE

During the morning worship several of the elder boys, and even the youngest broke out into weeping; all were so moved on one occasion, that the singing had to be stopped; one was observed to stand with a vacant, far-off look, and when roused up, he said, "I forgot that I was here, and could not help thinking over the past." Two brothers fell into each other's arms, and were so overcome that Dr. Wichern had to send them into the garden; the thought of their unfortunate mother was too keen to be borne. "We cannot stand it," the boys used to say: "It makes us think so of what we were." The singing seemed to penetrate the hardest with soft and blessed thoughts, and to lay hold on the tenderest part of their nature; so that, after work hours, they might be seen walking up and down by the hour, or sitting in the upper branches of the chestnut, and raising hymn after hymn.—*Am. Presbyterian.*

HOW TO LEAD CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

We question the propriety of a single voice being constantly half a beat ahead of any and everybody. We have heard such ambitious leaders rushing ahead, regardless of time, availing themselves of any and every opportunity, (such as dotted notes on the commencement of a new line,) to get the better of every other singer, putting them in the same relative position which the shepherd holds to his flock.

What good can *such* leading do? It will surely cause incessant dragging. Chorus singing and Congregational singing must move on in closed, compact columns, like an infantry brigade, awaiting the charge of cavalry. The leading spirit, the General in its centre, or even behind the lines,—such is the office of the organ; and its magic electric harmony, will and must, if it be of the right kind, be the cement to hold the singing of many voices together under its control. It commands, because it supports; it inspires, because of its majestic power, and awakes humble devotion by its solemn deepness.

If an organ, ably played, gives out the tune in the exact time in which it ought to be sung by the choir or congregation; if the choir is thoroughly drilled to sing the tune with it from the first to the last verse; and if it has learned the habit (so seldom met with,) of listening to the "giving out of the tune," instead of talking, or doing anything else,— then it will require no effort, from either leader or organist, to keep the singing in correct movement. All that will be required is unity of spirit. That unity is best secured by either having the leader act as organist, or having the organist act as leader.—*The Monthly Choir.*

PUBLIC PRAYER

A series of very able articles is appearing in the Presbyterian, with a moderate liturgical tendency. In the last article are these words:—

The late Dr. Miller, in his work upon this subject, has enumerated many, but by no means all, of the defective forms or modes of public prayer, such as the repetitious, the tedious, the irreverent, the incoherent, the unseasonable, the political, the complimentary, the didactic, the rhetorical.

I know that it requires more ability to do good to a single individual, than to torment or rule twenty; and, perhaps, the philosopher, with the disposal of thousands, would find himself as much circumscribed in his power to do good, as to overcome any other obstacle which Providence has opposed to the exertions of mankind.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth

THE FUTURE.—My opinion is, that, as things ripen, God will be more and more spiritually worshipped; and Christ will be more and more recognized as the King of kings, and the Lord of lords,—the Alpha, and the Omega.

Alexander Knox

Family Circle.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER

Children, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?

Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful day by day,
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by any thing you say?

Little children, love each other,
Never give another pain,
If your brother speaks in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other,
Never spoil another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourselves be blest.

THE BROWN BABY

"Are all the babies in the world like our baby?" asked Jenny as she played lovingly with her baby-sister's soft pink toes.

"No," answered her mother, and she went on to tell about the brown babies born on the other side of the world. The brown babies have brown faces, brown arms, brown toes, and long straight black hair. They wear no shoes and stockings like our baby; no frock, or petticoat, or apron. The brown baby goes naked, for the sun shines very hot where she lives. She sleeps in a little swinging bed on the trees, and the winds rock her to sleep; indeed, she lives most of her time out of doors.

The trees are very beautiful in her country. One, called the palm tree, has immense leaves. Umbrellas and roofs are made of it; and beds and plates and mats and hats, and many other useful and curious things.

Another queer tree is called the banian-tree. Its branches grow down, touch the ground, root into the earth, and so make new trees. In this way, an old banian-tree is sometimes a hundred trees. A great many brown children can play hide-and-go-seek under its friendly shade. The brown baby drinks cocoa-nut milk from a cocoa-nut dipper; and when she is old enough she eats rice, rice for supper, rice for dinner, rice for breakfast, and that is all. They do not have bread and butter and doughnuts and pies, as you do. If she grows up, she never goes to school.

"Oh, I should like to be a brown girl then," cried a little girl who did not love to go to school. Should you? Perhaps you would not, if you knew the reason why the little brown girl is not sent to school. It is because her father does not *think enough of her*. He does not love her as he loves his boys. *They* go to school; and it looks so funny to see them sitting cross-legged on mats, reading in palm-leaf books, and scratching letters with their iron pens on palm-leaves, which is their way of writing.

THE MOUSE THAT DID NOT LIKE ITS SUPPER.

A little mouse once found fault with its supper. It wanted what it could not have. "My child," said its old mother, "your supper is better than many little mice get. Many little mice get nothing." This did not make it any better pleased or more thankful. "It did not care whether other mice went hungry or not," it said: "for ITS part, it wanted cheese," and because it could not have it, it ran up into a corner of the hole, turned its back, and pouted. Ah, I'm afraid there are other naughty children who do just so.

"Can't I go and get some, *myself?*" cried the foolish young mouse. "My child," said the patient mother, "you know not the traps that are set in our way. Have you forgot that terrible enemy of our race, the great yellow cat, that ate up your cousins? Remember how well you are off, and let well enough alone, before you learn our snug hole for the uncertainties of life on the premises. We are near enough to the granary to satisfy every reasonable want, and there's your fine playground among the rafters." More good words were said, and she then left the little mouse to its own reflections, while she went out for a short walk under the burdock leaves.

No sooner was her back turned than out came the little mouse from the corner, let itself down the hole, and scampered in the direction of the pantry. On its way it met a dashing young rat, and asked his advice. "Nothing dare, nothing have," said the rat. That advice pleased the little mouse, and it marched boldly on,—it knew where, for it had often heard the old rats describe it.

At length it reached a secret opening into the pantry, and it—stopped up! How eager the little mouse was; while the savory smells that came through the walls only aggravated it the more. Heedless of danger, it began to gnaw, gnaw, gnaw, gnaw, without stopping to listen. A rich nibble and a body full were all it thought of. At last it contrived to squeeze in, as tickled as could be, and laughing in its sleeve at its cautious old mother. In this state of mind, just rounding a firkin, a couple of glassy eyes, a huge mouth, and monstrous whiskers confronted it. A terrible fright seized its whole body. Where to go and what to do, it knew not; but it took to its legs, got out of a door, then hid, then ran again, the yellow cat at its heels. Did she catch it? Some time after, she was seen licking her chops; but she kept dark, answering no questions.

Its mother came in from her walk under the burdock leaves, and never saw her mouse again. "Ah, it is a sorry sign when children find fault with what is set before them," she said and sighed.

Child's Paper.

THE BLUE JAY

A farmer's boy tying up his cows in the stall one mid-winter's day, found blue jays in his barn. They came for what pickings they could find, I suppose. Daniel cornered and caught one. It was very much frightened, for it did not lay its account with being caught at all. "Kill it, kill it!" cried the other boy with him. "No such thing," said Daniel; "I am going to carry it to my two cousins at home. They came from the city, and likely never saw a blue-jay."

Daniel took the bird in the house. "Here," he said to his two cousins, "here's a live jay for you to carry home with you." "Ours to *keep?*" they cried with delight. "Yours to *keep*," said Daniel. A live jay, however, was not without its drawbacks to the mind of their father. "It is a beautiful bird," he said. "Do you see the black bands on its wings and the white tips to its feathers?" "Yes," they said. "Did you ever see a blue-jay *fly?*" he asked. "No," they said, "they never did." "But should you not love to?" he asked again. "Yes," cried the little boys, "Oh, yes, sir." So papa took blue-jay in his hand. Opening the door, he opened his hand, blue-jay took wings, and with a scream of joy flew away. "Oh!" cried the little boys, not quite sure but the sight was bought at too dear a price.

"FAINT, YET PURSUING."

I am weary of the sorrows
I must see, but cannot heal;
See the poor, oppressed, afflicted,
Feel their wants, but *only* feel,
Lacking power to relieve them,
How their woes o'ercloud my life;
Feeble hands, with purpose mighty,
Fill the heart with anguish rife.

Let me die, for I am weary
Of the fevered, anxious strife;
And I turn with ardent longing,
To the other, better life.
To that home where rest is given,
"That blest world that sees this blight;"
There is one unfailing sky,
Peaceful—holy—full of light.

Coward heart! why still complaining,
Idly wishing for the crown?
He that runneth only winneth,—
He that treads trouble down!
Look unto the work before thee,
Finest one may comfort give,
Duty doing—good pursuing—
Thou wilt be content to live!

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We, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending Miss Still to the citizens and friends as a lady every way worthy of such a position, as well as trustworthy, and we do hope, as the enterprise is commendable, that those to whom she may present this writing will not turn her away without either subscribing or contributing to this great cause.

(Signed) ELISHA WEAVER.
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For the Christian Recorder.

BUCKS COUNTY SS.—TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS MAY COME.

I, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Bucks, do hereby certify that I am acquainted and know Emily Johnson—formerly Rodney, who was married to Samuel Johnson, who was married before William Hand, Esq., of Bristol, Bucks County, as appears by record on his docket; and after careful examination and mature reflection, I feel myself fully safe in saying that the said Johnson had a wife living at the time he married the said Emily Rodney; and I further say that I have the evidence of Daniel Emmons (local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church) Charles Emmons, (Class leader) and Benjamin Cummings, (who is a minister) that he had one or more wives living at the time he married the said Emily Johnson; and the evidence, on affirmation, of the said Emily Johnson, that he had a wife living at the time she married him, which, at the time she married him, she had no knowledge of.

Affirmed and subscribed before me May 6th, 1862. Wm. Blakey J. P.

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CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or run my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been affected for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. In also two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 10, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled. RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.
Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public. Mrs. EVELINA DEMOND

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 10, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite results. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PHEBE A. MOSSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 20, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblain. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

BRISTOL FERRY, Sept. 3, 1861.
Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PORTSMOUTH, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 19, 1861.
Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.
Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.
Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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" G. H. GRAHAM, " C. BURCH,
Rev. L. ROSS.

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

KISSING BY THE MOONLIGHT.

BY J. W. M.

'Twas evening, and the restless winds
Were fiercely 'round me blowing,
And Luna's silvery diadems
Upon the earth were glowing.

And as I walked, I spied beyond
A loving couple moving:
The moonlight cheered them as they walked,
So calm, so sweet—so loving!

The maiden silent and composed—
She looked so queenly walking;
The youth with a majestic mien
Was wooing with his talking!

They slowly moved, for now their steps
Were quickly homeward turning;
The youth grew anxious, and his words
Were earnest, sweet and burning!

"Sweet love," he whispered in her ear,
"Let us one moment tarry;
My heart is beating wild with love,
And you I want to marry!"

The maiden blushed, and faintly leaned—
Like a flower in the moonlight:
The youth soon drew her to his breast,
And kissed her by the moonlight!

They stood awhile, so firmly clasped,—
So melting and so loving!
'Till Luna, blushing from above,
Their action seemed reproving!

They pressed, and kissed, and started on—
The maiden's home was nearing;
And now the nuptial pledge they made,
With language so endearing.

They halted at the entrance door—
The maiden seemed returning:
For on his youthful brow, she left
Her "good-night" kisses burning!

One year is passed: they stand before
The man of God so fairy:
Their moonlight kissing now is o'er,
For now to-day they marry!

Washington, D. C., March 6th, 1863.

THE SONG OF THE FREEDMAN.

BY FREDERICK B. WAUGH.

The year of jubilee is sealed,
The year we've longed to see;
Because we now in truth can feel
We are forever free.

When first our ancestors were torn
From Afric's sunny shore,
They were by cruel-hearted men
Made t' toil from year to year.

We've labored hard from year to year
Without the least reward;
We've wet the ground with many tears,
Enriched it by our blood

But now our God in mercy smiles
On us his children true;
He's drenched the land in blood and tears,
He'll purge the nation too.

Our wrongs avenge he will,
And make our country know
That if it only trusts his will
We can strike the traitors low.

When shall we meet once more
Our friends and children dear,
From whom we have been parted
And kept for many a year!

How great will be the meeting!
How heartfelt the rejoicing!
When we in harmony shall dwell,
And rank among the free.

Then will our northern brethren
Who have for years been free,
Give praises unto God alone
Who gives us liberty.

A glorious noise we shall have
From slavery set free;
And where the oppress'd of every land
May enjoy their liberty.

Then we shall hail the stars and stripes,
The flag that gave us birth;
That flag we ever shall adore,
Till stricken down by death.

That flag shall be the emblem
Of truth and liberty,
And where it flies it will be known
As the flag of the free.

New Bedford, Mass., March 9th, 1863.

ALEXANDRIA CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—A pressure of business prevented me writing earlier, but a few leisure moments having at last presented themselves, I employed them in penning you this letter.

The "Freedmen" who were quartered in different parts of the city have been removed, and now occupy buildings in the northwestern part of the city, prepared for them by the government.

The buildings are convenient, and capable of accommodating about seven hundred persons. There is a chapel connected with the buildings, and a school room also.

A number of ladies of this city have formed an association called the "First Female Contraband Aid Society of Alexandria." The object of the Society is to "furnish aid and comfort" to the sick, aged and otherwise infirm among the so-called "Contrabands."

During the late holidays the Society gave a festival for the benefit of its funds, by which they realized the sum of $67 87. The officers of the Society are Miss Margaret Fry Mitchell, Pres., Miss Caroline Dougans, Vice Pres., Miss Amanda M. Thompson, Treas., and Miss Harriet E. Mitchell, Sec. They deserve much praise for the noble enterprise in which they are engaged.

There was a lecture delivered in the M. E. Church on Wednesday evening, 4th inst., by Bro. Robert H. Robinson, to an intelligent and very appreciative audience, a number of whom were whites; and it was only the sacredness of the place that prevented the speaker from receiving round after round of applause. The subject was, "The vision of Nebuchadnezzar," (as recorded in the 2d chapter of Daniel,) and, though very complicated, was analyzed with much skill and superior judgment. It was indeed a masterly effort, and pronounced by those competent to judge, the best lecture given this season.

The amount realized on the occasion was $25, to be applied to repairing the church, which greatly needed it.

The city is again infested by bands of straggling soldiers, who assail and rob persons whenever an opportunity presents itself. A party of these vagabonds attacked a gentleman of my acquaintance a few evenings since, while passing with a lady, and notwithstanding the odds against him, he defended himself and lady bravely, and with a small stick, which he carried, brought one of his assailants to the ground, and kept the others at bay until assistance, which was fortunately near, arrived.

The scoundrels, seeing reinforcements equal to their numbers, began to beg for quarter, and it was only their piteous pleadings that saved them from a complete flogging, which they so much deserved.

Persons are attacked nightly, and some quite seriously injured while passing along the streets.

The small pox, which has been raging here for some time, is abating, and there are but few cases at present known.

Mr. George Berry, an old and much respected resident of this city, died on the 4th inst. at the advanced age of 99 years.

Mr. Lewis E. Adams, a gentleman from New Orleans, is sojourning with us. On last Sunday afternoon I attended a meeting of an association attached to the M. E. Church, called "The Poor's Relief Society."

The object of the Society is to attend to the wants of the aged poor belonging to said church. The meeting was addressed by Bros. George W. Mitchell, Jr., and Robert H. Robinson.

The gentlemanly President, Mr. John Davis, Sr., is a man of much intellectual ability.

The municipal election, which took place on the 4th inst., resulted in the triumph of the Union ticket.

Charles A. Ware, Esq., was elected Mayor. I am happy to inform you that the Rev. Benjamin T. Tanner has so far recovered as to be able to resume the duties of his church.

Yours, &c.,
J. H. H.

Alexandria, March 9th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

LIFE OF ST CYPRIAN.—THE AFRICAN BISHOP, MARTYR AND SAINT.

BY REV. R. T. T.

CHAPTER IV.

Cyprian the Rhetorician.

Continued opposition to the Latin rhetoricians—Their final triumph.—The duties of a rhetorician.—Precepts.

Such arbitrary assumption of power so unreasonable, so detrimental to the best interest, and the future glory of Rome, was destined to abate much of its rigor, before the pressure of popular good sense. In a very few years, Crassus, one of the censors, apologised for issuing such an edict; though it must be confessed, that parts of the apology breathe the same spirit of hatred and contempt as the edict itself.

As late as the first century, we still find this feeling of antipathy against the Latin rhetoricians. Petronius, a writer of that century, says of them, "The consequence of this turbid style, and the pompous swell of sounding periods, has ever been the same; when their scholars enter the forum, they look as if they were transported into a new world. The teachers of rhetoric have been the bane of all true eloquence." And in the "Dialogue concerning Oratory" to which reference has been made, Messala, one of the speakers, is heard to say, "Our young men are led to academical prolusions in the school of vain professors, who call themselves rhetoricians; a race of impostors, who made their first appearance at Rome, not long before the days of Cicero. That they were unwelcome visitors, is evident from the circumstance of their being silenced by the two censors, Crassus and Domitius. They were ordered, says Cicero, to shut up their school of impudence." How true are the words of Aper in that same Dialogue, as he replied to his opponents, "Yet such is the malignity of the human mind that what has the sanction of antiquity, is always admired; what is present is sure to be condemned." And is not this fact the secret of most if not all the opposition to which the rhetoricians were subject? Did it not lead Cato to declare against the Greek teachers at their first approach. And now after Greece has taught Rome for generations, shaped their minds, its fruit is the same. The Roman literati readily concluded with their rulers, that nothing sublime or deep could be expressed independent of the language of Attica; it was that in which they had studied, and their fathers' fathers before them, and age had given it sanctity and eloquence. And when it was undertaken to introduce in its stead what appeared to them as the vulgar Latin, and teach eloquence in a way, different from that to which they had ever been accustomed, the thing seemed to be absurd and ridiculous.

However, despite these oppositions and calumnies, the Latin rhetoricians survived to conduct their schools, not only with safety, but with honor to themselves, and advantage to the nation.

The propriety, and even necessity of children and youth studying in the language which they use, finally became recognized by all; and though for many years the old Greek teachers maintained much of their ancient sway, still the familiar Latin gradually arose in popular favor and affection. The child at last became a pet in its own parental household.

Through the industry and learning of the professor of eloquence in the Royal College of France, who has treated with considerable satisfaction, (at least to a tyro) the subject of ancient oratory, we are enabled to know what were the life and duties of a Latin rhetorician. Rollin gleans his information principally from Quinctillian, who taught at Rome, during the last half of the first century. As the duty of one teacher upon any one particular subject is upon the whole the duty of all, we may reasonably conclude that the same method which the Latin teachers employed at Rome, in teaching rhetoric, would be employed by the same class of teachers in imparting the same science, throughout the Roman provinces, and so at Carthage.

The duty of the rhetorician was of a double nature—theoretical and practical,—to write precepts, and to hear declamation. Let us speak first of those precepts. Some of these partook of the nature of maxims, others were lengthened dissertations embodying the author's thoughts in general upon eloquence; and likewise his own peculiar plan of teaching it, for each one had his individual peculiarity. All men walk, but each has his own peculiar gait.

These precepts, wise and excellent in proportion to the ability of the rhetorician, were read by him in the hearing of his disciples. In order that the youths at study could practise the rules, and the advice contained in the precepts, they were much exercised in composition, having for their themes, the various subjects mentioned in chapter second, to wit, historical narrations, opinions of men, short essays upon the vices, and upon subjects which would give scope to their several declamatory powers. In connexion with the duty of composition, was that also of cultivating the faculty of memory. The importance of this last requirement was duly impressed upon the minds of the youth. In this, the olden masters show themselves to have properly understood the true force of the principle, that practice is the road to perfection, and see the certain guarantee of life and strength; so that they made it obligatory upon the scholars to commit to memory passages selected from the orators, historians, poets of the Pagan literati. And thus were their thinking powers strengthened, and their fund of knowledge greatly increased. Speaking upon this very point, Rollin in his anglicized translation makes the master rhetorician of the first century to say, "They will form the taste early; by this means the memory will constantly supply them with excellent models, which they will imitate, even without thinking about it; expressions, turns of thought, and figures will rise up with no restraint under their pens, and present themselves as treasures reserved against great occasions."

TO BE CONTINUED.

For the Christian Recorder.

BLOOMINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Sir, I have read a great many letters in the *Recorder*, from different eminent colored men in various parts of the Northern states, in honor of the President's emancipation proclamation. And, sir, I have also noticed that a great meeting has been held by the colored people in the North, in honor of what Abraham Lincoln has done to free so many millions of our poor down-trodden people in the South.

Sir, I suppose I can say something about Mr. Lincoln that thousands of our people can't say. I have been personally acquainted with him for eight years; I have heard him plead law at the bar in this city often, and during the campaign of 1858 with Stephen A. Douglas for United States Senator, I heard him speak to thousands of people. Mr. Lincoln is naturally a kind-hearted, sociable kind of man. In Feb. 1859, I was in Springfield, Ill. I called on him at his office and had quite a sociable talk with him. He asked me if I was ever a slave. I told him in reply that I had been one, and was sold twice. "Ah!" said he, "Mr. Davis, this government is destined to fall under such a wretched system as American slavery." During the campaign of 1858, I think Mr. Lincoln and Douglas certainly did use the strongest terms to draw each other out that I ever heard any two men use. All that could be got out of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Douglas got; and all that could be got out of Mr. Douglas, Mr. Lincoln certainly did get out of him. That campaigning brought Mr. Lincoln before the people, and I believe the Lord intended that Abraham Lincoln should rule this nation at the present crisis. Surely, Ethiopia is stretching out her hands to God. Ps. lxviii. 31. Did ever any President recommend to Congress the emancipation of the slaves in the District of Columbia? No! but Abraham Lincoln did. Did any President of the United States recommend to Congress the recognition of the republic of Hayti and Liberia? No! but Abraham Lincoln did. Did any attorney general ever decide that all persons born in the United States are citizens according to the spirit and letter of the United States Constitution? and does not that knock old Taney's decision endwise? The poet says:—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

In conclusion, let me here say if ever there was a time when we, as an oppressed people, should be united, now certainly is the time; and God will bring order out of confusion.

Respectfully yours, for the cause of universal liberty to all men.
W. J. DAVIS.

Bloomington, Ill., March 10th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

Carlisle, Pa., March 13, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—Sir:—If considered in place, allow me to say a few words about our part of the world. There has nothing of a very serious nature come under my notice; but I was informed the other day of a little circumstance that transpired in a neighboring city, Harrisburgh, between two gentlemen, (white) that kept bachelors' hall in that city. It appears that those two old gentlemen had been annoyed for some time past by night-ramblers, who travelled in that part of the city all night, known by the name of RATS, and generally living about houses. These two old gentlemen came to the conclusion to try and destroy them. At last they were successful in catching one of these travellers; they were very much delighted, and said one to another, "We have made a good beginning, and we shall soon destroy them all." But while they were rejoicing, and consulting how they should put him to death, by some means the rat was successful in getting the door of the trap open and made his escape. When they looked at the trap and saw the door was open, their rejoicing was turned into sadness. Mr. B. said to Mr. R., "It is your fault that our prisoner got out. You did not fix the door as you should have done." Mr. R. said, "It was not my fault." While they were agitating the question, they both became very angry. Fortunately, some of the neighbors hearing an unusual fuss in the house where these two old gentlemen lived, came to see what was the matter with them, and to find out the cause for such a preparation being made for battle. Mr. B. said, that Mr. R. was not the man that he took him to be. Mr. R. said to Mr. R., "Now I know that you are a rebel in principle, and if you had it in your power you would let all those rebels down South do as they please. You are not for peace." And I was informed that if it had not been for some of the neighbours, one or the other's life would have been destroyed.

But the conflict ended by Mr. R. consenting to leave his comfortable home. So thus ended the partnership of Mr. B. and Mr. R.

It is my opinion if all the white men of the North were of the mind of Mr. B., this terrible confusion would soon come to an end. A great many of the men of the North suffer their minds to be so divided, that they are not as well qualified to meet the enemy as they might be. They mostly spend about an hour in thinking about meeting the enemy; and they spend the next three hours in arranging plans to destroy the sons of Africa. It is my opinion that we are hated by the men that call themselves Union men, more than we are by the rebels; for the true-hearted rebels are all of one mind, and that is to conquer or die; and the result is, they have been successful. Also, Mr. Editor, if I am not intruding upon your precious paper, allow me to say that our protracted meeting is still going on. It has been some two weeks ago since we commenced, and since that time, some thirty-one have been happily converted to God; and twenty-nine out of that number have joined the A. M. E. Church here. Pray for us that the Lord may continue to revive his work.

Our fourth and last Quarterly-meeting for this Conference year, will take place in the city of Harrisburgh on the fifth and last Sabbath in the month of March, and in Carlisle the first Sabbath in April. On each occasion we hope to have a good time.

I have just been informed that the great monster, death, came into this city a few hours ago, and stopped at one of the most respectable families (colored) in this city, by the name of Mrs. Richardson, there being four in the family, (well known to be in high standing, by Bishop Payne,) mother and three daughters; one of the daughters by the name of Adeline, was called for, and she had to go and leave her earthly treasures. I suppose her property here, is worth from four to six thousand dollars. We have all got to pay the same kind of a debt.

Yours truly,
R. P. G.

For the Christian Recorder.

Alexandria, Va., March 12th, 1863.

Mr. Editor:—Although our city is so near the scene of conflict, and within hearing distance of the thundering cannon, whose missiles are sure messengers of pain and death, it does not diminish the scenes of gayety and pleasure. At every step we take, variety presents its beauty to the senses of man; everything that the market can afford is thrown out to the gaze, to bring emolument to the owner without regard to honesty, forgetting that sin sticks close between buying and selling. And apart from this, if you could take a standing point on some prominent place and view the ladies promenading the principal streets of our city, it would not only produce unbounded feelings of pleasure, such as is begotten in the minds of stalwart men when they behold the agile step and polished form of the lovely woman as she moves in gracefulness and dignity, but the heart would glow with the heated fire of gratitude to the beneficent Author of our existence for the manifold blessings and comforts we enjoy. Not only things that we receive to add to our life and strength, but the contrariety of scenes to look upon, and above all, that crown of creation, of whom Shakespeare justly speaks when he says: "O woman, lovely woman, man would be brutes without thee."

We have three Sabbath Schools here. All seem to manifest a growing interest. The Baptist Sabbath School is much larger than either of the others; this is owing altogether to the indefatigable efforts of the teachers. The school at St. John's Chapel is seemingly prosperous, by the blessing of God and the unwearied hands of Bros. Charles Watson and Richard Lancaster. Ours, the old side Methodist, seems to drag hard. I have stood almost alone for five months, trying to sustain the school and create an interest; I now begin to see the fruits of my labor. My co-workers have done well. But to shame the men, these help-mates were women; the names of Miss Margaret Johnson, Rose Williams, Julia Dogan, Amanda Thomson, and Harriet Mitchell must not be forgotten; through storm and sunshine they attended to their duty. Now the school is increasing in number and in interest. The people seem to be rising from a state of stupor into activity, and begin to realize that they are free; and we trust in the strong arm of the Almighty God that this feeling may continue to such a degree, as that it may cause others to follow their example, and be felt and seen in future generations.

We are about to repair our old church. On last Wednesday evening we opened a subscription. The friends nobly responded to the list. The amount subscribed at that one meeting was $2.07. So I think ere long, we shall have an elegant house worthy to be called a house of prayer. O how I long to see the time when my people shall throw off the garment of slothfulness, and make themselves men and women full in the scale of equality, by giving their minds scope in the knowledge of the arts and sciences! How it pains my heart to see our young men so recklessly going down to ruin and to death, without regard to the God that made them; and having around them so many facilities by which they could enter into the great field of usefulness; by a virtuous education, their own endeavors, and the blessing of God. But they will out. They are now within reach of things that make for their peace. If they do not take hold of them presently, they will be hid from their eyes. How sad the thought, that while the political voice of freedom is heard all over the entire continent, saying to the oppressed: Come up higher, there are those who according to their talent would be stars shining brilliantly among so many clusters of other stars, are coming forth to shame and contempt. Will they consider this, so that their influence would cause the more ignorant portion of our race to follow them to the great temple of fame and happiness?

R. H. R.

For the Christian Recorder.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. CHARLOTTE JONES.

MR. EDITOR:—On the 1st of March, 1863, at the residence of her father, James Loage, Charlotte, the beloved wife of Matthew Jones, departed this life, aged nineteen years. She retained her mental powers to the last, always cheerful, hopeful, and resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father. Her last years were years of peace and happiness. On the night previous to her death, she felt quite unwell, but appearing likely to live many more years—in the morning Mrs. Carroll asked if she was sensible of her condition; her reply was, yes, I am dying, and I know it, and the only thing that I have on my mind is my darling little baby; I want you to have and take care of it for me; after Mrs. Carroll promising her to comply with her dying request, she was called to the land of pleasant dreams and peaceful slumbers; without a motion or a struggle, her immortal soul passed from earth into the realities of a glorious eternity. I had the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Jones from her infancy. She was a lady of unblemished character; her modest, discreet, and lady-like deportment made her beloved by all who knew her. Mr. Editor, in describing the abilities of this lady, I must confess I am inadequate for the task: my mental powers are not enough developed to do her justice. I wish, however, to refer to one very particular trait in her character, which was benevolence. Likely, no young lady can be found in this city, holding the same identity to the church as she, could equal her in liberality.

She was also a lady who admired sound preaching, and never seemed to tire under the gospel properly adjusted, thus evincing a strength of mind and greatness of intellect rarely seen in her sex at that age. In the death of Mrs. Jones, we have lost a distinguished lady, a brilliant mind, a friend to the church, and a cheerful neighbor. Since her death, however, that baby, around which gathered so much of her affections, has taken its exit to her eternal embrace in heaven.

Very respectfully, WM. H. BROWN.

Washington, March 8th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—There are considerable news in our city, and many things about which we could write, but I have been so intensely engaged during the entire week with matters of a literary character; matter too, which has so taxed my mental faculties, that I am completely exhausted, and therefore must be excused in failing to furnish you with a regular correspondence. I do wish that some of our talented young men would take my place as a correspondent, for I am so taxed for time, that when I see my hurriedly thrown together articles in the paper, I often blush, and Heaven knows what others do, for some of them look miserable. I would merely observe, that Rev. William T. Catto is in the city, and preached last evening a splendid sermon at the First Baptist church, where they are holding a glorious revival.

H. M. T.

Washington, March 14th, 1863

Lynn, Mass., March 13th, 1863.

DEAR FATHER AND BISHOP:—With great pleasure I write to you to let you know of my success, which is as follows: I have got all the school matters straight, and have a nice little Sabbath School going.

The two parties have come together in love and union; and in the third place, the blessed God has visited us from on high with a shower of Divine grace, and thirty souls have been happily converted to God, and three back-sliders reclaimed; and sinners still crying for mercy, and we are still at work. I think our temporal matters will be in a better shape in a week or two. Oh! give thanks to the Lord for his goodness and mercy to the children of men.

No more at present. Yours in Jesus Christ.

W. H. CHASE.

For the Christian Recorder.

SCENES IN THE M. E. CONFERENCE.

The conference opened with singing and prayer, by the Rev. Thomas Myers.

Rev. T. Sewall, from the committee appointed for that purpose, made a report in relation to the affairs of the *Baltimore Christian Advocate*, which was adopted. Rev. Effinger was changed to the superannuated list. Rev. R. B. Frampton asked a location, which was granted. The character of several of the ministers was passed. It was moved that the Rev. I. Boting be continued in superannuated relation, which created much debate, but was finally passed. Rev. B. H. Smith's case was then called up. He made a statement in relation to his position, as he understood it, &c. Rev. Mr. Davis charged Mr. Smith with disloyalty to the church and inacceptability to the people. He therefore moved the case be referred to a committee of five; a substitute was offered that in view of the statement made by Rev. Smith his character pass. Carried. But the motion was reconsidered in view of Mr. Davis desiring to make out a charge. The charge was preferred against Mr. Smith for disloyalty to the church and the government. A committee of nine were appointed to investigate the charges. The Bishop received a letter from Martinsburg, Va., with twenty dollars in it for the most needy, and asking for a minister. Governor Wright, of Indiana, was introduced and made a short address to the conference.

The report of the Methodist Book Concern of New York, and the Western Book Concern of Cincinnati, were laid before the conference. The report on colonization was then read, stating that three expeditions had been sent out during the year, closing with a resolution approving of the cause, and adopted.

The missionary report was then read, showing that the foreign and home missions were in a prosperous and increasing condition, &c., &c. Adopted. Mr. Lanahan offered a resolution, that the preachers during the present year hold elections, that the male members may vote on the question of lay delegates. Adopted. Rev. Dr. Morrell, of Christ church, Washington, was introduced, after which the conference adjourned with the benediction.

The sixth and last day of the M. E. conference.

The conference opened as usual.

An editor of the connexion addressed the conference.

The report on Sunday schools was read and adopted. Rev. A. Griffith entered a complaint against Rev. Mr. Bull. Mr. Bull corrected what had been said by A. Griffith. A motion was made and carried, to superannuate Mr. Bull. A resolution was offered to do all in their power to aid the President in every effort to put down the rebellion, &c., &c. A motion to lay the motion on the table by a rising vote. Yeas, 37; nays, 11. A motion was made requesting the reporters to take no notice of the motion for the support of President and the motion to lay it on the table, which motion created a great deal of debate. A resolution was offered that the President be asked to set apart a day for fasting and prayer to Almighty God, that He will bring this war to a close and restore unity, prosperity, and peace to our country. There were several speeches made. The Rev. Mr. Morgan made an eloquent speech in favor of the resolution. Mr. Bull spoke against it, and in his remarks, he said the M. E. general conference of 1856 was culpable for this war in a measure. He also said that he hated abolition as he hated hell, &c. A number of resolutions or substitutes were offered and laid on the table. The original motion was passed by a rising vote. Yeas, 31; nays, 5.

Report on tract cause was read and adopted.

Report of the committee to receive missionary money was read and adopted.

The Rev. M. Butler of the Lutheran church was introduced.

A motion to raise $12.000 missionary money this year was adopted.

The report of the committee on memoirs was adopted.

A vote of thanks to families of Georgetown, for their kindness to the bishop; to the express and railroad companies, and to the secretaries. Adopted.

The bishop then read a parting hymn. It was sung. A very fervent and appropriate prayer was offered by the Rev. A. Griffith.

The bishop then made some very feeling remarks to the conference, more particularly to the young brethren. After which the appointments were read. The doxology was sung, and the conference finally adjourned with the benediction.

Mr. Editor, I learned that there was a petition sent to the bishop and his council from the colored churches of the M. E. church, for colored pastors, but it was not granted.

The colored M. E. church in Washington petitioned for the same pastor that they had last year, the Rev. Job Lambeth, white.

H. J. R.

Georgetown, D. C.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—I desire to call the attention of the committee appointed by the last General Conference, to examine the manuscript history of the A. M. E. Church by Bishop Payne. The work is now ready for examination. We wish the committee to meet on Wednesday, April 15th, 1863, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in Bethel Church, Baltimore city, Maryland. By referring to the minutes of the General Conference, you will see that the following brethren were appointed, viz: A. W. Wayman, Stephen Smith, J. P. Campbell, and John M. Brown.

If those brethren who belong to the Philadelphia Conference, wish to be present at our Conference, they can meet the committee on Wednesday, 15th, and be present on Thursday, 16th, at the meeting of the conference. We desire very much to have the entire committee present, as there is in contemplation a plan to have the work put through the press as soon as the General Book Steward can get ready. The General Conference of 1848 appointed Bishop Payne to write the history of the church. Sixteen long years have passed away, and now his work is done. If we want to see the work in the hands of our people before we go hence, let us try and get it out this ensuing summer.

In about twelve or thirteen months from this, the General Conference will be here again, and the book should be out before that time.

We thought once of calling the committee to meet us in Philadelphia, but as I cannot get possession of the manuscript till about the 15th of April, and our Conference meeting on the 16th, I thought it would be best to call them to meet me here in Baltimore. If the brethren cannot be present at that time, they will please inform us when they can meet us.

A. W. WAYMAN,
Chairman of the Committee.

Baltimore, March 16th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—Brethren and friends, hear ye from the East. The Lord is with us, and the God of Jacob is our refuge. The cloud of despondency which hung over poor Bethel, causing many of the aged pilgrims to hang their harps on the willow, for years past, has been removed by the power of God, and by the renovating Spirit of the dear Redeemer. Bethel is, indeed, resurrected by the power of the Holy Ghost. The pilgrims have taken down their harps, got them tuned, and are now playing their part. The melodious sound with the melting strains now charms the sinner. The heartfelt prayers and fervent, active zeal of the redeemed ones, has, and are now calling out men of high standing in Church and State, to see the work of our God among our despised people. The judges of our State and city courts; the lawyers, members of Congress, doctors, and even our city council, now visit Bethel on Anderson Street, day and night. They look on and wonder.

The pastor of Bethel and Judge Whitman of Boston occupied the pulpit together. It can be truly said, that Brother Rue is sitting amid the Judges. It is true that a great influence has gone out from Bethel's protracted efforts, and more than a score of souls have been brought in from the cold; but all that is but a small shower compared to the great marriage which took place in February last, at the time of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The parties were once united, but about fourteen or fifteen years ago, they were divorced by mutual consent; some evil spirit put them asunder. On this holy day of the Lord, the Holy Spirit re-united the parties. It came off with holy embraces, shaking hands, a shout, and the communion. Two weeks before this, some of the party wished the Elder in charge to effect the union to kill, but the Elder with Elder H. J. Johnson, had attempted to do so before, but failed in their attempt; so at this solicitation the Elder in charge would not touch it; but he gave them godly advice, and went on in the work of the Lord. "It was nothing but the devil," I said, "the Elder told them so, except they get religion, to hell they will go." It is a mystery, and a great wonder to the church. But

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

The Lord did the work, not the Elder; and the people say it is complete: praise ye the Lord. When we are right, we care not who knows our name. The parties are right; no more jawing, but one in Christ. The Johnsons and Hattons with others concerned, are one in the church. We are happy to say that there is no party spirit in Bethel Church; the church now see eye to eye. Sister Sarah Johnson has returned to Bethel, and acts as a mother in Israel. God bless her, and may her last days be her best for glory. Sister Hatton is as a beaten anvil to the blow; and she is a mother in Israel, contending for the faith. The Lord keep her in the good old way.

Brothers Hatton and Johnson are like two horses in Pharaoh's chariots, and Solomon's oxen. What was wrong, is now made right by the Holy Spirit.

Brethren, the church is in full sail for glory. As for the debt, the prospect was never brighter than at present. In the last eight weeks' protracted meeting, ninety-eight souls have been brought to the Saviour through deep repentance and saving faith. The good work is still going on, but the water is not so troubled as it was; still the mourner's cry is, "Have mercy on me, Lord." Out of the above number, eighty came before the Bethel altar, and were received. From the 29th of January up to this date, there has been a general shout going up to our God from Bethel, and our sister churches in Boston. The work is going on in Zion, and the twelve Baptist Churches; also Brother Grimes' Church, last Sabbath 8th inst., which was one of the most unpleasant days we had during the winter. Notwithstanding the snow storm, Elder Rue immersed in Boston river nineteen persons. They had shouting in the water that day, for there were seven males and twelve females. It was a solemn time; twelve more are very desirous to do the same. At night in the church, five of the converts were baptized by sprinkling, at which time the Lord's Supper was administered. Not many old persons were gathered to this harvest. The oldest is a man of fifty years; the youngest of the whole number is twelve years of age. We have a host of young men, intelligent and strong, which, with the young ladies, are the only hope for the perpetuity of Bethel in Boston. The house is as crowded mornings as afternoons, and afternoons as evenings. It would do your soul good to hear the children and the aged ones tell the story of Christ's redeeming love every Sabbath morning. Bethel has room for a good reputation; and she is not the least among the daughters of Zion. Our white friends are maturing a plan to help us out of one great financial trouble. We have no trouble in selling the *Recorder* since the revival, for the converts love to hear of the good work of the Lord abroad. Let us have fifteen copies instead of ten.

We remit to you on account for Recorder, three dollars. We sent one dollar the last of January, but it is not acknowledged.

Brethren in the West, look well to the signs of the times; watch the South gates. First, the soldiers, then the missionaries.

Brother, pray for us,
GEORGE ALEXANDER RUE.

COLORED REGIMENTS.

In the natural progress of our war, the enlisting of colored men to do their share of the fighting, has come to be the all-engrossing subject. And yet the follies and inconsistencies of our *kind*, are such as to interpose objections to this most reasonable measure. Like all other bad causes, this opposition betrays its weakness, in arguments wholly irreconcilable. First, it is alleged that negroes are too stupid to learn the drill, and too cowardly to fight. Next, when good officers are ready to risk their reputation upon such regiments, then it is said they shall never fight on an equality with white men! First, they are of no account and can't fight. Next, when anxious to show what they can do, then they shan't fight! for they might do it equal to white men! Like the talk a few days ago on the cars near Memphis. Two men conceded after the worn out manner—that in the heat of Southern climes, none but colored slaves could produce cotton, rice, and sugar. Soon one of their ants from the North declaiming against them going hither, said that they were worthless, since even in the South, one white man would do as much work as two negroes! Like the man who was sued for borrowing, breaking, and failing to return his neighbor's kettle. His lawyer pleaded—

1st. That he never had it.
2d. It was broken when he got it.
3d. That he returned it whole and sound.

Now since our country is in great need of having done, just what these faithful servants stand ready to do, where is the wisdom in rejecting their services. We must have food, forage, fortifications, and conquests. These strong men can sow, and plant, and reap, and ditch, and fight, and whip. Not being done and well done, we perish. What a fearful responsibility, therefore, that man takes who dares to discourage and hinder men from this labor. Should our country sink, our homes be desolated, and our families murdered for the lack thereof, on whose skirts will the blood be found. Better that a mill stone were round the neck of that man thus offending, and he drowned in the sea.

And what in the name of common sense does all this dead conservatism—this cant about equality amount to! Suppose colored soldiers should fight as well, or even better than white ones, and thereby save our country. Will the sun stand still as in the days of Joshua and the world be tutored upside down? Are we to allow the unconstitutional complexions to do nothing which white men do, lest equality and ruin ensue! Then better get a device, not merely to keep them off the soil, but from breathing, eating, drinking, plowing, hoeing, sickening, and dying. Strange that persons in such dread of colored people, touching their sacred caste, should eat the food, drink the water, or sleep in the beds coming from their hands. One would suppose the peculiar fogo, as Mr. Clay once termed it—issuing from these creatures—would disgust such squeamish dignitaries beyond all endurance. And yet our marvel is heightened by the indisputable evidences in numerous half breed specimens, of even the existence of a closer intimacy between the parties than the one referred to. Col. R. M. Johnson and the honors conferred upon him by those who breathe forth such a holy horror against amalgamation, cannot be forgotten. Away with all such silly subterfuges, while in the hour of our country's trial, as one man we unite in all the means to save her.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Mar. 21, 1863.

REPORT

Look here, brethren, read this: and remember it, too:—

The meeting of the Executive Committee and their appeal to the ministers having the charge of circuits and stations, and to the members of the A. M. E. Church, is as follows:

DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—According to the authority vested in our Editor and General Book Steward, he called together the Executive Committee of the Book Concern on the 13th of November, at which time we had a very pleasant interview together in relation to the present flattering condition of the Book Concern, and the wants of the Church.

Brethren, let me tell you for once that the Book Concern is really in a prosperous condition—and how it is that our Editor and General Book Steward has so managed to keep the Book Concern and paper in the hopeful condition in which we find it, and with such scant means, we confess we are at a loss to know—and more especially in times like these, when many a firm and paper, with a much larger capital, have succumbed. But, brethren, in order to hold this position, and to keep up a growing interest throughout the connexion, there are means needed—first, there is a very great demand for hymn-books, in every direction in the connexion, and our Editor and General Book Steward has informed us there are only seven or eight in the store, and he has no more to bind up. Therefore, the Committee deem it advisable, in view of such a demand for our hymn-books, and especially in the Western country, to advise our General Book Steward to get out another edition, so that our people may be supplied. To do this, brethren, it will require about $500. This should be done without delay. We therefore recommend each elder, deacon, and preacher to properly lay this vital matter before their congregations, and to take up a free-will collection, and to forward the same to the General Book Steward and Editor, so that it may be in his hands forthwith to operate with—and he will give each credit through this paper. Now we ask our brethren, shall the Book Steward have the amount? We will answer for the Philadelphia district, our portion will be forthcoming. We also recommend to our Bishops, while travelling around, to speak of this matter.

WILLIAM MOORE,
W. H. WAYANS,
STEPHEN SMITH,
W. D. W. SCHUREMAN,
ELISHA WEAVER, *Ch'm.*

NOTICE.

By Divine permission, I will preach at Dutchtown in the Salem circuit, on the 1st day of May, and at Bushtown on the 2d, and at Frogtown on the 3d, and at Salem on the 5th, and I shall be in Philadelphia on the 6th, and Norristown circuit on the 7th, and shall be in Frankford, Pa., on the first Sabbath in May, to attend the funeral sermon of the late lamented Rev. Richard Robinson, at the request of his dear wife and friends. My whereabouts and labours in the intermediate space between April 7th and the 3d of May will be made known in the future. W. NAZREY.

NOTICE.

To the Philadelphia and New England Conferences.—To the members and friends.

The Philadelphia Annual Conference will meet the second Saturday in May, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in Bethel Church, Sixth St., Phila.

The New England Conference will meet the second Saturday in June, in Newport, R. I., in the A. M. E. Church, at 9 o'clock, A. M. Punctual attendance is requested.

NOTE.—The members of each Conference District will pay strict regard and attention to the financial collections per discipline, as it is highly important that they should.

INVITATION.

Revs. Bishops Quinn and Payne, are most cordially invited to meet with me at each.

W. NAZREY.

NOTICE.

Quarterly Meetings on the Frankford Circuit and the Union Station in Philadelphia.

March the 28th and 29th, in Bristol, Pennsylvania.

April the 4th and 5th, in Bensalem.

April the 11th and 12th, on Harrisburg Hill.

April the 18th and 19th, in the Union Church Station.

April the 25th and 26th, in Frankford.

REV. HENRY DAVIS, Elder
REV. HENDERSON DAVIS, Deacon.

NOTICE.

A sermon will be delivered in the Wesley A. M. E. Church, Hurst St., on Sunday, the 22d inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M. Theme, "Divine message to the Church of Pergamos." And at 7½ o'clock, P. M. Theme, "Exalted privileges of the Righteous," by the Pastor.

CHRISTIAN WITNESS AND CHURCH ADVOCATE.

We have received No. 7, Vol. 29 of the Christian Witness and Church Advocate, of Boston, Mass., published by E. P. Dutton & Co., for the benefit of the Episcopal church. It is filled with rich selections and editorials, and a medium size paper. It deserves a liberal patronage from a reading community. We wish it a happy success, and shall accept of an exchange most gladly.

THE REPOSITORY

is out for this month, and we think it far the best one in this the new year. And one other reason is, because the editor of the Repository has himself led off with an article, which meets our taste, it being the first leader we have noticed coming from him, since he has been promoted.

RIOT IN DETROIT.

We refer our readers to the article of Rev John A. Warren of that city, purporting to be a true statement, which we think will be interesting to all. Read it for yourselves.

A letter has been received from Rev. E. D. Davis, of the Union Seminary of the Ohio Conference. He speaks in flattering terms of the school. Notwithstanding the hardness of the times he has more students now than he ever had before at one time.

MR DOUGLASS.

We see an article published in the daily *National Republican*, from the pen of Mr. J. W. Menard, in which he argues the separation of the blacks and whites in opposition to Mr. Frederick Douglass' address, which appeared in the Anglo-African, of the 2d inst., Our advice to friend Menard is, to let that old hobby lie still, for these are not the times for anything of the kind.

SINGING

The Hutchinson Family will give one of their fine concerts, for the benefit of the First African Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Mr. Gibb is pastor, on the 26th inst., at Sansom St. Hall. Tickets for admission, 25 cts. Children, 15 cts. Tickets can be had at No. 919 Pine St., at our Book Store.

DIED.

Brother Edward M. Thomas, of Washington, D. C., departed this life on the 9th inst., in the city of New York, at the house of one Mr. Edward V. Clark, Esq. Brother Thomas had been in the city but two or three days—visiting his wife, who was also visiting, or had been there for a few months. The day prior to his death, he was, apparently, as well as he ever was. He had been out shopping with his lady. After this, he took a little walk around to see some of his friends, and then returned to his boarding-house about tea-time. His wife told him that she was glad to see him back so soon, for the lady had just got tea ready. Not not feeling well, he lay down. His wife went to his bed-side and felt his head, which was very cold. She then felt his feet, and they were also very cold—colder than ever before. She gave him a strong drink of hot ginger, which threw him into a perspiration. After this was administered, he seemed to be doing pretty well. About 11 o'clock at night, he was seized with a fit. His wife raised him in her arms, and called to her assistance the friends in the house. They worked with him awhile, and he apparently went to sleep. It seems that they could not get a doctor until after he was dead. The physicians all refused, and the policemen finally compelled one to go—so we are informed. The cause of his death is supposed to have been affection of the kidney and lungs. He was some 42 or 43 years old when he died. But he is no more. His warning to meet death was a short one. He leaves behind him to mourn his loss, a kind and affectionate wife. Brother Thomas was well known throughout the East, and known as a friend to his race. He was a member of long standing in the A. M. E. Church, and his doors were always open to the ministers of the Gospel. He and his dear companion, since our acquaintance, insited us to stop with them, but that kind invitation by him has ceased. Brother Thomas was the President of the contemplated National Exhibition, to be held by the colored people, in the month of October, 1863. He was also the originator of the plan. Perhaps we ought to say that the remains of brother Thomas were brought to this city, (Philadelphia) to the house of Mr. Tangles, in Tenth St., and were deposited in the Olive Cemetery on last Monday afternoon, the 16th inst., followed by a large procession, in carriages and on foot, of members of the church, of the masonic fraternity and Good Samaritans, and of all the societies of which he was a member.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

SNOWHILL, N. J.	
Mr. E. J. Miller,	1 25
Mrs. Harriet Lewis,	1 25
Mr. Stephen Thomas,	1 25
Miss Mary Jane Hopkins,	2 25
Mrs. Mary Ann Jackson,	50
Mr. Samuel Smith,	25
BLACKWOODTOWN, N. J.	
Mr. John Roberson,	1 25
MOUNT EPHRAIM, N. J.	
Mr. Joseph Johnson,	1 50
WASHINGTON, D. C.	
Mr. Charles O. Moore, Agt.,	11 00
BOSTON, MASS.	
Rev. George A. Rue,	3 00
GEORGETOWN, D. C.	
Rev. H. J. Rhodes,	1 00
NEWPORT, R. I.	
Rev. Wm. Demond,	3 50
ALTON, ILLS.	
Mrs. L. Johnson, on last year,	1 10
ST. LOUIS, MO.	
Rev. M. M. Clark, for the subscribers,	10 00
BURLINGTON, N. J.	
Rev. J. Smith, in full,	25
ALEXANDRIA, VA.	
Alfred Dixon,	2 25
FRANKFORD, PA.	
Mr. W. S. Walker,	1 10
BALTIMORE, MD.	
Rev. George T. Watkins,	1 25
XENIA, O.	
Mrs. A. E. Harris,	1 00
CANADA ACKNOWLEDGMENTS, per Rev. Bishop Nazrey.	
Rev. Walter Hawkins, St. Catherine,	1 38
Rev. J. W. Taylor,	1 38
Rev. R. R. Disney, Windsor,	1 38
Rev. L. C. Chambers, London,	1 38

The above prices are on the account of the postage we pay.

LECTURES BY FREDERICK DOUGLAS

The great hero and the unfaltering Anglo-Saxon African opponent of American Slavery delivered a common sense lecture on last Tuesday night, at the institute for colored youth, which place was crowded to its utmost capacity

We need just such talk as the *orator* give us on that occasion, and we hope that the pupils of the school, and all others who were present, have learned a lesson and will profit by it.

A public meeting was held on Wednesday evening, the 18th inst., in Bethel church, Sixth St., on the present crisis of this country, and the relation which colored persons should sustain to it The following officers were by resolution appointed

President, Rev. J. P. Campbell.

Vice Presidents, Rev S. Smith, Rev. E Weaver, Rev W. D. W Schureman, Messrs M Hall, F. Turner, V. B. Vidall, H Shadd, B. Harris, D. B. Brown, and J. P. Bowers.

Secretaries, Rev. E D. Bassett, Rev. A L Stanford.

Rev. W. D. W. Schureman addressed the throne of grace, after which the President introduced Mr Frederick Douglas, who in his usual pleasing style and able manner, held the entire audience spell bound as with a charm, for at least one hour and a half The building, which is said to hold between two and three thousand persons, was comfortably filled. Many white persons were present, but the majority as they should be, were colored. The merit of the address need not be spoken of. It is enough to say that it was delivered by Mr. Douglas, who is well known as an orator rarely if ever excelled in any community. This distinguished lecturer argued and answered beyond successful contradiction three important questions, viz., 1. How the colored people should feel? How they should think? and 3. How they should act in regard to the present tremendous rebellion? He set forth in the most glorious light the importance and necessity of speedy action on our part.

At the close of the lecture, Prof Bassett offered a series of resolutions which passed without a single dissenting voice

The following persons, Messrs. Horace Potter, James Christopher, Edwin Johnson, Henry Johnson, and Francis Jones, gave their names as volunteers for the Massachusetts regiment of colored soldiers

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. RICHARD ROBINSON

[CONTINUED.]

In our last number we left Brother Robinson in his second year on the New York station. We would mention here that he served three successive years in Bethel church, Second street, New York. At the expiration of this time he was sent to Boston by the Bishop, which was in the year 1845. There are, no doubt, many of our people in the good city of Boston who can recall to their minds some of the pleasant incidents connected with good Brother Robinson's sojourn in that place. We know, also, that he sowed the seed of the Gospel faithfully, and in calling upon sinners to repent and come to the cross, he was not one of those who were backward or faint hearted in the work which his Master had given him to do, and which our people in Boston, we doubt not, can testify to. Yes, we suppose there are a number of people living to-day in that city who have sat under his sharp and keen voice a number of times. He also had the pleasure of having a charge of the Church in the first State of the Union that threw off the chains and fetters from our people, and thus it may be seen that his usefulness was not kept confined in an isolated city, state, or district, but he had a hand in shaping the rise and progress of our Church and people at that time. Truly he had a great work, and one of which, we dare say, he felt the deep responsibility.

Brother Robinson labored faithfully one year; being a part of 1845 and 1846. At the end of this time he went to meet the Conference, which assembled in the Wesleyan A. M. E. Church, Brooklyn, June 6th, 1846, and continued in session ten days. He was re-appointed (according to the Minutes) back to the Boston charge. This was under the appointment of Bishop Quinn who was the presiding Bishop over that Conference. This is the first appointment, we would judge, that he had ever received at the hands of Bishop Quinn, the Bishop having been ordained on the 7th day of May, 1844, and was the fourth Bishop of the A. M. E. Church. Brother Robinson goes forth to labor under the hands of a new appointing power, to win souls from Satan and enrol them as soldiers under Emanuel. While he was sharp in reproving the wrong-doers for anything which he knew to be contrary to the will of God, yet it is said he was very social and did a great deal of visiting among his members and proved himself their friend, which is a trait of character which every minister of the Gospel ought to have. If there was more of it in these days than there really is, it would be better for both minister and people, as the members of any church like the man who cares for them. This was one of the strong traits of Brother Robinson's character.

(*To be continued.*)

We would remark that our two last articles are short on the account of multiplicity of business, but we hope to have time to extend them out a little.

REVIVALS.

The Chester circuit, of which the Rev. W. D. W. Schureman is pastor, has had a refreshing of the Holy Spirit poured upon them. They held a protracted meeting for three weeks, in Zion Church Mission, by which a good state of feeling has been produced among the members. The white rowdyism was so bad that the members and friends could hardly pass.

GERMANTOWN.

They also held a series of meetings at this point, for one week, which resulted in good.

ROBBINSTOWN.

They held a protracted effort for three weeks, and, we are informed, the God who rules the nations poured most powerfully His Spirit upon them. Twenty-three souls are said to have been converted, and many were weeping in the camp.

WEST PHILADELPHIA.

They are now holding a protracted meeting up to the time of our writing, at this place, and the God of our fathers has, and still is, visiting them. Many poor souls are seeking to find God's love.

And so it is. Many of our brethren are getting along finely

For the Christian Recorder.
March 16th, 1863.

MR. EDITOR AND BROTHER:—This will inform you and the many readers of the Recorder that the good Lord is still carrying on the good work of convicting and converting sinners Up to this date we have received on probation 34 Of this number about 21 have declared that God for Christ's sake had pardoned their sins. The others are earnestly praying for deliverance Brethren, I look upon the revivals amongst us as the foreboding of peace or trial, through which we will have to pass before we can enjoy all of our God-given rights in the land of our nativity; and my belief is that the Lord is pouring out his Spirit upon us to prepare us for the coming difficulty upon the nation, that will try every man's soul, whether he be white or colored, whether he be saint or sinner May the good Lord prepare us for all the events of his providence, for I know that the Judge of all the earth will do right.

Yours in Christ,
J. H. SMITH, Elder

ERRATA

The following typographical errors occur in "Stray Leaves for the Young" It should have read *festering* formalities. It should have read "which no *sane* man would give to a pig." It should have read "*un*exalted people," instead of our exalted people.

CONFERENCES.

We are very sorry to hear that the Ohio and Baltimore Conferences both meet at the same time this year.

For the Christian Recorder

DEMONSTRATION AND PRESENTATION

MR. EDITOR:—Knowing you to be a friend to every cause, having for its object the elevation of our down-trodden and oppressed people, I thought it might be interesting to you and your numerous readers to give a succinct history of the rise and progress of the Banneker Lyceum, its present and future prospects, also to notice the proceedings of a demonstration, given by said Lyceum, on the 9th inst., in order to celebrate the second anniversary of its organization, &c.

And before doing so, I would say, that possibly you are aware that in the city of Baltimore, a considerable number of literary associations have been organized within the past six or eight years; it is needless to state that they have been productive of a great amount of good They have demonstrated to a certainty the capacity of the colored man to master not only the ordinary, but all the higher branches of science. The colored *young* men particularly of this city seem to have awakened from their lethargic slumbers, a new impetus seems to have been given to the cause of education, and they have resolved henceforth and forever to be men in the strictest sense of the term They seem to have become convinced "that a little learning is a dangerous thing," hence they have determined to "drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring." These literary associations meet regularly once a week for the purpose of transacting the business pertaining thereto, viz: 1st. The regular routine, then discussing difficult questions, reading essays on scientific and other subjects, reciting the various tasks given them by their several instructors, &c. Were you present at any of these meetings, you would have just cause to be proud of your race, to observe the business-like, dignified, and highly creditable manner in which these various duties are performed Yes, Mr. Editor, they discharge them in a manner which reflects credit not only on themselves, not only upon the race generally, but it would reflect it on any similar association of this or any other city amongst the proud, negro-hating and imperious Anglo-Saxon.

Banneker Lyceum, of which your humble correspondent considers it an honor to be recognised as a member, though lastly organized, stands pre-eminent for literary ability; the gentlemen and ladies of whom this Lyceum is composed, have made advancement in their studies within the past six months almost unparalleled, and whereas but a few weeks since, English grammar was to many of them almost as a sealed book, now the grammar class can stand an examination on its fundamental principles, alike creditable to themselves, also to their accomplished teacher. The arithmetic class has made as much proficiency as opportunities would permit. The writing and Bible classes also are worthy of honorable mention. I ought to have stated that the Banneker Lyceum was organized about two years ago with six persons, by electing Rev. George T. Watkins as President, Rev. William H. Brown, Vice President, Mr. J. H. Tenkle, Treasurer, and Mr. William H. Bright, Secretary. These officers having discharged their duties to the entire satisfaction of the Lyceum for the term designated by the constitution, viz., six months, were unanimously re-elected to serve another term. During this time the Lyceum labored under many discouragements, the increase in its membership being by no means commensurate to the importance of the object contemplated in its formation Not to be tedious, I would just say, that Rev George T. Watkins was elected President for three successive terms, and doubtless would have been elected for the fourth term, had he not positively declined a nomination. During his latter term the Lyceum enjoyed a great degree of prosperity, a large accession being added to the membership, and from six upon the roll, thirty to thirty-five answered to their names at the expiration of his term of office.

At the last election Mr. William H. Bright was elected President, Mr. D. De Coursey, Vice President, Rev George T Watkins, Treasurer, (also teacher,) Rev. W H. Brown, Assistant Teacher, Mr William Banks, Chaplain, and Mr J. L. Bright, Secretary. The newly elected President has already proved himself every way worthy of the confidence reposed in him. He conducts the affairs in a becoming manner, and his term of office bids fair to be as prosperous as the last term of his learned and talented predecessor, if not more so.

The present prospects of the Lyceum are very encouraging; the future brighter than ever The members, almost without exception, attend regularly to their stated meetings, and the anxiety for improvement during the past few months has been more strikingly manifested than ever. A corresponding anxiety has been discernible on the part of the teacher, who devotes his time wholly on regular meeting nights to the instruction of each and every member of the association. According to custom, a grand demonstration was given by the Lyceum on the 9th inst., at Mission Chapel, Tessier St., the usual place of meeting, in order to celebrate the second anniversary of their organization At this demonstration, Rev George T Watkins, as a token of their appreciation of his invaluable services, was presented with a splendidly bound copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, having inscribed upon it, "Presented to Rev. George T. Watkins, by the Banneker Lyceum, March 9th, 1863."

The occasion called together a very large assemblage The exercises being opened with singing and prayer, the Rev. James A. Lynch, the devoted and talented pastor of the Mission, at the unanimous request of the Lyceum, was prevailed upon to deliver the opening address. Though entirely unexpected to him, yet ever ready, he entertained the audience for a half an hour with some very able, instructive, and edifying remarks, the audience manifesting their appreciation in the usual manner. But one fault was found with the reverend gentleman, and that was, he was too short: hope he will be longer next time

At the conclusion of his remarks, Mr. W H. Bright, the President, then delivered an address which clearly satisfied the Lyceum that they had made no mistake in electing him as their presiding officer In accordance with the programme, Rev William H Brown then presented to Rev George T Watkins, "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." After making some general remarks on the importance of obtaining a *good* education, the recipient responded in most feeling and eloquent terms He said, "My feelings have almost overcome me Had I been appointed to address you on some scientific subject, upon English Grammar, upon Rhetoric, upon Logic, upon Natural or Intellectual Philosophy, or any other science within the range of my knowledge, I might have done this with comparative facility, but at this time, I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I am filled with embarrassment, and the duty which now devolves upon me is of a most pleasurable character. This occasion forms an episode in my not very eventful life, to which my memory will ever revert with the most pleasurable emotions. I accept this testimonial which you have thought proper to present me, as evidence of the appreciation you have been pleased to bestow upon my humble labors for the advancement of the objects contemplated in the formation of this Lyceum. I should have been satisfied, had I received no other token, than the benignant smile, and the hearty grasp of the hand, with which you greet me from time to time, but in view of this testimonial, I have no language at command to express my sincere regard for the motive which prompted it, and the renewed determination on my part to labor for your interest with redoubled diligence. May the broad wing of Heaven continue to overshadow us, and may all our efforts here and elsewhere conduce to our temporal and eternal interest, and to the glory of God.

Again, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for the demonstration of your grateful liberality. I shall ever treasure it as an invaluable memento, and in the solemn hour of death, when I shall feel my feet stepping into the first cold wave of that boisterous flood which rolls between time and eternity, I shall leave it as a legacy to my children, should they survive me. Rest assured, ladies and gentlemen, my aim shall be from this moment, to make this Lyceum, what it has already almost become, the first in the monumental city."

This response by the recipient was loudly applauded. Mr. D De Coursey then delivered a very appropriate address on "The Rise and Progress of the Lyceum" He reviewed the history of the same from its organization until the present time, carefully noting every thing of interest, and closed by leaving upon the minds of the audience an impression both favorable to himself, and also to the Lyceum.

It was expected that Rev. John H Spriggs would also deliver an address, and as this gentleman has prosecuted his studies with great assiduity for the past few years under a very competent teacher, a rare intellectual treat was anticipated. On account, however, of the indisposition of his very estimable wife, the audience were debarred the privilege of hearing him.

Not the least interesting incident of the evening was a mock trial of one of the members of the Lyceum for petty larceny. The attorneys both for the prosecution and defence reviewed the evidence presented in a very able manner, thoroughly sifting the same, when the jury rendered a verdict in favor of the prisoner.

The order of the exercises being closed, the remainder of the evening was spent in a manner agreeable to all who remained. Upon the whole, the entertainment was of a most gratifying character, alike creditable to all concerned.

By way of conclusion, I would say, that the Galbraith Lyceum, (the first organization in the city, if I am rightly informed,) gave a demonstration of a similar character to the Banneker, on the same evening; but as your correspondent was not present, he cannot notice it farther. Many things of interest I might write, but as my letter has [illegible] far beyond its anticipated length, I will close, by subscribing myself,

Yours truly,
WILLIAM H. BROWN.

Baltimore, March 15th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

LETTER FROM DETROIT.

BRO. WEAVER:—You have doubtless heard before this, through the public journals, that many of our brethren have become homeless, houseless, and penniless by a disgraceful riot which took place in our city on the 6th inst.

Allow me, through the columns of the Recorder, to give you a bird's eye view of the suffering of our people. I am aware that many of our people are anxiously looking and impatiently waiting for me to answer the many letters they have written me about the condition of their friends. I therefore seize the present moment to answer them, one and all, through the columns of our organ, in a summary manner. The first question generally asked is, What was the cause of the riot?

I answer, The immediate cause was *prejudice* and passion, brought on by the Democratic *Free Press*, the most reckless sheet that was ever issued from any press. Every crime perpetrated by a negro is magnified tenfold. If he steals a chicken, the Free Press reports it a horse. If he knocks down a "rough" in self-defence, the Free Press construes it into an attempt to murder. Thus he would have us killed all the day long Do you ask me why he persecutes the poor colored people, whose houses were sacked and burned, and whose lives were periled, to the disgrace of the city of Detroit. I answer, for political purposes. Let me say to that Editor, beware! for he that sows the wind, shall, in God's good time, reap the whirlwind. But, I must be brief. The white man, (they said colored man) Falkner, was arraigned before the court, found guilty of a diabolical outrage upon a white girl, also a colored girl, by the name of Ellen Hoover. He was sentenced to prison for life. While on his way to prison, the mob attempted to wrest him from the hands of the officers. In this they were disappointed, for the police were determined that the law should be obeyed, and the prisoner secured in the jail; before this was accomplished, however, one man was killed and several wounded. The mob at this moment became enraged, and one man, mounting a stump, cried out, "Gentlemen, I am for killing all the negroes." "Kill the negroes, kill the negroes!" shouted five hundred, at the top of their voices. They came down Beaubien St., frantic, like so many devils. They made a halt at the Sumner House, kept by Mr. Hockner. They broke his windows They proceeded on to Lafayette St., to the house of Edward Freese, Thomas Bolton, Sarah Stemo, Susan Biddle, Mary Jones, Edward Pierce, and Mr. Fletcher. Brother Pierce kept a second-hand furniture store. His house, together with that of Mr. Brown, who kept the Sailors' boarding house, was all destroyed by fire, with their contents. Messrs. Pierce and Fletcher were seriously injured. The next place they attacked was Whitney Reynolds' cooper-shop. This brother has truly distinguished himself by the many hands he employed, and the number of barrels he turned out weekly. Brother Reynolds was not home at the time of the riot. His hands fought like heroes to save his property. They never left his building until the house was set on fire; and in their retreat from the building, Solomon Houster, Lewis Houster, and Mr. Boyd were seriously injured—the latter has since died. Brother Reynolds' loss is great, but I am glad to say that the citizens are making every provision to relieve our suffering people, and our city is again restored to peace.

I almost forgot to mention that Father Evans, Bro. Williams, and Mr. Bedey had lost all by fire. Father Evans who is eighty years of age, was badly beaten. He was supposed to be dead when they stopped beating him. The old gentleman is still living, but suffering much from his injuries. He is an honest and upright old man, and has thus lived for forty years in the city of Detroit. He has a son, Mr. Evans, who has been head-waiter at the Biddle House a number of years.

Yours, faithfully,
JOHN A. WARREN.

For the Christian Recorder.

INFORMATION FOR ALL.

Worship is resumed in John Wesley Church, Connecticut Avenue, which has been closed since the first of October, 1862, on account of sickness among the contrabands in the church. They have occupied the basement of the church since the first of August, 1862. The small-pox broke out among them about the first of October. We were informed by a physician that it was dangerous to hold meeting in the audience room. The disease abated only at short intervals, up to some time in February, 1866. Hence the discontinuance of our meeting since the first of October to the present time. It is worthy of remark that the contrabands were permitted to occupy the basement of our church without the sanction of trustees, members or pastor. And it is thought by many that the government had taken charge of it for them, but the government did not order it; had nothing to do with their occupancy of it. A group of them being near the church late one evening, one of the trustees permitted them in the church to stay one night. They continued, and the number increased to near one hundred very soon. Before we closed our worship we took up collections for their benefit, and raised money by a demonstration for the same purpose. Since our worship has been closed, the church has been damaged considerably, the expenses also continuing, and those occupying it paying nothing. We have had also in some instances to bury their dead. About the first of February the trustees informed them that they would have to get other quarters, as they wanted to clean the church for worship, and could not do so while they were in it. The contrabands all left the church in February. One family, however, remained in the church after all the contrabands were out, Mr. Barnes, a freeman from Virginia and a mechanic. And notwithstanding our condition and the condition of the church was stated to him, he was repeatedly notified before and after the contrabands were out, to get a place for his family, but failed up to this date. He said he did not want to go to other quarters, and seemed to be careless when interrogated by the trustees, telling them he had no place to go, and that they might put him out if they chose. We tried to instruct him in the principle of equity, but he did not seem desirous of receiving the instruction. This course was continued for three or four weeks to no effect. Hence the ejection of his family on the 11th inst., from the occupancy of the church.

The church being clear and undergoing a thorough cleaning, will by Divine permission be open for worship on Sunday, the 15th inst. when we hope our members and congregation generally will be in attendance.

I want to notice in this connexion the acknowledgment of goods received for the contrabands in the said church. Four barrels from the Anti-slavery Society of Springfield, Mass., of which Rev. J. A. Jones is the corresponding secretary. Four barrels forwarded by Rev. S. M. Giles, from a similar Society in Middletown, Conn. The goods being received during the months of January and February, were on their reception placed in the hands of a committee appointed by our church for distribution. The fourth quarterly meeting for the above station will by Divine permission be on Sunday, the 29th of March.

J. P. HAMER.

Washington, March 11th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—I left New York on the 22d of January, and reached here on the 17th inst., at 8 o'clock, P. M. I had a pleasant voyage. Preached four times during the trip.

I was treated with great kindness. My baggage cost me nothing, which was a great item with me in the low state of my finances.

I found Bro. Ward. He gave me a cordial greeting. He has a splendid church and a valiant little band of people. There are seven churches in the state, and as many other preaching places.

They have reduced their debt from six thousand dollars down to fifteen hundred in ten months. Two thirds of that time Bro. Ward has been unable to preach, having been left greatly debilitated from the effects of small-pox

We have commenced a protracted meeting in San Francisco I will remain here for a few weeks, and then start for the interior. Bro. Ward and I have divided the work equally between us, holding the quarterly meetings alternately.

I desire your prayers while we preach God's everlasting gospel upon these far western shores. I trust it will be echoed back by the heralds of the East North and South in trumpet tones.

Pray that the spirit of unity and concord may dwell among us.

The spirit of peace pervades all the churches.

Yours in Gospel Bonds,
JACOB MITCHELL.

MR. EDITOR:—Please allow me a place in one of the columns of your paper for the purpose of expressing my sincere thanks to our white friends of the M. E Church, in Media, Delaware County, for the kind presentation of one hundred and twenty-five books, which they gave to the A. M E. Sabbath School of Media; which books we received with many thanks and with much gratitude, as we had recently lost our library And I hope these books may be as a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path, and a guide to conduct us safe to heaven We hope also that the Lord may bless the givers of those books, and in heaven may they share the lot with the sanctified.

REV J. P. CAMPBELL, Elder.
J W STEPHENSON, Preacher in charge.

☞ As we go to press, we have the rumor that the hot-bed of Secession, the city of Charleston, is being bombarded.

For the Christian Recorder.

"NIGGERS WON'T FIGHT" *

BY J. L. W.

Have you heard what a fix poor Jonathan's in?
Have you heard how the Southrons again and again
Have whipped him until his liver within,
Hath turned to the color of his lily white skin?
O, yes! he is in a terrible fix
For anxious he's now with 'niggers' to mix;
But foolishly thinking of the unkind kicks,
Which Jonathan gave him, he cries out, nix.
And so he is in a very bad plight;
Scares are his own men, and 'niggers won't fight;'
But then of these things I must carefully write,
Lest they may come to Jonathan's sight;
They tell me that oceans of blood have been spilled,
The hospitals, too, with dying are filled;
And Southrons have vowed the land which they tilled
They'll never give up till each Southron is killed.
And what, do you ask, of that terrible wag,
Jeff Davis, the chieftain, and the black flag?
To a felon's sad death, he declares he will drag
Each 'nigger' that fights,—that is, all he can bag;
And would you believe it, in face of this threat,
Honest Abram declines to let us off yet,
And swears that the issue each one must be met;
On that is his foot most firmly down set.
But now let me whisper the facts of the case,
Are never so bad as they seem on their face;
But bad enough, truly, for the noble white race,
Who ever are striving themselves to disgrace.
You see, the fact is, this last proclamation,
Hath fired the soldiers, and staggered the nation.
And rather than free the slave population,
Jeff. Davis they'd see in Abraham's station:
But you see the bold soldier would never have thought,
To turn on the purse for which he has fought:
Only Northern lick spittles to bribe him have sought,
By high sounding words with nonsense all fraught:
If I had been Abram, just lend me your ear,
I'd have hung up these traitors, to Jeffies so dear,
On a gallows much higher than Haman's, I fear,
A sign to the 'Copperheads' how they should steer:
But then he'd not hark to the words of the wise,
And the soundest advice he seemed to despise,
And the 'Copperhead' family jokingly cries,
Honest Abram is just, e'en up to his eyes.

Kind-hearted creature with feet in the skies,
In his mansion is seated, not caring to 'rise,'
Nor thinking of plans of escape to devise,
To save to the world, lov'd Washington's prize:
But all the time clucking, the rebels chok'd him,
And still honest Abram cried with a grin—
"Up, boys, and at them with powder again,
Let's see if we can scare them back to their den,
It's a horrible crime to shoot your dear kin,
(This notion is mine, and ever has been,)
And I'll cherish it fondly till I begin,
To feel less compunctions about wounding their skin;"
'Mid great acclamation to Richmond right on,
With banners all streaming, with bugle and horn,
Like the rushing mad storm so furiously on,
That noble old army in a twinkle was gone:
But how shall I speak of that saddest of races,
Which the record doth show, so sadly disgraces,
The soldier's fair fame as he madly retraces,
The same road, though in far different places
In pity I'll say not a word of these things,
The voice of the slain too sadly it rings,
E'en though ye are foes, I'll indulge in no flings.
To the heart of a man, no pleasure it brings.

Baltimore, March 16, 1863.

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* See Copperhead Journals of the North.

For the Christian Recorder.

AN EXAMPLE FOR THE SLAVE.

BY JOHN B. HORSFALL.

Some time ago it was deemed very imprudent and wicked to encourage and advise the slaves to strike for liberty, but now that the President's Proclamation has gone forth to the world, and when even the national and some of the State Governments are willing that the slaves should help to gain their own freedom, it is the duty of every *Union* man to help on the work of freedom and emancipation. For the first time during its existence of more than three quarters of a century, the federal government has admitted the truth and justice of that fundamental principle of its constitution, which says, that *every* man is entitled to freedom and the pursuit of happiness; therefore, every man has a right to sweep from his path all who stand in his way to freedom and happiness.

Arouse! ye serfs of toil and wrong,
Tear off the chains that bind;
The tyrants of the cotton field,
Too long have you confined.

Have you not heard how Washington,
And other white men fought,
To free themselves from British rule,
And set her king at naught?

Their wrongs were great and manifold,
As history explains;
But still *they* were not *bought* and *sold*,
Nor dragg'd about in chains.

If *they* had cause to arm and fight,
To set their country free,
Oh! have not *you* a greater right,
To strike for liberty?

If they appealed to God on high,
For strength in battle's hour,
You have a better cause to ask,
His All-protecting power.

For where they had a single wrong,
For which to seek redress,
You have got a hundred more,
Which cruelly oppress.

God is opening out a path,
To let the bound go free,
And even slaves may get their own,
When tyrants disagree!

ERRATA.

MR EDITOR:—I beg that you will be kind enough to allow me to correct a very laughable error which appears in the last line of the second verse of my poem entitled "LIBERIA," published in your invaluable sheet of the 7th inst Please read "*fiends*" and not "*friends*." Our Liberian friends would be angry at me should they understand me to say that *they would not compromise with friends!* In presenting my best respects to your good printer, please say to him, if he don't keep both eyes open, I shall take the delicate trouble of reporting him to the masses!

Yours, while I live,
JOHN WILL[illegible] MENARD.

Washington, D. C., March 12th, 1863.

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS.

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money;* and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's name may be glorified.

WINTER AND SUMMER.

Go! Winter, go!
Thy frozen locks and tresses white,
And looks that kindle not delight,
And breath that chills the young heart's glow.
And frowns that make the tear drop start,
No bliss, no pleasure, can impart;
Go! Winter, go!

Come! Summer, come;
With genial skies and budding flowers,
And balmy gales and fragrant showers,
And smiles that clothe the earth in flowers,
Come! with thy bright and fairy band,
And scatter gladness o'er the land;
Come! Summer, come.

—*Mrs. Barry Cornwall Wilson.*

ADDRESS OF THE UNION RELIEF ASSOCIATION OF UNION BETHEL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—We appeal to you for aid in behalf of our poor destitute and suffering people from the South, who have come amongst us destitute of all the comforts of life and in the most abject poverty and want from the hoary-headed old man and woman to the infant at the breast. They have fled from the storm of battle, from the fire and the sword, leaving everything behind them, and after a long and tedious journey, in which their strength has been tasked almost beyond human exertion, and through trials the most severe, have sought an asylum in our midst, with the hope of finding peace and repose from the exciting scenes of this terrible war. They have continued to come until they have increased from hundreds to thousands, and still they come, some almost naked, and many without covering or a place to rest their heads upon at night, except the cold earth, which has already produced considerable sickness among them; and unless great exertion is made for their relief there will be the most dreadful suffering among our unhappy and disconsolate brethren that has ever been experienced in the Capitol of this once peaceful and happy nation. A great deal has been done for the relief of some of them, and there are friends, both white and colored, who are doing all they can for their good, but the means at their command are too limited for them to accomplish as much as they desire in these labors of love—to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer those little nourishments so desirable and dear to the hospital patients, which is a pleasant duty to many benevolent and kind-hearted friends who languish and lament the want of means for the furtherance of these objects in a more extended field of labor and a more general concert of action and aid. We have organized an Association and enclosed a copy of our constitution, hoping that it will meet your approbation, and, in the name of humanity and the ties which bind us together in the bond of a common brotherhood, you will give us all the aid in your power by contributing clothing for adults or children of both sexes. Bedding or bedclothes, old or new, money, or any nourishment for the sick will be thankfully received by the Association, and faithfully applied by the Executive Committee. Donations may be forwarded to the President of the Association,

THOMAS E. GREEN,
No. 420 11th street, between I and K streets.

By order of the Association.

JAMES L. THOMAS,
HILLIARD BEAK,
JOHN A. SIMMS, } *Committee.*

Washington, October 25, 1862.

NON-EXEMPTION OF MINISTERS FROM THE DRAFT.

The *Episcopal Recorder*, in an article referring to the refusal of Congress to exempt ministers of the Gospel from liability to draft, says:

"Nor will there be any serious consequences from the refusal to grant this exemption. Wherever a 'minister' of the Gospel is useful to his people, and preaches faithfully to them of Christ, they will gladly contribute for his relief the three hundred dollars the law prescribes for commutation. Should they not be ready to do this, or should the drafted minister be without a church connexion which will pay this amount for his discharge, we cannot see that he has any public claims to be excused from the performance of that service, which, distasteful as it may be, every loyal citizen is now called upon to render."

ARABIC SCRIPTURES.

The board of managers of the American Bible Society have made provision for printing the Beyrout translation of the Arabic Scriptures, which has been for years in progress under the eminent scholarship of the late Rev. Dr. Eli Smith and Rev. Dr. C. V. Van Dyck. The whole of the New Testament is finished, and the Old Testament, as far as the Book of Proverbs. Editions of the finished portions have already been printed, and are in circulation. This translation is acknowledged by the first living Arabic scholars to be the best extant. It will give the Word of God to *one hundred millions* of people who speak the Arabic language. It is found that vast numbers of people in Central Africa are able to read in Arabic.

THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

Private letters from persons moving in Court circles at Copenhagen speak of the Princess Alexandra as not only remarkably intelligent and accomplished, but also as exceedingly amiable in her disposition. She is a great favorite with the Danish people, all classes of whom have subscribed to present her with handsome and valuable gifts on the occasion of her marriage with the Prince of Wales. Like other Danish young ladies, the English language has been part of her education, and she speaks it fluently, although, of course, with a slightly foreign accent. "There is but one wish in Denmark," says a fair correspondent, "and that is, that the Prince may prove a good husband to her, such as she deserves to have." Unless all the reports that have been published of the marriage being one of affection on both sides are the grossest fabrications, there can be no doubt of its proving as happy as that of the late Prince Consort with our beloved Queen.

English Paper.

TOWERS OF SILENCE.

A letter in the *Guardian* described a graveyard at Naples; a companion picture may be taken from the *Bombay Saturday Review* of the 30th January, from which the following statement is extracted:—"There exists in Bombay, on one of the fairest spots of Malabar Hill, a wide extent of ground, allotted to one of the vilest purposes which it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. Here we have in modern times the vulture preying upon the dead body, as in heathen mythology the bird is reported to have done on the living. The 'Towers of Silence' are immense structures of varied diameter, raised twenty, thirty, or more feet from the ground, in the centre of which is a well, covered by an iron network, frame, or grating. On the latter are placed the corpses of the Parsee population, and before the mourning relatives have left the grounds, hundreds of carrion birds, of voracious vultures and hungry crows are fighting, clawing, at the specimen of humanity exposed to their ravages. The delicate Parsee female, the portly merchant, the withered sexagenarian, are all thus disposed of, and we are credibly informed that two hours after the deposition of any body in the 'Towers of Silence,' bones alone are to be found, which are eventually thrown down into the well enclosed in the tower. At the same time, the loathsome carrion birds, with their bald heads and hideous claws, arrange themselves in rows on the summit of the towers, bloated and surfeited from their ghoul-like feast, secure in the knowledge that, by waiting where they are, a repetition of the festival will take place to-morrow! We have heard it rumoured that it occasionally happens that feathered bipeds may be seen pursuing one another, and quarrelling over pieces of the human form divine! Nay, more; tales of our intrusive friends, the crows, hopping into verandahs with digits in their beaks, have before now been related."

THE FATE OF LUTHER.

The wit of the *Catholic Herald* is somewhat sardonic. We will give an illustration. In a fiery political debate, a United States Senator charged another with such fierce fanaticism, that had he lived in olden times, he would have been a persecutor, and have "lighted the fires of Smithfield," or "burned Luther." The incidental reproof thus administered to the Church of Rome rouses the editor of the *Herald*, and he retaliates in a few sentences, in a sneering tone, ending with the following, in which the cool audacity of the judgment implied, is in strong contrast with the ardent pleasure manifestly felt in the thought of the torture of the great heretic.

"'Burned Luther!' At the present time, we fancy that burning Luther would be a work of supererogation. That apostle of error is probably quite as warm as this season will allow, and his friends in the other world will strictly manage their furnaces."

THE TIN WEDDING.

Our poet, Saxe, was recently invited to a "Tin Wedding" in Jackson, Mich.—a Tin Wedding being a re-celebration of the nuptial vows twelve years after marriage, as a Silver Wedding is a similar ceremony twenty-five years, and a Golden one Fifty Years After. Our poet could not go, but sent the following graceful substitute:

To MRS. —— ——:

I count it a loss that I could not have been,
A guest at your notable wedding of Tin,
In the circle of friends let me hope to be found,
When the happier wedding of Silver comes round.
Meantime, may the joys that your future may win,
Compared to the past be as Silver to Tin.

COLENSO.

Bishop Colenso's heretical book has subjected the skeptical Bishop to some biting satire, as well as to grave denunciation. The following is an epigram said to have sprung from Oxford:

"My name it is Bishop Colenso,
I can count from units to tens (?);
And finding the book Leviticus
To be very unmathematical,
I go and teach the Caffre men so."

If epigrams were expected to be true, it might be remarked that the case is reversed here—it having been the "Caffre men" who taught Colenso skepticism—a reverend prelate converted by a barbarian without breeches! We hardly think we can do better, under the circumstances, than to apply to the Bishop the chorus of a popular song:

"Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!
Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!
Tinky ting tang, tinky ting tang,
Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!"

Argus.

A NEW WORK BY D'AUBIGNE.

Robert Carter & Brothers have in press, and will soon publish, from advance sheets received from the author, "The History of the Reformation to the time of Calvin"—a new work, in two volumes, by J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, D. D., author of the "History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century."

THE SAMARITAN PENTATEUCH.

At a meeting of the Syro-Egyptian Society, held on the 13th of January, the Rev. J. Mills read a paper on a copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, which he exhibited. He had spent some months at Nablous, and had been allowed to examine the scroll said to have been written by Abishua, the grandson of Aaron. If we mistake not, a photograph of this, taken by the photographer who accompanied the Prince of Wales to Palestine, was exhibited in Bond Street not long ago. The manuscript shown by Mr. Mills is of the fourteenth century, and was lent him by a Samaritan priest. He is collating it with the Hebrew text, and with the Samaritan version as given in "Walton's Polyglot," with a view to its publication.—*London Guardian.*

Sir Charles Lyell's new work on "The Antiquity of Man," has been published in London. It will be republished by Mr George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

Part II of Bishop Colenso's book on the Pentateuch has appeared in London. It is entitled "The Age and Authorship of the Pentateuch Considered." The Bishop is preparing a third Part, which is to discuss the Book of Genesis.

Mr. Charles Scribner announces a new and restored edition of "The Federalist," with a Bibliographical and Historical Introduction, and Notes and an Index, by H B Dawson.

D. Appleton & Co. announce "The Origin of Species," by Professor Huxley, F. R. S.

"The Constitutional History of England since the accession of George III., 1760–1820," by Thomas Erskine May, C. B., is completed in a second volume. The first volume was reprinted at the Riverside Press, and the second will follow in due season.

The eighth part of Lowndes' "Bibliographer's Manual of the English Language," is published by Henry G. Bohn. This volume contains the most complete record of Shakspeare's Works and publications concerning him and them, that has ever been published.

Mr. James Miller, of New York, has in press a volume of Essays by Mrs Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Messrs. Walker, Wise & Co., will soon publish "The Pioneer; and how he became President," by William M Thayer, author of "The Bobbin Boy," &c. The book will contain the early life of President Lincoln, tracing his career from his boyhood to the present time.

Mr. John Wiley, of New York, announces a new and enlarged edition of Professor Dana's "System of Mineralogy," in two volumes.

CALLED FROM THE FOREST.

A STORY FOR THE YOUTH.

Milford Martin, and his son James, an industrious lad of twelve, went to the woods one sunshiny morning to cut fire-wood for the winter days. Mrs. M., was a dear woman, and seemed the very happiest one in all the family circle, and was busy that day in preparing something nice for James and his father to eat after the hard day's work. Mary and Lizzie, both younger than James, were trying to be useful about the kitchen.

As they were walking in the woods that morning, Mr. M., said, "James, my boy, these days are mild and lovely, but it makes me think of the 'passing away' of life, to see these leaves whirling and rustling to the ground. Did you ever think of the Tree of Life whose leaves never wither nor fall? Here we need lessons like these to teach us of our mortality. Our time here is short. Remember the teachings of the falling leaves."

"Yes, father, but the glad springtime brings us new leaves and fresh flowers, and that brightness makes up for these gloomy days."

"True, and we are just like the leaves; these bodies of ours, sooner or later, we can not know the time, will fall to the ground, and moulder away into dust again. But the soul shall bloom anew and forever in the paradise of God, if we love Him and one another here upon the earth."

James said nothing more, for he thought his father was more solemn than he ever appeared before. Indeed, Mr M.'s voice was unusually sad, he knew not why himself.

They remained all day in the woods, and toward evening James wandered a little distance away in the forest in search of nuts, and while he was gathering them for his little sisters at home, he heard the falling of a tree in the direction of his father—then a sudden scream—it was his father's voice calling him, and, oh how terrible it seemed! In a few minutes he was at the spot, and there lay Mr M. crushed and bleeding, beneath a ponderous tree which had fallen upon him!

James was terror-stricken, and in his agony of grief, he ran toward home, crying loudly for help. The faithful dog which had followed them in the woods was first at his dying master's side, and when he saw the mangled body, howled in such sad tones that the forests even echoed back the sorrow. But before help came, the spirit had been released from its clay, and was with the angels! So sudden, so appalling was this stroke upon the family, that it was feared Mrs. M. would die of grief for her husband.

It was a fearful visitation, but the patient Christian family kissed the rod that scourged them so keenly; for they knew there would be a meeting time by and by. Fatherless, but not forsaken, were those sobbing children as they stood around the grave of their beloved father. Truly, "we know not what a day may bring forth."

A. C.

Another National Fast Day.—Before the adjournment of Congress, the Senate adopted a resolution requesting the President to appoint a day of national fasting and prayer, and it is, therefore, probable, that a proclamation will soon be issued in compliance with that resolution.

Domestic Items.

UNION MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA

The Grand Meeting of Wednesday night was a good thing at the right time. Our loyal citizens are no longer afraid to show their heads and lift their voices, never, we most heartily trust, will they shrink before traitorous threats. They showed on Wednesday evening that they have numbers and hearts. Union is strength, and the National Union Club of Philadelphia has done a noble work, in consolidating, developing, and encouraging the real loyalty which still, in the midst of treason, is the genuine sentiment of the people.

The gathering was eminently large, respectable, and enthusiastic. The crowded aisles and benches of the Musical Fund Hall could contain hardly half the assemblage; and another meeting was organized outside. Gov. Curtin, Gov. Johnson, Senators Doolittle and Wright, and others gave voice to the patriotism of the listening crowd, and men and principles, alike solid and true, were cheered again and again.

One feature was especially noteworthy, as illustrating the progress of national ideas. No utterances were cheered with more universal heartiness than those which announced the downfall of slavery, the implacable and eternal foe of our union and liberties. Thank God that we are learning, though slowly and at heavy cost, that loyalty at length, has sense and courage to face its enemy and destroy it. B.

Brigham Young arrested for Polygamy.—Salt Lake City, March 10.—Judge Kinney this day issued a writ against Brigham Young, under the polygamy act of Congress. U. S. Marshall Gibbs served it without the aid of a posse.

The writ was immediately responded to, and the defendant personally appeared in Court. After a preliminary investigation, the Judge held him to $2,000 bail, which was promptly given.

Confirmatory Accounts of the Victory at Yazoo City.—Chicago, March 14.—Special despatches from Memphis, dated the 11th, say that General Quinby's Division, which was forced to return from Young's Point, on account of the high water, stopped at Yazoo Pass, and has probably gone to reinforce the expedition said to have passed Yazoo City, and captured the rebel fleet of transports which has been rendezvousing there for a long time.

Secretary Chase offered a hundred Million Dollars in Gold.—New York, March 14.—The Express states that Secretary Chase was to-day offered a loan of one hundred millions in gold, by European parties, which, at the current rates of exchange, would be equivalent to par here.

Adjournment of the Extra Session of the Senate.—Washington, March 14.—It is evident that there was not a quorum of Senators present to-day, a number having left Washington during the week for their homes. At two o'clock the Senate adjourned *sine die.*

From General Rosecrans' Army.—Cincinnati, March 14.—Private accounts from the Army of the Cumberland give the most gratifying reports of its condition. The men and officers are in high spirits, confident and cheerful. They are well clothed, well fed, splendidly armed, and have comfortable quarters. The foraging parties have been exceedingly successful.

The Evacuation of Vicksburg again Reported.—Washington, March 14.—A telegram from General Rosecrans states that, according to a report which had reached him, the rebels have evacuated Vicksburg.

Information had previously been received here that the enemy were moving their stores and war materials from Vicksburg into the interior. Nothing, however, is officially known, so as to speak with certainty, of an actual evacuation.

Union Feeling in Georgia and Alabama.—Murfreesboro, March 15.—A refugee from Georgia, who escaped about the beginning of the year, declares there are thousands in that section of the country who are praying for the success of the Union arms.

All through the northern portions of his State and Alabama, he reports terrible destitution of the necessaries of life. He says he knows of many slaveholders who would gladly give up their last negro, if they could be relieved from the crushing military despotism now prevalent in the South. He is sure that if Northern people could only look for one day at the sufferings of Unionists in these States, there would be no further difference of opinion amongst them as to the war.

The Yazoo Victory Confirmed.—Cincinnati, March 16.—The Gazette's Vicksburg despatch says that the Yazoo Pass Expedition captured twenty-six steamboats, eighteen of which had been destroyed.

The U. S. gunboats had arrived above Haines' Bluff, and would soon commence the attack.

Rumors are rife of the evacuation of Vicksburg.

Explosion of a Steam Boiler and Loss of Life.—About eight o'clock, yesterday morning, the Steam boiler belonging to the forging department of Norris' Locomotive Factory, at Seventeenth and Hamilton streets, exploded, and the engineer, Mr Wm. Rodgers, was instantly killed. He has left a wife and six children.

Official Confirmation of the Success of the Expedition.—Washington, March 16.—A despatch from Admiral Porter, before Vicksburg, dated the 7th instant, says that he has just heard the signal agreed upon between himself and Commander Smith, who commands the naval portion of the Yazoo expedition, to be fired by the latter as soon as he should succeed in getting into the Yazoo river—nine minute guns, and three guns afterwards in quick succession.

Well Done.—The bogus news of the breaking of the blockade at Charleston by the rebel rams, was published in the New York Herald just in time to be carried to Europe by the steamer Arabia. It was feared that the circulation of that news in Europe for a week before it could be contradicted would have a very injurious effect upon our affairs there. This was on Wednesday. On Thursday night, at eleven o'clock, a despatch was received in Boston, from Washington, of a favorable character, which was instantly transmitted to Halifax, and there put on board the steamer, with instructions to transmit it from Queenstown, in Ireland, to England, whence it would be sent to every capital in Europe some two days before the Herald could reach the shores of England. Thus, for once, truth outran a lie.

The National Debt.—On the first of February, 1863, our debt reached the sum of eight hundred and fifteen millions of dollars ($815,000,000.) It is generally supposed that it will reach two billions of dollars ($2,000,000,000.) Even then it will be less, *per capita*, than the debt of Great Britain, and a little more than that of France.

Married.

March the 15th, 1863, by Rev. Wm. H. Winder, Mr HENRY ALBERT HICKS, of Middletown, N. J., to Miss ALEXANDRIA AUGUSTUS, of Fairhaven, N. J.

Church Directory

OF

PHILADELPHIA

FIRST (COLORED) PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Seventh Street, below Shippen.

SERVICES.

Morning, - - - - 10½ o'clock.
Afternoon, - - - - 3 o'clock.

LECTURES every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the BENEZET HALL, Seventh Street, below Lombard Street.

JONATHAN C. GIBBS, Pastor,
107 North Fifth Street.

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The Sabbath School connected with this Church meets at nine o'clock in the morning, and at half-past one in the afternoon.

JOHN C. WHITE, Superintendent.

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Preaching, afternoon, - - 3 o'clock.
Preaching, evening, - - 7½ o'clock.

LECTURE every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.

JOHN B. REEVES, Pastor,
Residence—907 Lombard St.

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Preaching at - - - - 10 A. M.
" - - - - 3 P. M.
" - - - - 7 P. M.

Preaching on every Thursday evening.
Class on Sabbath, at 12 o'clock, M.
" Monday evening, at 7 o'clock.
" Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M., and at half-past 1 o'clock, P. M.

REV. HENRY DAVIS, Minister in Charge,
Residence—No. 819 Wood Street.

Philadelphia Markets.

APPLES.—Green, 2.00@3.00; dried, 5@8.

BARK.—Quercitron, first quality, 36.00@40.00; second quality, 33.00@30.00; third quality, 28.00@30.00; Spanish Oak, cord, 16.00@17.00; Chestnut Oak, 15@16.

BEEF.—Mess, barrel, 12.00@15.00; Prime, 6@7; dried beef, 11@11½.

BEESWAX.—Yellow, 42@43.

BRISTLES.—American, 40@50.

BUTTER.—Firkin, 17@21; in kegs, 14@18; Roll, 18@23; Goshen, 20@24.

CANDLES.—Sperm, 34@35; Adamantine, 20@22. Tallow mould, 14@14½, dipped, 13@30.

CHEESE.—Ohio, 12@13. New York, 13@15.

COFFEE.—Rio, 32@34; Java, 35@38; Laguayra, 31@33; Maracaibo, 31@33; Mocha, 40@00, Rio, 30@33; St. Domingo, 30@31.

CRACKERS.—6@7.

DRIED BEEF.—10@11.

FEATHERS.—American, 45@47.

FISH.—Mackerel, No. 1, 12.50@18.00; No. 2, 7.50@10.00; No. 3, 4.50@6.75; No. 4, 3.50@5.00. Herring, pickled, barrel, 2.50@3.00; box, 25@00.

FLAX.—Jersey, 8@9.

FLOUR.—Penna., 6.25@6.50; extra, 7.25@8.00; Western, 6.00@6.25. Rye flour, 4.75@5.00. Corn meal, 3.75@4.00.

FRUIT.—Raisins, box, 3.45@4.10; quarter boxes, 1.00@1.10. Ginger, per pound, 18@19. Citron, 40@43. Oranges, 2.75@3.00. Lemons, 2.25@2.50. Currants, 11@13½. Figs, 13@14½. Almonds, soft, 31@32; hard, 17@19. Groundnuts, bushel, 1.75@2.50.

GRAIN.—Wheat, Penna. red, 1.70@1.75; white, 1.85@2.00; Southern red, 1.70@1.75; Southern white, 1.80@1.85. Rye, Penna., 97@1.00. Southern, 92@94; Corn, yellow, 88@90, white, 85@89; Oats, Penna., 40@43, Southern, 40@42. Beans, white, 2.25@2.75.

HOPS.—16@20.

LARD.—Jersey, 12@12½; Western, 12@12½.

LUMBER.—White Pine, Susq., 15@17; Yellow Pine, Yard, 15@17; Hemlock, Lehigh, 8.00@9.50. Albany White Pine, 25@28. Shingles, cedar, M., 20@22.

MOLASSES.—Cuba, 38@42; Porto Rico, 45@50; New Orleans, 40@58; Sugar House, 25@35.

OILS.—Olive, gallon, 1.65@1.70; Linseed, 1.64@1.70. Whale, crude, 97@1.00, winter, 1.00@1.05; fall, 1.05@1.10; Sperm, winter, 2.00@2.10; spring and fall 1.71@1.80; Lard oil, spring, 80@85; winter, 92@95; petroleum, 37@46.

PEACHES.—Dried, 7@11. Pared, 16@18.

PLASTER.—Soft, 3.25@3.37.

PORK.—Mess, 14.75@16.00; Hams, smoked, 9@12, in pickle, 7½@9; Sides, 6@7; in salt, 7@9½; Shoulders, smoked, 5@6; in salt, 5½@5½.

POTATOES.—Bushel, 60@90.

RICE.—7.25@7.50.

SALT.—Liverpool, in sacks, 1.35@1.40; sacks, fine, 2.25@2.50; St. Martin's, 28@31, Turk's Island, 29@31.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed, 6.50@7.12½; Flaxseed, 3.45@3.70; Timothy, 2.75@3.00; Hard Grass, 80@00; Canary Seed, 2.25@2.50.

SUGARS.—Havana, white, 12.00@13.00; yellow, 10.50@12.00; New Orleans, 10.25@12.25; Cuba, 10.00@11.50; D. R. loaf, 15½; crushed, 17; pulverised, 14½.

WOOL.—Prime or Saxony, 85@90; American, No. 1, pulled, 75@80, Merino, 70@82.

Advertisements.

ALGER'S
PRONOUNCING BIBLE.
IN WHICH
THE PROPER NAMES, AND NUMEROUS OTHER WORDS, BEING ACCURATELY ACCENTED IN THE TEXT, AND DIVIDED INTO SYLLABLES, AS THEY OUGHT TO BE PRONOUNCED,
According to the Orthoepy of John Walker.
BY ISRAEL ALGER, JUN., A. M.

962 PAGES, OCTAVO PRICE, $1.50. WITH METRICAL PSALMS, $1.67.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1862.

This edition of the Bible has been for some time before the public, and yet it was but the other day that our attention was so drawn to it as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and the only peculiarity is its assistance in the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker as contained in his Critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet on [illegible] without being and careful study.

This work of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be common [illegible] and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading from them in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bible classes the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly [illegible] [illegible] copy of the Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit for their pastors to read from, they would hear no more of such words as Philip-pi, and Thes-sa-lo-ni-ca, [illegible] Mr. W. S. Young, of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

[illegible]

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, in Nassau St.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands.—

[illegible]

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

From Rev. J. L. Blake, Rect. of St. Matthew's Church, and Principal of a Young Ladies' Seminary, in Boston, to the publishers.

[illegible]

Very respectfully yours,

J. L. BLAKE.

From Mr. Gould, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School, in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands.—

[illegible]

Yours, &c.,
B. A. GOULD,
G. B. EMERSON,
S. P. MILES.

Recommendation in the Testament from the Associated Instructors of Youth in the City of Boston.

[illegible]

Respectfully submitted by your Committee,

THOMAS PAYSON, Chairman.

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding report was read, and accepted.

A true copy.

Attest, JAMES ROBINSON, Secretary.

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All communications, whether for insertion or on business should be addressed to

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This House has been thoroughly repaired, adding much to the comfort of guests. Is now open for the accommodation of old friends, and the public generally. Neither pains nor expense will be spared to give general satisfaction to Bridal Parties and others seeking pleasure, and those will do well to call.

Feb 7-6mo. JOHN COUSINS, Proprietor.

MRS MARTHA COLLINS,
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Begs leave to inform her friends and the public generally, that she has opened an INFANT SCHOOL for Boys and Girls, to whom she will pay special attention in teaching the primary departments of Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic, also Singing, upon the most reasonable and accommodating terms. She does not hesitate to say that she will be able to please all who may give her a trial.

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Would respectfully take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks and of expressing their gratitude to their numerous friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in times past—and also to say that they still continue to carry on business at the same place,

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and are always prepared to serve customers at the shortest notice possible.

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nov29-6t

TO THE FRIENDS
OF
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THE DAUGHTERS OF HOPE GRAND UNION Temperance Society met, it being the thirteenth convention, April 19th, 1861. Representatives from Lodges are as follows:—

From Garnet Union No. 4, D. of T.; from Phoenix Union, No. 6, D. of T.; from Northern Union, No. 16, D. of T.; Webb's Union, of Chambersburg, Pa.; from Ex Bias' Union, of Carlisle, Pa.; from Mount Olive Union, No. 18, D. of T.; from Vanbrackle Union, No. 15, D. of T., of Germantown, Pa.

Officers installed to their several positions are as follows:—

Grand P., Sister Bennet; Grand Associate, Sister Barris; Grand Treasurer, Sister Fawcett; Grand Conductress, C. Thompson; Grand Sentinel, A. E. Dukhart; Grand Chaplain, Sister Hall.

G. P. P.,	Sister E.	ROBERTS,	G. P. P.	Sister	ASKANSON,
"	"	E. BOWEN,	"	"	J. F. BLACK,
"	"	M. H. BERRY,	"	"	E. A. CLARK,
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"	"	E. DAVIS,	"	"	E. HALL.

THE DAUGHTERS OF CORNISH SOCIETY.

THE STATED QUARTERLY MEETINGS of this Society are held on the first Wednesdays of February, May August, and November.

The meeting of the Board are held on the Wednesday previous to the regular stated meetings of the Society.

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MRS. S. PLANT (formerly Richardson) respectfully announces that she has opened a first class BOARDING & LODGING HOUSE at No. 97 HIGH STREET, Brooklyn—where she is prepared to accommodate the public on the most reasonable terms.

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BOARDING.

Mrs. AMIA WILLIAM, of Cape May, will open the Banneker House for the season, for the accommodation of all who wish to spend the season there, and she will spare no pains to make all comfortable. Those wishing to spend one, two, or three days, will find the Banneker House the right spot. Prices very reasonable.

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The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the store,

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Having made arrangements with one of the first Coal Dealers in the city, to furnish the best qualities of Lehigh Schuylkill, &c., at the lowest Cash prices, he hopes to give full satisfaction in this branch of his business.

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A NEW HYMN FOR THE LORD'S DAY

BY REV. CH. WORDSWORTH OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

TUNE, "From Greenland's icy mountains."

Oh day of rest and gladness,
 Oh day of joy and light,
Oh balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
 Bending before the throne,
Sing, *Holy, holy, holy,*
 To the great *Three* in *One.*

On thee, at the creation,
 The Light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
 The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee most glorious
 A triple Light was given.

Thou art a port protected
 From storms that round us rise,
A garden intersected
 With streams of paradise.
Thou art a cooling fountain
 In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
 We view our promised land.

Thou art a holy ladder,
 Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
 Nearer to heaven, our home.
A day of sweet reflection
 Thou art, a day of love;
A day of Resurrection
 From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly Manna falls;
To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest THREE IN ONE.

A PHOTOTYPE.

Here is a new word in the vocabulary. But it is a word with a meaning, which we are confident will become one of the most important among the useful arts. The word is a very simple variation of photograph. Instead of drawing or writing by light, the new art makes a type by light, and produces a copper plate from which, and its electrotype copies, unlimited thousands of impressions may be given.

For many years experiments have been made in the art of photography, designed to render permanent in raised or depressed lines on copper the images produced by the photographing process. The vast amount of labour and expense which has been devoted to these investigations and experiments in Europe has resulted in very little success. But the art has been very nearly, if not wholly, perfected here, and the actual proof of the success is visible in the rooms of this company. The result is this. A line engraving is taken by the operator, and subjected to the course of practice which has been invented. In twenty-four hours the copper plate from which the engraving was originally printed is reproduced in the most minute exactness, so that impressions can be issued to any extent. But this is not all; not only is the copper plate reproduced, but a copper-faced type is made, which can be used for letter-press work, on the common hand printing-press, or on the steam press. We see no reason why the most rare and costly of the engravings of Raphael Morgan should not be reproduced in perfect fac-simile by this process. The etchings of Rembrandt, Durer, and the other great masters with the etching tool, are already repeated in exact and beautiful fac-simile, so that the most skilful eye can detect no inferiority to the original. It is, of course, very plain that the effect of this discovery on book illustration and wood engraving must be very great. Illustrations for new works can be reproduced from drawings or engravings, the photographic instruments reducing or enlarging the size at will. Instead of drawing on wood, and having the wood engraver perform his careful and tedious work, drawing may be made on a prepared plate, photographed by the process now adopted, and in a few hours will appear on a copper plate, ready for printing with the minutest adherence to the artist's line; for this process produces much finer lines than wood engraving can possibly give, and in this respect much more closely follows the pencil of the artist. The proof of our remarks is visible to any one who will call at the rooms of the company, where also may be seen some of the finest photographs, and where, too, photographs are taken in the highest style of the art.

The phototype process cannot but work a most important change in the illustrative arts. It may be applied to a great many useful purposes besides those we have mentioned. The copper plate itself is produced at so small a cost that we may expect to see it introduced into furniture, with gilded lines and colored shades, so that beautiful engravings will appear in the permanent form of metallic plates. Nature itself, the forest trees, the surface of water, print their images on the photographic plate and appear shortly on the copper, ready for the printing-press; so that the very landscape which received the sunshine makes a copper plate of its own appearance, for permanent preservation and reproduction. Some exquisite specimens of landscape work are in the portfolio of the company, abundantly proving its ability in that respect. We have not attempted any description of the process which is used to perfect these remarkable results, for that is the property of the company. It is enough that the result is accomplished—the production of a type from the photograph, which reproduces the most delicate touches of the artist's delicate pencil. So we advance, even in war times.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

FINE STEEL IN PITTSBURGH, PA.

A correspondent of the Scientific American writes:—There are at this time no less than five different establishments in this city alone engaged either in whole or part in the manufacture of the best description of cast steel for edge tools, fine cutlery, &c.; and the largest of these is exclusively devoted to the manufacture of best cast steel, with eminent success, as is clearly proved by the fact that some of the largest manufacturers of edge tools, table cutlery, reapers, skates, saws, files, &c., in New England obtain their principal supply from that concern. New York and New England are large customers for Pittsburg best cast steel; and wherever it has been introduced, its superiority over imported English steel has been demonstrated, and it is preferred at the same price.

This steel is sold at a lower price, not because of its being of an inferior quality to the best English brands, but because it can be afforded at less and still yield a satisfactory profit to the manufacturer.

THE WASTE OF COAL

A large portion of the anthracite coal mined in this country is wasted before it is reduced to a merchantable article. The masses of coal are thrown out from the vein by powder, and these must be reduced to the various sizes, such as stove, egg, and nut, before they are marketable; to do this the lumps are thrown into machines which crush and break the masses into pieces of all sizes; these are then assorted by passing through screens whose meshes conform to the standard qualities. The cause of the waste originates with the breaking machinery; it is asserted, that with the best tools now in use, that nearly one-half of all the coal mined is wasted by being smashed into dust, or else so destroyed as to be unfit for use. This is indeed a fearful loss, and many miners of coal dust near the mines assert the truth of the assertion. The coal-mining interest and the community at large are greatly affected by this enormous waste, for it is not to be supposed that the burden is borne by the capitalists who work the mines—that would be impossible; it is all in the bill, and our fuel costs much more than it would, were it not for the facts above stated.

BE CHEERFUL AT YOUR MEALS

The benefit derived from food taken, depends very much upon the condition of the mind while eating. If taken in a moody, cross, or despairing condition of the mind, digestion is much less perfect and slower than when taken with a cheerful disposition. The very rapid and silent eating, too common among Americans, should be avoided, and some topic of interest introduced at meals that all may partake in, and if a hearty laugh is occasionally indulged in, it will be all the better.

It is not uncommon that a person dining in pleasant and social company can eat and digest well that which when eaten alone, and the mind absorbed in some deep study or brooding over cares and disappointments, would be long undigested in the stomach, causing disarrangement and pain, and if much indulged in, becomes the cause of permanent and irreparable injury to the system.

THE CRINOLINE QUESTION IN A NEW LIGHT.

A startling letter has appeared in one of the English daily papers. It emanates from a physician, and places the crinoline question in a new light. He says that he has an extensive practice among the ballet classes, he is convinced that the effects of wearing this weight of hoops and petticoats round the waist are dreadful. Hernia has increased to a frightful extent, and varicose veins and permanent injuries, to which he cannot publicly allude, prevail to an extent of which the public has not the least idea. This is horrible, and we firmly believe true. Added to the numerous holocausts from crinolines, surely it ought to be a death blow to this institution. But will it?

WHAT THE BREAKING OF AN EGG LED TO.

A young couple had passed the first few weeks of their marriage at the house of a friend. Having at length occupied their new home, they were taking their first breakfast, when the following scene took place.

The young husband was innocently opening a boiled egg in an egg-cup. The bride observed that he was breaking the shell at what she thought the wrong end. "How strange it looks," said she, "to see you break your egg at the small end, my dear! No one else does so; and it looks so odd."

"Oh, I think it is quite as good, in fact better than breaking it at the large end, my love; for when you break the large end the egg runs over the top," replied the husband.

"But it looks very odd when no one else does so," rejoined the wife.

"Well, now, I really do think it is not a nice way you have got of eating an egg. That dipping strips of bread and butter into an egg certainly is not tidy. But I do not object to your doing as you please, if you will let me break my egg at the small end," retorted the husband.

"I am sure my way is not quite as bad as eating fruit-pie with a knife, as you do, instead of using a fork; and you always eat the syrup, as if you were not accustomed to have such things. You really do not see how very bad it looks, or I am sure you would not do so," added the wife.

"The syrup is made to be eaten with the pie, and why should I send it away on the plate?" asked the husband.

"No well-bred persons ever clear their plates as if they were starved," said the bride with a contemptuous rest of her head.

"Well, then, I am not a well-bred person," replied the husband, angrily.

"But you must be, if we are to live comfortably together," was the sharp answer of the fastidious lady.

"Well, I must break my egg at the small end, so it does not signify; and I must also eat the syrup."

"Then I will not have either fruit-pie or eggs at the table."

"But I will have them," petulantly exclaimed the husband.

"Then I wish I had not been married to you," cried the young wife, bursting into tears.

"And so do I," added the now incensed husband, as he rose and walked out of the room.

This domestic quarrel was followed by others equally trifling in their origin, and disgraceful in their character, until the silly couple made themselves so disagreeable to each other that their home became unendurable, and they separated.—*Gall's Reporter.*

SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON.

Amongst the vegetable products which have been proposed as substitutes for cotton, the fibrous coating of the South African onion appears to be one presenting great promise of utility. The fibre, which is enclosed in the external cuticle of the bulb, is long and fine, and of great tenacity, and appears capable of easy conversion into yarn.

FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITIES OF HIGH POSITION.—On a very cold night the present writer, a Congressman, remarked to President Lincoln, "What a terrible night this must be for the unfortunate soldiers who are badly provided with shelter." The President at once replied, "Would that I had one of their places. There is not a man in the army with whom I would not willingly change places to-night."

OLD-FASHIONED.—A gentleman states that when a boy he was one day in the office of his grandfather, who held a position under the Federal government, and wishing to write, he was about taking a sheet of letter paper from the desk. "What are you about there?" said the old gentleman. "Getting a sheet of paper," said he. "Put it back, sir, put it back," exclaimed the strictly honest official, "*that paper belongs to the government of the United States.*"

The late Archbishop (Dr. Sumner) of Canterbury was in Hatchard's, and said to a clergyman whom he met there, "I have a note here to wait upon the Duke of Wellington. Tell me where he lives?" He went, was back in about ten minutes, and the clergyman was still there.—"You have soon got your business over." "Yes, and in so short a time I am promoted to the See of Chester. I was shown into a room; in came the Duke: 'Are you Dr. Sumner?—I am commanded to offer you the bishopric of Chester. Do you accept it or not?' 'Yes.' 'Then put your name down here. Good morning.' And he left me."

A young lady being asked by a feminine acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album, replied: "No; but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

ADVICE TO AN INEBRIATED PRINTER.—"Compose" yourself.

WHY is a blade of grass like a note of hand?—Because it is matured by falling dew.

COWPER says that "the tear that is wiped with address may be followed, perhaps, by a smile." If it is a woman's tear, says a cynic, the perhaps is unnecessary; you can always dry it with a dress.

WHAT do we seek redress for? Injuries. Where do we find it? In juries.

Family Circle.

CONCEIT CURED.

Master Augustus P. Pelham had come the whole way from "the city," prepared for a two months' stay at Buttercup Lawn; for, as he told Fred Winton, "a fellow must unbend from business, and rusticate now and then, if he don't want to see himself up prematurely."

The sound wisdom and close application of which remark every reader will see when they are told that Mr. Pelham was fourteen and "business" with him consisted in wearing very good clothes and eating good dinners, together with the severe labor of certain "sums" in arithmetic, and pages in grammar and geography whenever his teacher would not excuse him.

There was no one waiting for him when he arrived at the little Butterville depot, so after inquiring the way, he set out to walk half a mile to the farm-house.

He reached the farm-yard after an hour's walk, and could hardly believe that was cousin Dick Arden so busily grubbing the weeds from between rows of peas, his hat was so "shocking," and his boots so "atrocious."

Without further parley than a nod he entered the house, where his surprise, no less than deep commiseration, was excited on finding there Miss Lizzie Arden behind a great tow apron, plying a churn-dasher vigorously.

She blushed a little, but it was from a slight shyness, not a bit because of her occupation. She had never learned nor dreamed of thinking *that* a thing to blush for before any body.

The young folks at first were a little bashful before the fine city cousin, who wore nothing but Sunday clothes all the time, and who talked to Uncle and Aunt Arden just as if there were not a trifle of thirty years difference in his age and theirs.

And as to Dick and Lizzie, you would have thought him their uncle, to say the least.

His chief occupation seemed, in fact, to talk: and as Dick chopped wood, and fetched and carried, Master Gus lounged and talked about the "gymnasium," and the wonderful performances there gone through, proving to *his own* perfect satisfaction that an "fellow's muscle" can be properly developed by any other means than beating the air with dumb-bells, and swinging head downwards from a bar.

He talked, too, about the temptation "a fellow" had to volunteer: and when Dick laughed and said, "Yes, Gus, you might volunteer under General Tom Thumb," Augustus turned red, and muttered something about "stupid clodhopper."

But Gus was not a bad-looking fellow by any means, and his fine attire and easy manners were marked by a neighboring youth with apprehension.

Hal Damon had brought Lizzie Arden an apple to school nearly every day for two winters, and when the sliding was good, it was Hal's sled upon which Lizzie rode, and Hal himself "steered."

How could these things put together, in Butterville, fail of gaining him the distinction of being Lizzie Arden's "beau!"—a title which, though blushing under, he bore as proudly as if it had been that of Major-General.

Hal's disquiet was not without reason. Gus had an eye for "the ladies," and had already related to Dick many of his social triumphs at "parties," etc. The lady to whom he had given the largest section of his regards that season was Miss Lucy Lanning; but he had already caught himself thinking how much prettier the ripple in cousin Lizzie's hair, no less than the red cheeks over which it lay, were than Miss Lanning's straight locks and yellow, pale face, though she wore a red chenille net and silk dress, with a velvet "Zouave jacket," all trimmed with bugles, which sparkled enough to put your eyes out.

But then Lucy played the piano, (a very little) and could polk and mazurka.

Nevertheless when, in the course of various berryings and other excursions with Dick and Lizzie, and young folks of the neighborhood, he discovered his pretty cousin had a *special* admirer, he formed the resolve instantly to "cut him out."

And Lizzie, being only a little girl, thought (as grown young ladies never do, of course,) how rough and sun-burned and cheaply clad Hal Damon was after all, contrasting him to dashing young Gus Pelham, who never came out of his room without his toilet complete from foot to neck-tie—who would talk away so bold and genteel while Hal sat back against the wall, hands in his pocket, mute and bashful.

Lizzie *knew* that there was not a single boy more brave and gentle-hearted, more true and honest, in all Butterville—nay, in Butterbowl County itself, than Hal, and she had heard her parents say over and over, that these are the true things one must look for in friends.

But could not cousin Gus have them all as well as Hal? She did not *know*, but was much inclined to give him what lawyers call, "*the benefit of the doubt.*"

It was a summer evening, warm and brilliantly moonlit. Dick had gone up to the head of the pond to set lines for eels and catch cat-fish.

Gus thought it more romantic to sit in the porch with Lizzie, but she, you know, was a little country girl, and they had not been there ten minutes before she proposed that they should take their poles and try their luck angling in the shining ripples they could see from the house.

So, collecting the tackle, they ran down the hill and were soon on the gravelly shore at the water's edge.

The little boat lay there, but it was padlocked to an iron bar in the bank; but they stepped in, and seating themselves at the farther end, threw out their lines.

But the fish here were no fonder of swimming in the spots where their enemies are most apt to seek them than they are in other ponds, and the young folks sat a quarter of an hour, and Lizzie only fancied one bite, and Gus not even that.

"This is altogether too slow," said Lizzie, rising at last, and drawing in her line. "The fish hardly ever come here; let's go over to Dick's fish-hole yonder in the shadow of the woods," and she pointed in the direction.

It looked rather lonesome over there, and Gus made some objection as to the distance, but Lizzie, saying, "Oh! never mind, come on!" sprang out of the boat, skipped toward that part of the pond's margin which lay deep in the shadow of tall trees.

She would not have dared to go there alone, but Gus was with her, and he was a *boy*, and her idea and experience of such company was one of security and protection in a high degree.

The shore grew rougher as they advanced, and they had got where stumps and logs were pretty thick before they reached the fishing-hole, and once more cast their lines.

They had not lain in the water long when both felt them briskly pulled; jerking them out like a flash, they were greatly elated to find quite sizable fish at the end of each. Encouraged, as fishermen always are, by this early success, they fished on diligently, speaking only in whispers.

The fish did not bite very fast, and they had leisure to look about them. Lizzie could not help noticing with surprise that Gus—a *boy*—kept glancing along the shadowy shore and back, over his shoulder, toward the dark woods.

Surely Gus couldn't be *afraid?* Dick and Hal fished away off at the far end of the pond, and tramped among the great trees at night, moon or no moon. No, it could not be that which made Augustus P. Pelham, a boy who could out-talk and out-manner them both, fidget in that way.

She couldn't help feeling a little nervous, however, herself; and finally looking around at her companion, saw his startled eyes fixed on some object down the shore; following their direction, she could at first see nothing unusual, but in a minute more a light rose slowly and mysteriously out of a pile of brush, and moving straight inward them a short distance, went down behind a log.

What could it be? She had not read or heard stories about strange lights and sights, but she knew, as all children do, that there are such stories.

As both young folks—having risen to their feet—stood quite silent, straining their eyes in the direction of the light, lo! there rose near where it had been, but it seemed right out of the water, a ghastly dripping figure with a long, white beard, which fled shrieking up the shore and into the woods!

For the first time in Lizzie's life the color all went out of her red cheeks, and the moon did not look that night on a paler face than hers. But it was only for a minute; her strong, healthy mind brought back her courage and the explanation of the apparition, and she turned to Gus with a gay smile of relief.

But the place where he had stood was empty, and looking discovered along the shore she caught a glimpse of Master Pelham scampering out of sight, toward the house, with might and main!

"And he has run and left me here alone," was her indignant exclamation, "the cowardly boy!"

"I mistrust I've skeered the city feller, Lizzie," said a voice behind her; and turning she found it belonged to the spectre, who stood holding a lantern in one hand and a just killed musk-rat in the other.

"That's a pretty fair-sized varmint for these parts, aint it? I came within an ace of losin' him though, for after I drov him out o' the water he tuk to the woods, where, if he'd had the sense to streak it off into the dark 'stead o' divin' under a log, he might 'a bin safe alive this minute, but then my pass would have bin twenty shillin' lighter when reck'nin' comes than it will now;" and with a satisfied chuckle old grand'ther Gregory jogged homeward.

Lizzie would have accompanied him, but she heard a noise in the brush, and saw a younger figure coming, which she judged was Dick, and so waited his approach, that they might enjoy the adventure together.

But the ears which received the recital were more amused than even Dick's would have been, for they were Hal Damon's, and when, after the pleasantest of walks along the shore and up the hill, the farm-house gate was closed behind Lizzie, Hal turned home with the lightest of hearts, for he felt as sure as if she had told him (though they hadn't mentioned the subject,) that whatever might stand between him and her favor it would not be Augustus P. Pelham.

When Lizzie went in, her first cavalier was nowhere to be seen. He had reached the house breathless with fright and speed. Mrs. Arden, seeing him come in thus headlong without Lizzie, was much alarmed until they drew from him the terrible story; then seeing old grand'ther Gregory in his description of the ghost, they laughed till the room fairly rang. In the midst of their mirth Augustus P., mortified beyond measure at this disclosure of his needless fright and sadly ungallant conduct, slunk off to bed.

He would have given a great deal the next morning could he have been suddenly transported to his own room in the city, and thus been spared meeting the group here assembled below stairs.

He need not have been afraid, however, for though a smile that could not be kept back showed itself now and then, they all, with true delicacy, forbore to mention the affair, which, as Dick would have said, "had taken the starch out of him."

But the lesson was not lost on Augustus. He gained a clearer view of his own merits than he had had before, and while Augustus P. Pelham fell several degrees in his own estimation, the country relatives rose to just the same proportion.

So he fell into his proper place at the farm, and took a surer way than the use of his tongue to secure the regard of his friends. And if you, dear young reader, are for any reason out of favor, and want to know whether he succeeded, just try that "surer way" (you know what it is) and see the result.

But if it is your great happiness to have won the rare blessings of love and respect, you will know at once, for you're *tried it.*—*Merry's Museum.*

A BIBLE LESSON.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—What progress have you made in the study of the Bible? Did it not surprise you to find how soon the descendants of faithful Noah began to forsake the worship of the true God and serve idols? As we read, we are ready to say, "There is none righteous, no, not one." And although we feel confident the waters shall not again close over the ungodly to their destruction, yet we cannot but look to find He whose look maketh the earth to tremble, and whose touch maketh the hills to smoke, would send forth his lightnings and overthrow them, that he would send forth his arrows and scatter them.

But God, willing to show his love to our fallen race, and make his power over the heart known, called Abram the son of Terah to leave his idols and his father's house and go into a land which he would show him, and which he would give to his children for an inheritance. Abram at this time lived in Ur, a city of Mesopotamia. Obedient to the call of that he removed from Ur, taking with him his wife, Terah, his father, and Lot, the son of his brother Haran, and dwelt in Haran till the death of his father. Haran was situated in the North-western part of Mesopotamia, between the Euphrates and the Chebar and south of Ur.

After the death of his father, Abram took all his household and departed to go to the land of Canaan as the Lord had spoken to him. Entering the land of Canaan he passed through till he came to Sichem in the Plain of Moreh between Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal.

At Sichem the Lord appeared unto Abram, and said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land." And Abram built an altar there as if to take possession of the country in the name of the true God.

In no other place could the renewal of God's gracious promise have been more grateful to the feelings of His faithful servant. Sichem was situated in a beautiful valley; north and south lay the mountains, a covert from the storm, a shelter from the heat. It abounded in gardens, olive and fig trees, and groves of various kinds,—it was well watered and fertile—truly a goodly heritage.

Knowing what we do of this place we naturally expect to find Abram making it his place of rest. Here are mountains and valleys; here are rivulets and groves; here God graciously renews his covenant with him; here too is the altar where he may offer the morning and the evening sacrifice. Where could he find a fitter place for his servants to pitch their tents; for his flocks to lie down?

But since God had him shown that he was to wander from place to place without a sure abode he cheerfully obeyed, showing plainly while he dwelt in the land of Promise as in a strange country that "he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

And with reference to the children God had promised him and their earthly inheritance, he could cheerfully say—

"I wait for God, my soul doth wait,
My hope is in his word."

Could he in prophetic vision have beheld the hosts of Israel as they stood on Ebal and Gerizim on either side of this valley, listening to the words which Moses one of their brethren had received at the mouth of God,—could he have seen them again assembled before the tabernacle at this place to listen to the last words of Joshua could he have heard the shout "The Lord our God we will serve and obey," when Joshua asked them whom they would serve, how would his soul have responded, "I wait for God."

RUTH.

FOR A FRIEND IN SORROW.

My way is dark, O Father, not a ray
 Of light falls on it, and I scarcely know
Amid my tremblings, whether Thou dost go
Before me still. I cannot hear Thee say
Fear not, for I am with thee—day by day
 I look up striving to see thee—but lo!
 A cloud hath shut Thee out. Or art Thou now
Guiding me in this drear and barren way,
 As through the wilderness, Thou once didst guide
Thy chosen people? If indeed it be,
 That in the cloud thy presence doth abide,
O let me *know* Thee near, that fearlessly,
 Without a care of what may yet betide,
I may press on, sure, that I follow thee.

Germantown, Feb. 1863

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CERTIFICATES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted with the rheumatism eleven years, during which time I tried almost everything, but received no sure relief. For the last four months my limbs and joints were so swollen, that at times I could not walk or use my slippers. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and at the first application was instantly relieved. After using one or two bottles, I was enabled to enjoy the free use of my limbs. Rev. GEORGE A. RUE.

NEWPORT, R. I., October 29, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been afflicted for a number of years, more or less, with a pain and weakness in my chest, arising from some cause unknown to me. I made two applications of your Liniment, and was relieved. I was attacked with the diphtheria, and was cured by using your Liniment. Its worth has proved itself ten times its cost. ANTHONY RANDOLPH.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 15, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have been cured of stiffening in my joints by using your Liniment. I recommend it to all who are thus troubled.
RICHARD WHITE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 17, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—Your Liniment is, truly, all that it is recommended to be. I have tried it, and it has successfully cured my bunions. SOPHIA TAYLOR.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7, 1861.

Mr. Lewis—Dear Sir: I have had a pain and stiffness in my neck and back for some time. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and applied it twice, which effected a cure. I recommend it to the public.
Mrs. EVELINA DEMOND.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 10, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—Dear Sir: For upwards of three years I have been very lame at times, arising from a sprain. I have tried a great many things, without any definite result. I procured a bottle of your Liniment, and was effectually relieved. Mrs. PHILENA A. MORSE.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 10, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have been afflicted with the rheumatism for some time. I used your Liniment, which has removed it successfully. It has also cured my swelled joints. Mrs. ELIZABETH THOROUGHGOOD.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 26, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—My boy was troubled with the chilblains. I applied your Liniment a few times, and it cured him. Mrs. ADELINE JONES.

ELEANOR PLACE, Sept. 3, 1861.

Rev. Mr. Lewis—I have used your Liniment for rheumatic pains of long standing—also, lameness in the feet, &c. It is a perfect remedy where other things have failed. Mrs. SUSAN GARDINER.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, Aug. 18, 1861.

Rev. L. S. Lewis—I have been afflicted for upwards of seven years with swelled joints. I have tried almost everything, without the desired effect. At last I obtained a bottle of your Liniment, which relieved me successfully. Mrs. MARY A. JEWITT.

PROVIDENCE, Nov., 1861.

Mr. L. S. Lewis—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism last fall, during which time I tried almost everything—but nothing so effectual as your Family Liniment. I would not be without it.
Mrs. LUCY WATERMAN.

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THE CHRISTIAN RECORDER.

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Rev. L. ROSS.

Poetry.

For the Christian Recorder.

THE DAY IS DAWNING, AWAKE, ARISE!

BY ELI V. HARMON.

Let Africans awake, arise!
For freedom's day is dawning.
It's time for them to ope their eyes,
And see the sluggish yawning.

Yes, let them all awake, and rise,
While slavish chains are breaking;
Still crowd their prayers up through the skies,
For prayer our God is waiting.

Let Africans thus live and learn,
To pray through meditating;
For when the answer tied returns,
Christ's soldiers can whip Satan.

Weeping, mourning, praying, singing,
These show forth the dawning day;
Blood-shed, freedom's bell is ringing,
I can hear it far away.

Saintly slaves have been a-praying,
All their prayers have been as one;
All things justice has been waiting,
Soon on earth his will be done.

Slaves have been a superseding,
All the mighty, proud, and tall;
By their prayers and sincere pleadings,
Now their skulking foes must fall.

Long the oppressed have been weeping,
But the dawn of day is come;
Freemen, wake from sluggish sleeping,
Aid with prayer, with sword and gun.

They have told when weeping, crying,
Bleeding, dying with dismay;
God has heard their groans and sighing;
Lo! he'll come and clear the way.

Then let us be more people-like,
And join in heart and hand;
Then if we have to go and fight,
God will take our command.

Let there be no spirit party,
Let there be no cowardice;
When the tempest roars don't fear,
Only trust in God and Christ.

If Afric's sons do have to fight
They must be heirs of glory;
And till they do receive their rights
I don't think they need hurry.

Afric's sable sons and daughters,
God commands both front and rear;
He can calm the troubled waters,
Only trust him, do not fear.

March the 9th, 1863, Germantown, Philada., Pa.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

THE RAINBOW.

I sometimes have thought in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
A ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was light as a blossom in June.

The green earth was moist with its late fallen showers;
The breeze fluttered down and below on the flowers;
One single white cloud to its haven of rest,
As the wing of peace floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the raindrops and dimpled the seas,
Far on the blue sky the rainbow unrolled,
In its soft tinted pennon of purple and gold.

'Twas born in a moment,—yet quick through its birth,
It stretched to the uttermost end of the earth;
And far and tily it floated all free,
With wings on the earth and with wings on the sea.

How wide is the spread of its beautiful wings,
How boundless its nature, how radiant its rings;
If I look on the sky, it's suspended in air;
If I look on the ocean, the rainbow is there.

M. d. D.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder

GABRIEL.

Thy will is mine: thy lip doth teach
My foot that listens: each to each.
O prove me, send me, bid me reach
Beyond the powers of space and speech.
Thy face, that is my being, shun,
Fold in my flight thy farthest sun.
Thy will and my beatitude are one
'Tis finished, Lord, and was it fairly done?
Fast as thy thought thy kingdom's verge can meet,
Flee I, its shadow, fastened to its feet.

Tell me to stay, then art my will,
My blessedness shall overfill,
To hang perpetually still,
Here in thy face, and poise and thrill
Like equatorial tides, that rise
One streaming sphere, to Luna's eyes.
While Time, with all his snowflake ages flies,
And sun on sun like lightning burns and dies,
Fain in the glory flaming from thy seat,
Fall I, thy shadow, fastened to thy feet.

When men in yonder darkness pray
For single hearts, and stirring say,
"Help thou thy minister to lay
His nicest garment in thy way."
In answer give them then to feel,
A tithe of this wherewith I kneel.
Would you be strong, be shod with zeal and seal,
Poor faint-heart races? Bind upon your heel
The wing of mine obedience—it shall beat
Firm through the shadow fastened to your feet.

LEAR.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

SHOULD CHURCHES BE NAMED AFTER MEN!

BY JAMES LYNCH.

Churches solemnly dedicated to the service of God, should not be named after men; because such a practice gives both license and example to that spirit of idolatry that retards the advancement of the kingdom of Christ, by using that which is solely given to promote the glory of God, for the glory of men.

Three reasons only appear to justify this practice we condemn. First, to hold up to view the bright example of those who have been distinguished for piety, zeal or talent. Second, to perpetuate the memory of those who have done the church great service. Third, to make gnation of particular branches of a deno- on more convenient.

regard to the first reason it has no force; he great example for the Christian church is Christ. To set anything else before her as an example is a dangerous custom, fraught with mischief; for if a truly good man can be set up as the great exemplar, a truly bad man may be, according to the character of the parties in power at that suspicious and awfully grand moment, when the church approaching completion will await her formal, but solemn dedication to God! The church in all ages, under all denominations, has nurtured bad men, and these have counted their followers by thousands. The record which will be read in the blazing light of judgment, will only tell whether wickedness wilful and obstinate, or ignorance was the cause.

In regard to the second reason, the objections to the first are equally applicable. In addition, however, let us with emphasis write the Scripture interrogatory, "Will a man rob God?" How can we name a church after a man to honor him? The sacred temple where God in a special manner communes with the people—the altar whereon we cast the offering of our thanksgiving, and our polluted hearts to catch the droppings of that blood from the still higher altar where the Lamb of God was slain—to be used for man's honor—is to insult Jehovah, to prostitute the church, and erect a monument of ignorance of the sacredness that invests the church.

In regard to the third reason; though the practice may serve the purpose of convenience, yet it involves the seeming, if not the real sacrifice of holy principle, and it is always wrong and unsafe to sacrifice the latter for the former.

The naming of churches after men cannot be justified by any course of abstract reasoning that takes scripture teaching for its guide. The custom certainly has no precedent in the history of the churches of the apostolic age; neither is there anything connected with the Jewish Church to give it a shadow of support.

The principle which the custom involves, seems to be identical with that of the canonization practised by the Roman Catholic Church, (when they "manufacture" saints.)

The more enlightened Christians are, the less apt are they to practise this custom, anti-scriptural and dangerous as it is. We solace ourselves with the thought, that where passion is subordinate to intellect and the latter to the Holy Spirit, it will make but little headway, and the church will always keep uppermost

"Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky."

It may be urged that we attach undue importance to the "house." This objection is not formidable; the dedication service invests it with a sacredness, or it is an unmeaning farce; in it there is an act, moved by a principle. In naming the church after a man, there is an act prompted by a principle; the dedication; and in the naming, we hold the acts and principles are in direct antagonism.

We never could permit the name of a mortal to stand as the name of a church over which we preside, though it were the name of one, who equalled the apostle Paul; though the inscription were on tablets of gold and in letters of silver; without registering our solemn protest.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

BISHOP PAYNE'S APPEAL

IN BEHALF OF THE WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

To the ministry, the laity, and the friends of the A. M. E. Church throughout the United States of America.

DEAR FRIENDS:—This is to inform you, that the beautiful property of the Wilberforce University, is now offered to us for the sum of $10,000. This property was bought in the summer of 1856, and a school opened for the special benefit of the colored people, with a view to make it a powerful instrumentality for their improvement in knowledge, morals and religion.

The *Projectors* of this noble enterprise *were leading* men in the Cincinnati Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Their efforts were singularly marked by the favor of God, not only in securing over a hundred students in a very short time, but still more, in the conversion of scores of the youth of both sexes, and in preparing young men, and women for usefulness on earth, and glory in heaven.

But in the very height of its prosperity, the present civil war opened its flood of disasters upon the country, and so embarrassed the finances of the establishment, as to compel the trustees to close its doors in June last.

In order that its original design may be secured, these trustees, as I have already intimated, prefer that we should possess and control it. Let me now give you a description of the edifice and its adjuncts. It is a frame building, three stories high, having a centre and one wing. It has the form of the letter T, the *stem* of the T being the wing in the rear, and its arms the centre. This centre is about 139 feet long, by 41 wide. The third story of the centre is but 64 feet, 7 inches in length, and this very shortening increases the beauty of the whole. Two porticoes, one above the other, adorn the front, and a wide platform surrounds it on both sides. The wing is about 122 feet in length, and 37 wide. The centre is used for females, and the wing for male students. There are also twelve cottages in the campus, nine of which are a part of the property of the college—the other three are owned by private persons. These cottages are for such families as desire to live under college influence, while their children are prosecuting their studies. The whole of these buildings are situated upon the brow of a hill, flanked by deep ravines, through which rivulets meander the greater part of the year, and in which are many gushing fountains of mineral waters. These ravines, these rivulets, and these fountains are all shaded with forest trees, and conspire to give a romantic beauty to the whole landscape. Nature seems to have designed it for a place of study, meditation, intellectual, moral, and religious training. The marvellous providence of God has placed this splendid property with all its *assets* into *my hands*, and through me into the hands of the colored race, to be used for the benefit of all races. Feeling the pressure of this great responsibility, like a load forcing me into the grave, I call upon the ministry, laity, and friends of the African M. E. Church, and ask them if they will respond to the voice of God, and pay for this property? The trustees have given every guarantee that can be reasonably asked. I have a written article, that just as soon as we will pay them $10,000, a quit claim deed will be made out, conveying the whole into the hands of trustees appointed by our church.

In addition to this, they have given up the management of the property and school into my hands, as the representative of the said church. But this first installment *must be paid within three months, dating from the 10th of March*, which was the day when I assumed the responsibility.

To educate my family, I moved here in July, 1856—to educate his, Rev. James A. Shorter moved here in July, 1857. In this school all our children, who have reached the years of responsibility, except one, have been educated and hopefully converted to God. So that our joint testimony concerning Wilberforce, is this, *it has done us good, and nothing but* good.

To raise the whole sum needed, namely, $10,000, two plans have been proposed; the one by brother R. H. Cain, and the other by brother L. Woodson. Brother C. advises that the first Sabbath in the coming May, be set apart by every pastor in the connexion as a day when every member and friend of a Christian education will be solicited to give towards a sum of $12,000. This is an eminently practical plan, and it remains for the pastors to show whether they are the friends of education or not, by accepting or rejecting this plan. Brother W. advised that one hundred men and women be found willing, and able to give each $100, to raise the sum of $10,000.

This is also a good plan, and upon this, within forty-eight hours after I assumed the responsibility in behalf of the church, $100 in cash was paid over into my hands, by Mrs. Maria Shorter, for which I pray that God may never suffer her, or hers to want. Who will follow her noble example? Will not our brethren and sisters rush forward to fill up the ranks of this generous band of one hundred?

Which of the pastors will be foremost in executing the plan of brother Cain? Come, beloved of the Lord, hasten to help us in this good work, be ambitious to see who can do the most for this noble charity, a charity which will gladden with rays of holy light the city of our God.

Up to the 8th of April next, donations can reach me at Wilberforce, by sending them in the form of a bill of exchange, or a draft on any safe bank. From that date till the 10th of May, donations can reach me by sending in the manner prescribed, to Baltimore, Md. Contributions may also be left with the following persons, namely, at St. Louis, Rev. M. M. Clark, at Indianapolis, Ind., Rev. W. R. Revels, at Cincinnati, Rev. Grafton Graham, at Pittsburg, Rev. L. Woodson, at Philadelphia, Rev. Elisha Weaver, at Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. R. H. Cain, at Washington city, D. C., Rev. H. M. Turner.

O that God may turn the eyes and hearts of his people towards Wilberforce.

DANIEL A. PAYNE.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

LIFE OF ST. CYPRIAN.—THE AFRICAN BISHOP, MARTYR AND SAINT.

BY REV. B. T. T.

CHAPTER III.

Cyprian the Rhetorician.

CONTINUED.

Invitation—Eloquence a well supplied stream—Declamation.—Fanciful subjects.—Probable view of Cyprian the Rhetorician.

We cannot but admire the great truth, the lofty idea, and the beautiful figure which the accomplished preceptor here uses. To him the mind was as a storehouse; the faculty, memory, a vehicle; while great truths eloquently spoken, constituted the stock stored away. Good reader, dost thou realize the unity of man?—that this storehouse and vehicle are a common inheritance, while truth is eternal. Come then and get rich, fill thy mental storehouse with more than golden treasures; for truth is more to be sought than gold, lofty ideas than fine gold. Know that unless thy mind is well supplied with facts, there may be an abundance of speech, but no true eloquence. Lord Bolingbroke re-echoes the sentiment of the great ancient, and in a strain equally beautiful. "Eloquence, says he, must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not spout forth like a little frothy stream on some gaudy day, and remain dry for the rest of the year."

The other, and which indeed was the chief province of the rhetorician, was declamation. As the object of these declamations was to train the youth to the real oratory of life, the subject matter of them, in the first and better days of the school, was such as the orators at the forum had occasion to use. The particular subject being assigned by the teacher, they were first written off with the greatest care, when they were pronounced under the critical supervision of the master and the fellow students, it being the prerogative, and even the duty of the latter to adjudge the production either in praise or censure as their individual ability enabled them to do. In the exercise of declamation the whole routine of oratory, the position, the gestures, the flash of the eye, the quivering of the lip, and the modulation of the voice were most effectively taught to the youthful declaimers.

It is plain, however, that this exercise greatly degenerated toward the last, and instead of remaining as it had been, a most powerful auxiliary to the attainment of eloquence, it finally became, in a measure, the means of its corruption. This was brought about by weak masters introducing, instead of those solid questions of life, which had hitherto been the subjects of debate, imaginary and fabulous subjects, such as the following: Whether Alexander should attempt the Indian ocean? Whether Cicero, to appease the wrath of Mark Antony, should burn all his works? and others of a more complex nature, as the following: A tyrant having caused a father and his two sons to be brought to him in the citadel, ordered the sons to beat the father. One of them to avoid so horrid an impiety, threw himself headlong from the works of the citadel: the other, compelled by necessity, obeyed the command and struck his father; he afterward killed the tyrant, who made him his friend, and received the reward granted him by the laws in such a case. He was, however, tried by the judges for having used violence to his father, and the prosecutor demanded that his hands should be cut off.* The father takes upon him his defence. "All these discourses, says an old writer, void of common sense, are tricked out in the gaudy colors of exquisite eloquence, soft, sweet, and seasoned to the palate. In this ridiculous boy's play, the scholars trifle away their time; they are laughed at in the forum, and still worse, what they learn in their youth they do not forget at an advanced age."

In the discharge of the duties of a rhetorician, which we have thus briefly noticed, Cyprian spent the score of years, extending from the time of quitting school to that of his conversion to Christianity; when he laid aside forever the garb and the life of a pagan master. Let us then take a probable view of Cyprian the rhetorician. We say "probable" from the fact, that while all rhetoricians had a common path, precepts to write, and declamations to superintend, still each one walked with a gait peculiar to himself. And as we have no written history of his career as a rhetorician, Pontius, his ancient biographer, with the zeal of that class of persons who forget or deny that a very important part of man's existence is upon the earth, passes it over with the cool remark, that a man's actions should be recorded, not from the time of his first, but of his second birth; we are compelled to glean it from the general character of the man, as applied to positive and well known facts. Still, giving as it does, no more than a general outline, it may justly be regarded as authentic.

At once, we are enabled to conclude from the reputation of this Carthagenian, that he was accomplished in his arduous profession. But let us speak more concisely of him.

"A most prominent talent, to be seen too at the first glance at the man, and one absolutely necessary in a teacher of youth, was that familiarly known as common sense." Thascius Cæcilius Cyprian was in verity a man of common sense. But let us define. By common sense we mean that natural judgment,—that instinctive appreciation of things as they are, which necessarily constitutes the basis of a man; and which is highly requisite to a successful life. We can still better define our idea by the following illustration.

There are two men, both of whom are devoid of this native judgment;—this common sense, as we term it, but which in reality should be termed uncommon sense. We will speak first of one of them. He has a smatter of learning; is able to put two thoughts upon paper, in a way chiefly remarkable for its originality. He has the alphabet of almost every dead language engraved upon his mind, and we hear him quoting Latin and Greek, Hebrew and Sanscrit oftener than a Harvard or Yale professor. And in the English, an unabridged Webster, or Worcester, or both combined; although perfectly devoured, fails to satisfy his hunger for big words. In his own opinion he is the very embodiment of wisdom. He measures himself by himself; and to expect him to respect and recognize the ability of others is sublime absurdity.

The other character, likewise destitute of this uncommon sense, for such it truly is, glories in the ignoble fact that he is ignorant, a fool. He spurns all learning. To him it is foolishness. He completely repudiates the higher and more glorious part of his nature; and refuses to recognise any want, but that of the animal. What's the use of it? he is heard to ask. Can't a man live without learning; can't he eat and drink? And if, in the unfathomable mystery of sovereign Providence, he have children, and the subject of their education be mentioned to him, he pursues the same train of carnal reasoning; send my children to school! and for what? I never went, and why need they? I must work, and they are no better than I am. They can get along as well without it. And to cap the climax of his self-convincing argument, he declares with the air of a victor, and will not education make them lazy?

Each of these characters, as has been said, is destitute of the invaluable talent of common sense. The first deifies his smatter of learning; the second as devoutly deifies his ignorance, and neither of them is prepared to live with profit to himself, or advantage to his fellows: and by no means imaginable could either of them have become a teacher, a rhetorician, for he of all men must possess good judgment and true appreciation. Cyprian possessed this golden palladium, as is plainly to be seen in his ecclesiastical administration. Every act of the Bishop was marked with solid judgment. The talent of a just appreciation is of nature, and not of the Spirit; and so during the long years that Cyprian taught eloquence, he was in the abundant possession of it, and it proved to him a source whence flowed true excellence and well merited success. Unlike the two characters introduced before, Cyprian placed a proper estimate upon education in general. He comprehended the true value of the mind, and what was necessary to its development, and was thus enabled to suitably instruct youth.

Washington, March 16th.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder

FRIENDSHIP

READ AT A SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

I think there is nothing more appropriate than true friendship, for it binds communities, states, and nations together. If it had not been for friendship, the great President of the United States would not have made such a proclamation as he did on the 1st of January last, when he spoke of liberating the slaves in the South. It is also true friendship that makes happy families. I do not think that I would like to reside in a family where friendship is not known. But I am sorry to say that there are a great many families who do not live in friendship with each other. You will hear them quarreling and using some unkind words. You will hear the father cursing his wife or his children. I do not think that friendship is known in that family.

I will give you my opinion of a happy family. They are always in friendship with each other. Instead of hearing the father abusing his family, you will see him get the old family Bible, and call his wife and children around the family board. There you will see them all unite, hand and heart together; and they will all go on their way rejoicing to the fair climates above. This is what I call a happy family. For instance, if we live a neighbor to any persons, and they are not friendly, we do not care any thing about them. We think they are proud, and think themselves better than we are. I do not think this is a very good way to get along in the world, for we are sure to meet with some bad misfortune through out life. And when they meet the bad luck, you will hear them say, that if they had their lives to live over again, they would live quite differently. I think there is nothing nicer than to be in good understanding with every body. For instance: If there is no friendship in a school-room, I am sure there will not be a great deal of instruction gained; but if there they practise friendship, I assure you that much more instruction is imparted. I have been here at this school about two months, and in that time I have been kindly treated by the teacher and scholars: and I have tried to return the same toward them. Our school is about to come to a close, and we will soon have to take the parting hand. But if we never meet again in this world, I hope that we will all meet again in the world to come, where parting will be no more.

SARAH E. CHURCHMOND.

U. L. Institute, Ind., February 28th, 1863.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

SHOULD A HUMAN BEING BE ALLOWED TO LIVE AFTER HE DETERMINES NOT TO SERVE GOD!

MR. EDITOR:—I thought as there has been so much written upon the present war, and so many lectures and speeches, that I would take up something else, and only touch lightly upon the subject of this rebellion. At least I feel that there is too little said upon the subject of vital religion, for it does seem to me that as the human family both in this and other nations are beginning so rapidly to people the world to come, in one way or another, that we occasionally should raise the point as whether or no, men every where are doing what they can do to fit themselves for the many and rapid changes which are daily and hourly taking place. Especially would I ask, is every one fully aware of the purpose and end for which he has been brought into this world? and has each one considered that unless he tries to serve his Creator, Redeemer, and Preserver, that there is no use in his living at all? Indeed, I will make it stronger still by saying that whenever it is known by him who knows all things, that the remainder of our time from that moment, is to be spent in the drudgery of the Devil, who had no hand in our creation or redemption or preservation, nor never can have. From that moment, I assert it as my candid conviction, we should not be allowed to live. Let me illustrate what I wish to say by a figure, as I in that way, may more fully and forcibly present the facts in the case. Suppose you, reader, should purchase an estate at the great expense of much time and money, and sweat, and blood, and then after you had gotten every piece of said estate in the place you wanted it, and the writing to secure the property all properly drawn up and every way secured, that some time after this, when you had arranged your affairs in every way properly to enjoy yourself in the use of this estate, while the estate itself might be every way calculated to render you happy, and when you had situated yourself where you could protect and preserve every piece of said property to the latest hour of its possible existence: but that it so turns out immediately after this, that not one cent's worth of this property of this large estate so laboriously earned by your own time, money, sweat, and blood, was ever to do you any good; that you were not to have one cent's benefit from a given time? Now when that given time came, provided that you were perfectly satisfied that the above mentioned result would follow, would you still continue to guard, protect, and preserve the property of this estate to the last hour of its long existence, or would you abandon it? Having arrived at this point what course would you take? Would you continue to be the sole benefactor of this property in order to keep it in existence record with that property which was to serve you? This brings the case of cruel men and women properly before us who have determined in their own minds that they never will yield to the government of God, and who have equally and as fully determined to spend the last remaining hour of their time in the service of the Devil. Now, we may easily see and know how to determine in this case, or what to conclude would be the course that the Lord would take in justice to himself and to his cause, by knowing what course you would take, when owning an estate as above mentioned, when it had passed out of your hands as above described. In such a case you know that you and every other wise man would abandon such an estate at once and forever. What then can every wicked man and woman think the course would be that God would pursue towards them whenever he discovered that the Devil had a bill of sale for them, for time and eternity? that he would still clothe them, feed them, preserve and protect them down to a good old age, that they might the more entirely serve the Devil, and operate against God's cause. Is this their conclusion? If it be, then I can tell such candidly that my belief is, that the contrary or opposite of this is true, as you would abandon a piece of property that you were satisfied would be of no farther use to you, but would serve to destroy other valuable property of yours. I say you would abandon such without hesitation. Surely then God is not less wise than you. Surely he is not less economical than human beings are; upon this principle we believe not only was the Antediluvian world destroyed with the small exception of eight persons as given in Scripture, but that other whole nations and parts of nations have been destroyed on the same principle, and because the cup of their iniquity was full, and because God saw that the time had come when they had given themselves up wholly to the wicked one, that they had sworn allegiance to the Devil, and had subjected themselves willingly to his reign, as was the case with Sodom and Gomorrah, and also Zeboim and Admah, neighboring cities. Sodom was the the Capital of the Pentapolis in which Lot of old dwelt a long time, yet notwithstanding the fact that good old Lot and a number of his kin resided in it for a long time, such was the extent to which the people of these cities had sinned against the Most High in their pride, gluttony, fornication and their haughty neglect of the poor, and many other unnatural vices as we read Ezek. xvi. 49, 50, 2 Peter, vi. 9. That the Almighty visited these cities, and as largely inhabited as these cities were there could not be found ten righteous persons in them, not ten persons that had not sworn allegiance to the government of the devil, that had not given themselves willingly to Satan's reign.

T. STROTHER.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

ALEXANDRIA CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Since your flying visit to our little city, things have pursued the even tenor of their way. Your journal has really become one of our most welcome visitors, and those of us who were *fortunate* and *sensible* enough to subscribe to it have concluded that we did not spend our money for "naught."

It really seems that man with his sword in hand, and the fierce pestilence, are vying with each other in the work of crowding hospitals, and filling graves. In our little city, where once a *certain kind* of worship was offered unto the Most High beneath a dozen roofs, we now behold them, not as the temples of a false and hateful worship, but as the houses of mercy where the wounded and the maimed receive the care and attention which a pure Christianity engenders. But we have said that death was at work, and how true! Mrs. Mary Washington, one of our oldest residents, and for nearly fifty years a member of the Christian church, departed this life quite suddenly, Feb. 27th, and was buried next day, her remains first having been borne to the church. Her age was seventy-four years. As if death possessed instinct, scarcely had it taken away one of the oldest of our mothers, when it laid its rude hands upon the very oldest of our fathers, Mr. George Berry, who departed this life, March 4th, 1863, aged ninety-nine.

For uprightness of action,—for truthfulness and sobriety, Mr. Berry had few equals; and though never making a public profession of religion, still the whole community could bear testimony to the morality of his life. He leaves a wife and five children.

Our church is still looking up here, and we hope that conference, which sits next month, will make us be a station, as we need the presence of a minister constantly in our midst.

More anon, P. H. WARD.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

GEORGETOWN CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—Though there has not been much religious excitement in the Ebenezer church this conference year, yet there have been seasons of revival, and souls have been heard pleading for mercy, but none have professed to receive the blessing. While that is a fact, nevertheless the Ebenezer church has been the instrument through which many souls have been blessed and their wants relieved. The trustees of Ebenezer opened the doors of the church for a concert for the poor and distressed when others would not open their doors. I can but say that I believe God's blessing will rest upon her for it, regardless of the scruples of some of the trustees. Sunday, March 15th, 1863, will be a memorable day in the minds of many of the citizens of Georgetown, and the members together with the pastor of the Ebenezer. May I be allowed to say the house was reconstructed with the organization within her walls of a society known as the Union Relief Association? Its object is to hunt up the poor, the needy, and the destitute, to relieve their wants. This society has been started for some time, but not fully organized. The officers and members met yesterday at a few minutes after three o'clock for that purpose. Having had the honor of being invited to preach a special sermon on the occasion, we had the extreme pleasure of speaking from these words: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widows, and keep himself unspotted from the world."—James i. 27. After we were through with our remarks, Mr. John Furgerson, Secretary for the Old Folks, or those who gave the concert, read the report. The first night of their concert they took in one hundred dollars and forty-two cents, the second night, twenty-six dollars, forty-one cents. Total, one hundred and twenty-six dollars and eighty-three cents. Paid to Mr. J. Hayes, five dollars; to Mr. N. Cover for the use of his house, fire, and light, two dollars, which he presented them again; to Mr. G. Coakley for the use of his instrument, five dollars, which he also presented to them again; for refreshments for the ladies the night of the concert, four dollars; seventeen dollars to the trustees of Ebenezer church; they had remaining one hundred dollars. After the reading of the report, Mr. A. Burnett rose and made a few remarks, and presented the one hundred dollars to Mrs. M. Cover, the President of the society. Mrs. M. J. Dove then spoke in behalf of the society; the address was short, but very appropriate. The Rev. H. M. Turner then addressed the audience and society. Mr. Editor, I would not attempt to comment upon the remarks of brother Turner; those who know him, know that he is always prepared to say something to the purpose and something interesting. I regretted very much that brother Turner stopped when he did; it began to draw towards dark, and it was hailing; the people seemed to get restless, so brother Turner changed his discourse, and began to beg. We raised a very respectable collection, though not very large; seven dollars and some cents. The assistant secretary then read the constitution of the association, &c. I would also say that brother Coakley was present, and the choir favored us with some of their choice pieces, which were charming. We were then dismissed with the benediction. H. J. R.

Georgetown, D. C.

* * *

For the Christian Recorder.

KANSAS CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—Quiet prevails in our little city now, we had some excitement a few days since, in consequence of the tearing down the office of the *Enquirer*, a secesh organ, and the destruction of the printing press of the same, &c. Some of the copperheads looked a little ashy about it, but to their mortification they could not help themselves. We have had a mild winter, but a great deal of rain and snow, which has kept our streets very muddy most of the winter, and the roads so bad that farmers could seldom get into the city, which has had a tendency to make fuel very high; wood, eight and nine dollars per cord, but the roads are now drying up, and business of every description is assuming quite a lively aspect, &c.

I noticed an article in one of our city papers this morning, in which it is stated that Kansas is not made for a slave pen, or any of the accompaniments. This may be true, but that peculiar spirit which has become so characteristic of the white people in this apparently almost God-forsaken country, develops itself in this city. I allude to that spirit which looks upon colored men with scorn and contempt, willing to grind them to powder, which is not only unwilling to see him aspire in a social and political point of view, but finds its way into every branch of business, all kinds of work, occupations of every description, and there lifts up its fiendish head and presses with an iron nerve the hand of opposition against the progress and success of colored men.

A great many of our people have made their escape from slavery in Missouri, Arkansas, and elsewhere, and come to this city; the majority of them in rather destitute circumstances; but in general they are sober and industrious. Their sufferings have not been so great among them this winter as they were last, notwithstanding quite a number have died. Those of us who were able to work, divided our earnings with the sick, and contributed to bury the dead. We occasionally asked the city to help us, but when we presented a case, the first question asked would be, is he a contraband, if answered in the affirmative, we knew the answer, (can't do anything for you.) One of the city council told me that they were determined to do nothing that would have the least tendency to encourage slaves to leave their masters: if such men are not secesh, they must have great sympathy for their peculiar institutions.

The church here is moving along upon another sacrifice. There was a debt of one hundred and twenty dollars due on our church lot, the eighth of the present month. In view of all the circumstances surrounding us we felt some anxiety of mind as to how the amount should be raised, &c.; we concluded to present the matter to the Chapel Relief Society which is connected with the church, and has ever been active in helping on our church here since the organization. In order to raise the same, they agreed to hold a festival. On the seventeenth of February, the following committees were appointed to superintend the festival: viz.

Female Committee, Mrs. Latie Jones, Chairman; Miss Louisa M. Matthews, Mrs. Emily Lee, Miss Mary Jordan, Mrs. Anderson, Miss C. A. Crump, Miss Elizabeth Pulliam, Mrs. Mary Slaughter, Mrs. Jane Smith, Mrs. Rachel White.

Male Committee, Mr. H. H. Thomas, Chairman; Messrs. F. Obanion, L. Overton, J. Winfield, N. Roay, J. H. Morris, Sec.

Much praise is due the committee for their energy and perseverance, for they met with many discouragements; rain and mud in abundance. They held the festival three evenings, and notwithstanding so many disadvantages under which they had to labor, it was a perfect success. $164.50, crowned their efforts; may such faithful laborers for God and his cause live long to ply their cheerful hands. The debt is now paid, and our minds much relieved. I think I shall soon be able to attend to this free-will offering, &c.

Pray for us. Yours as ever, J. T.

* * *

MR. EDITOR:—Though not a regular correspondent of your very reliable journal, permit me to trespass so far upon your indulgence, as to solicit a place in the columns of the "Recorder," for a few items of intelligence of the recent doings among the colored people of New Haven. And first in order, I will mention the very successful protracted meetings of the Bethel Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. E. T. Williams. During the few weeks which these meetings were held, a number of persons present have been happily converted, and there are several who are now hopefully serious. Mr. Williams has had no foreign aid, and has consequently been under the necessity of suspending preaching through the week, being exhausted from excessive labor; the social meetings of the church are still carried on with some degree of success. The Rev. Mr. Catto, it is generally understood, has ended his labors with the Presbyterian Church, and his place is now being filled by the Rev. Mr. Mallory, a Methodist Minister who possesses more than a mediocre talent. Rev. Mr. Berry continues the Rectorship of the colored Episcopal Church; though a very modest and unassuming man, he is one of the most deserving men of his race. The Rev. Mr. Berry, and E. T. Williams, accordingly hold a high place in the estimation of this community.

Monday evening, the 16th inst., there was a very large meeting of the colored citizens of New Haven, held in Bethel Church, to listen to a lecture from Dr. J. B. Smith, of Boston, general agent of subsistence for the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Colored Volunteers. The meeting was opened by the Rev. E. T. Williams, who made a most appropriate and intelligent prayer, which had its due effect upon the audience. Mr. Williams then called the house to order, and Mr. Lyman was chosen President, and Mr. G. H. Fray, Secretary. Dr. J. B. Smith was then introduced to the audience, who for the space of one hour, by his elegant and unanswerable arguments, and the majesty of his appeals, completely electrified and swayed his numerous auditors. The frequent outbursts of enthusiastic applause which greeted the Dr. during his able lecture, must have convinced him how fully he had carried his audience along with him. At the close of the lecture, Rev. Mr. Mallory attempted to express some dissent from the views of the Dr. about this being the proper time for colored men to enlist. He thought the movement premature. But the Dr. had so fully secured the sympathy of the meeting, that Mr. Mallory was generally and strongly hissed down. The Dr. requested the audience not to hiss the gentleman, but give him a respectful hearing. This little opposition furnished additional inspiration to the Dr., who in a most telling manner, to the great delight of the audience, swept away every objection of his opponent, and more than vindicated his former position. It is expected that the Dr. will lecture at Guilford, Norwich, and other parts of this state. He has held, also, a successful meeting at Hartford. We will bid him a hearty God speed.

Yours, ever true for God and humanity,

E. B. GOODMAN.

New Haven, March 18th, 1863.

* * *

IN his "Additional Force Bill," in 1805, Mr. Pitt had a meeting of country gentlemen—militia colonels, we think—to consider the measure. One of these gentlemen objected to a clause for calling out the force, which he insisted should not be done *except in cases of actual invasion*. Pitt replied, "that would be too late;" but the gentleman still insisted on the case of actual invasion. By and by they came to another clause, to render the force more disposable; the same gentleman objected again, and insisted very warmly that he would never consent to its being *sent out of England*—"except, I suppose," rejoined Pitt, "in case of actual invasion!" R.

* * *

GOOD ADVICE.—Subscribe for the Recorder yourself, and then persuade others to do so.

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*In accordance with a law which required the hand raised against a father to be cut off.

The Christian Recorder.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Mar. 28 1863.

REPORT

Look here, brethren, read this: and remember it, too:—

The meeting of the Executive Committee and their appeal to the ministers having the charge of circuits and stations, and to the members of the A. M. E. Church, is as follows:

DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—According to the authority vested in our Editor and General Book Steward, he called together the Executive Committee of the Book Concern on the 13th of November, at which time we had a very pleasant interview together in relation to the present flattering condition of the Book Concern, and the wants of the Church.

Brethren, let me tell you for once that the Book Concern is really in a prosperous condition—and how it is that our Editor and General Book Steward has so managed to keep the Book Concern and paper in the hopeful condition in which we find it, and with such scant means, we confess we are at a loss to know—and more especially in times like these, when many a firm and paper, with a much larger capital, have succumbed. But, brethren, in order to hold this position, and to keep up a growing interest throughout the connexion, there are means needed—first, there is a very great demand for hymn-books, in every direction in the connexion, and our Editor and General Book Steward has informed us there are only seven or eight in the store, and he has no more to bind up. Therefore, the Committee deem it advisable, in view of such a demand for our hymn-books, and especially in the Western country, to advise our General Book Steward to get out another edition, so that our people may be supplied. To do this, brethren, it will require about $500. This should be done without delay. We therefore recommend each elder, deacon, and preacher to properly lay this vital matter before their congregations, and to take up a free-will collection, and to forward the same to the General Book Steward and Editor, so that it may be in his hands forthwith to operate with—and he will give each credit through this paper. Now we ask our brethren, shall the Book Steward have the amount? We will answer for the Philadelphia district, our portion will be forthcoming. We also recommend to our Bishops, while travelling around, to speak of this matter.

WILLIAM MOORE,
W. H. WATERS,
STEPHEN SMITH,
W D W. SCHUREMAN,
ELISHA WEAVER, *Ch'm.*

NOTICE.

To the Philadelphia and New England Conferences.—To the members and friends.

The Philadelphia Annual Conference will meet the second Saturday in May, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in Bethel Church, Sixth St., Phila.

The New England Conference will meet the second Saturday in June, in Newport, R. I., in the A. M. E. Church, at 9 o'clock, A. M. Punctual attendance is requested.

NOTE.—The members of each Conference District will pay strict regard and attention to the financial collections per discipline, as it is highly important that they should.

INVITATION.

Revs. Bishops Quinn and Payne, are most cordially invited to meet with me at each.

W NAZREY

NOTICE.

Berks County Circuit Quarterly Meetings. Newtown, 13th of April, 1863, Buckingham Station, 19th, Attleborough, 26th, New Hope first Sabbath in May. J. C. CORNISH, Preacher in charge

NOTICE.

Bordentown Circuit Quarterly Meeting, at Allentown, April 11th and 12th, at Bordentown, April 18th and 19th, at Cookstown, April 25th and 26th. REV. JEREMIAH YOUNG.

CORRECTION

MR. EDITOR:—In your issue of the 7th inst., there is an article, headed Inquiry. You will confer a favour upon an old friend by correcting a typographical error, which may be found in the name Beck, which should be Peck in both places where it occurs. J T

NOTICE.

A sermon will be delivered in the Wesley A. M. E. Church, Hurst St., on Sunday, the 29th inst., at 7½ o'clock, P. M. Theme, "The Divine message to the church of Thyatira."

Quarterly meeting will be held in the said church on Sunday, the 5th of April; quarterly conference Wednesday evening, the 1st inst. at 8 o'clock. PASTOR.

A CALL.

At a convention of the Sabbath school Association of the Philadelphia District of the A. M. E. Church, which convened in Bethel Church, Sixth St., Phila., Nov. 12th, 1862, the following Committee were appointed on Constitution and By-laws.

W. D. W. Schureman, J. P. Campbell, B. Brown, J. Woodlin, L. R. Seymore, Samuel J. Moore, A. L. Stanford—which committee are requested to meet in Bethel Church, on Wednesday, April 8th, 1863, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to draft a constitution and by-laws for the above mentioned association.

W. D. W. SCHUREMAN, *Ch'm.*

NOTICE.

All the travelling preachers who have not received Elders' Orders of the Philadelphia Annual Conference district, are hereby requested to meet the following Committee on Examination, Bethel Church, May 8th, 1863, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

W. D. W. SCHUREMAN,
J. P. CAMPBELL, } Com
A. L. STANFORD.

For the Christian Recorder.

NOTICE.

Quarterly Meetings of the Princeton Circuit and New Brunswick station.

April 4th and 5th, at Rockyhill; April 11th and 12th, in New Brunswick station, brother Offer, stated pastor.

April 18th and 19th, in Princeton; April 25th and 26th, in the mountains.

T. GOULD—*Elder.*

CORRECTION.

In Bishop Nazrey's appointments on Salem Circuit, &c., it should read April and not May

WOODBURY, N. J. AND RETURN.

We left for Woodbury last Saturday evening. It was so stormy, disagreeable, and dark, that we could not get out to Brother Mann's house. We were recommended to stop with Mr. Wright. But he did not see proper to shelter us. The conversation was overheard by a Mr. and Mrs. Henson, who, although of a different denomination, took us in—and that, too, without being asked by us. The next morning, very early, we rose and wended our way to Brother Mann's. He had looked for us the previous evening. The family were all well, and just getting up. Sister Mann soon prepared a good breakfast, of which we partook quite freely. At 10½ o'clock, A. M., we preached to a respectable audience of both white and colored. At half-past two o'clock, P. M., we delivered an address to the Sabbath school children, teachers and parents, at which time we had a very good hearing, and the people there said it was just such an address as they needed. All were apparently delighted.

We never saw better behavior anywhere. We are satisfied that our people need lecturing, and especially the members of our church—in cities, as well as in the country. At 7½ o'clock we preached again, at which time the church was filled; and they say they never saw the audience so attentive. There was a good feeling in the audience. We also laid before them the claims of the Recorder, and recommended also the Repository and Anglo-African. We disposed of pretty nearly all the papers we took with us, and obtained a number of subscribers, the most of whom were young ladies. There is a great number of young men at this point, but we did not get one of them to subscribe to the paper. The young ladies seem to have more taste for literature than the young men, and yet they, the young men, like to keep company with the young ladies, who possess the most literary ability. Show me a young man who has a liberal soul, and loves to encourage all good enterprises, and especially that which comes from our people—and I will show you a young man who will make a good husband, and will prosper. After the meeting was over, we accompanied Brother Mann home. It was a good walk, but we enjoyed our supper afterwards. Brother Mann is a local deacon, and is a Christian gentleman—his wife is a lady. Brother Mann goes in for the mental, moral, and religious improvement of our people. The young beginners must look out for him at the Annual Conference, that he does not rig a plan to close all mouths who do not improve their talent. The Sabbath before the last, we spent at Snow Hill, and we had a good time there also. We were so much crowded last week for time, that we had not an opportunity to mention it. We think that the most of our brethren might do much more for the paper than they do; for wherever we go, if we have a fair chance at the people, we are sure to meet with some success.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

We refer our readers to an article written by Bishop Payne, appealing to the entire Church to raise money to purchase that beautiful property, Wilberforce University. It is just what we want, by which we can educate our young men for the ministry. The appeal is general, not only confined to our church, but to all lovers of literature. Let every body send us what they can: and let our ministers wake up to the subject. We know that some will say that neither the General nor annual conferences have authorized such a movement, and may hold back on that account. Let us say to our brethren that that need not prevent any from doing good; for by the time the first installment is to be paid, the most of our Annual Conferences will have met; at which time they can take action on the subject, and all may be done to the honor and glory of God. The plans suggested by Revs. Woodson and Cain are both good. There is a chance for those wealthy men and women in our church to show their good deeds by donating their hundreds of dollars. We would suggest another plan. We will be one of twenty, who will put in one hundred dollars stock, to remain in one, two, or three years, at a certain small percentum per annum, and the interest to be paid annually.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

PAULSBORO, N. J.	
Edward P Johnson,	$1 25
James H. Troitt,	1 25
WOODBURY, N. J.	
Miss Sarah M. Andrews,	$2.25
" M. M. Stevens,	2 25
" Hannah Lissoe,	1 25
" Margarette Harmon,	1 00
ST. LOUIS, MO.	
Mr. E Pines,	$2 25
Mrs. Lucy J Robinson,	2 25
" Harriet Francis,	2 00
" M E. Dixon,	2 00
Mr Henry Turner,	2.25

The above names are for the ten dollars Rev. M M Clark sent us in last No.

BALTIMORE, MD.	
Rev. James Lynch, on account,	$1 00
LAWRENCE, KANSAS.	
Mr. Lewis N. Johnson, per Rev. J. M. Wilkerson,	$1.50
NEW GARDEN, WAYNE CO., INDIANA.	
James Buckner, per S H. Smothers,	$1 12½
Asbury Benson, Spartansburg,	1.12½
MOORESTOWN, N J	
Franklin Taylor, per Mr Theo Coonie,	$2 25
George Thomas,	2 25
" " for papers,	50
Due on account,	25
GEORGETOWN, D. C.	
Rev. H. J. Rhodes,	$1 50
WASHINGTON, D. C.	
Mr. James L. Thomas, on account,	$6 00

NOTICE.

Quarterly Meetings in the Frankford Circuit, and the Union Station, in Philadelphia; March 28th and 29th; in Bristol, Pennsylvania, April the 4th and 5th; in Bensalem, April 11th and 12th; on Harrisburg Hill, April 18th and 19th; in the Union Church Station, April, the 25th and 26th, in Frankford.

Rev HENRY DAVIS—*Elder.*
Rev. HENDERSON DAVIS—*Deacon*

NOTICE

TO THE DISTRICTS OF PHILADELPHIA, NEW ENGLAND, OHIO, INDIANA, AND MISSOURI, OF THE A. M. E. CHURCH MINISTERS

Dear Brethren:—As we have a number of superannuated ministers on the list in said Districts, therefore it will be expected that the ministers and preachers, on their circuits and stations, will do all they can to collect the *two cent money*, and we also recommend that the Class leaders be instructed to collect and set the amount on the Class book opposite each member's name, as also all the collections called, per Discipline, for the Annual Conference, and publish the same once every quarter, that it may be seen who they are that work for God and his cause. We think it is time to give credit to those of our people who do work, so that God's cause may be glorified.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV RICHARD ROBINSON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE NO. 1.)

In treating upon Brother Robinson's life in our last, we left him returned to the Boston station the second time. He labors for the good of his people in that city for two years, and he now comes to the Annual Conference, which meets in the year 1847, in Bethel Church, New York. Every thing in relation to his church in Boston was in a flourishing condition, but he can serve them no longer as his two years have expired.

Conference having appointed to meet in New York, he once more resumes the labor and self-denial of an active and arduous worker in the army of Jehovah. Yes, he once more puts on the armor of invincibility, and with the sword of truth and might in his hand goes forth to battle against the mighty hosts of Satan. He stands up boldly in the breach and defies them in the name of the God of hosts. He knows of no danger, he looks at no sacrifice that he cannot make to try and snatch the poor sinner as brands from the burning. Oh that we had more Christian heroes of Brother Robinson's stamp to do the work that is now to do in our Church. Truly the harvest is great, but the laborers are few. In consequence of the want of the following New York Conference Minutes, viz.:—those of 1848, '49 and '50, we shall be compelled to stop the sketch of Father Robinson's life. Any of our brethren having them in their possession would oblige us greatly by sending us the above numbers. Those who do so will not only confer a favor on us, but will lay the Church under a lasting debt of gratitude in aiding her to bring to light the doings of one of her most worthy members.

BETHEL A M E SABBATH SCHOOL, 26th ANNIVERSARY.

The great Anniversary came off at Sansom Street Hall, on the 19th inst., according to arrangements. Long before the time every seat was occupied. When we arrived, we had to squeeze our way through an immense crowd. Every inch of the floor was occupied. We don't think the hall ever was so crowded before. All, or nearly all, had to stand up and rest against each other. We understand that there were at least one hundred that had to go away, not being able to gain an entrance. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Brother Jones, a Local Deacon of Zion Mission. Rev. Stephen Smith, the President of the Sabbath School Association, then made some pertinent remarks. The school then joined in a chorus. After this, John W. Cromwell delivered the introductory address. The scholars all acquitted themselves creditably. The singing was conducted by Prof. P. Shadd; assisted at the piano by young Mr. Seymour. The school deserve much praise.

PHILADELPHIA ITEMS.

Rev. Peter Gardiner, Elder of the Camden, New Jersey, circuit, has been very much indisposed for a week or more. We are glad to hear that he is somewhat better.

The Rev. William Alston, of the St. Thomas' Church, preached in Bethel Church last Sabbath afternoon, from these words, "I am that I am." We were not present on the occasion, but we are informed that he preached a very good discourse.

The Rev. Mr. Gibbs, of the 1st Presbyterian Church, (colored) has been indisposed for the last two or three weeks, so much so, that he has not been able to attend to his meetings.

Also Rev. Mr. Reeves, of the Lombard Street Presbyterian Church, was so unwell as to be unable to officiate on last Sabbath. There is considerable sickness in the city.

Our very active, energetic, efficient, and skilful Dr. Wilson, is kept constantly on the run. Some days he makes as high as fourteen and fifteen visits. May his life be long spared, that he may do good to the needy.

That kind-hearted and Christian woman, Sister Campbell, the wife of Rev. J. P. Campbell, has, for several weeks, been quite ill, and is not able to be out. We are glad to hear, however, of her improvement. Rev. A. L. Stanford's wife has been very low. At one time, she was thought to be dangerously ill. She is now much better.

COLORED SOLDIERS.

There is a considerable stir in our city in relation to colored soldiers. Some of these are going to join the Massachusetts company; and others are preparing to join in the anticipated company from this state. They are awaiting Governor Curtin's motion. It is thought that he is very favorable to it, and will do all he can for any such Company that may be raised in the State.

THE HAYTIEN MINISTER.

We are glad to learn that the Haytien minister has arrived safe in Washington. All hail and honor to Hayti. We see some notice in Brother H. M. T.'s correspondence, in relation to some of our people who are looking for him to mingle and associate with them. With almost the same propriety they might expect President Lincoln to do so. We hope, however, that it is not the case.

COLORED SOLDIERS.

Our colored soldiers prove themselves to be men. There has been a good many examples in our civil war of the cowardice of white soldiers on both the Union and Rebel side. But here let it be remembered that in every engagement in which colored men have taken part, they have done nobly. The expedition into Florida, up to the latest accounts, has proved a complete success.

They have already captured Jacksonville, a place from which the rebels drove the Federal troops some time since. From this it will be easily perceived that the colored people are doing more and better for their country than their white fellow-citizens. It is also stated, upon good authority, that they behaved well, and committed fewer acts of pillage than the whites are in the habit of committing. In choosing horses for military service, we have never heard it urged that white horses are better than black horses.

CONCERT IN AID OF THE UNION BAPTIST CHURCH

The celebrated Hutchinson family will sing for the benefit of said Church, on next Tuesday evening, March 31st, 1863. This is a laudable cause. It is to render assistance to the church, and ought to be patronized. The pastor, Rev. James Hamilton, is a Christian and a gentleman, and will be pleased to see the house full on the occasion. The price of admittance is only 25 cents, Children, 10 cents. A refreshment table will be spread in the lecture-room, supplied with the delicacies of the season—ice-cream, jellies, bon bons, &c.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—I am sorry that my engagements render it impossible for me to give you a regular correspondence, but I will drop you a few lines at all events, merely to call your attention to some of the more special items of things which are taking place.

The Haytien minister who has been here a few weeks, is attracting no little attention among all classes of society. Although I believe he confines himself strictly to the society of his diplomatic peers, he has sternly refused to receive visitors, unless those who rank equally with himself. I am informed that several of our people have called on him; but an interview was rejected upon the ground that he did not receive visitors. This course of proceedings I do not only think is justifiable, but highly commendable. I do not wish to be understood as advocating a policy looking to an aristocratical isolation of a man of my race, simply upon the ground that he holds a rank of elevation, but when an uninjuring separateness will effect an object far more advantageous in whom the isolation is made than could be by an open arm'd embrace, I think it should be done, regardless of the whims and frowns of the pride-touched parties. I have been asked by fifty persons, Why, have you not called on the Haytien minister? No! Why not? Ain't you going to? No! What's the reason? Because I have no business with him; furthermore, I think it impolite to do so. He did not come here to see me, nor to protect my interest in any way whatever; neither did he come here on a visiting excursion. I believe he has been the guest of Secretary Seward and some others.

Rev. Wm. T. Catto is in our city, and has preached some able discourses to our people. If the country did not know him, I might speak of some of his traits of character and his peculiar giftedness to the work of the ministry. He is certainly at home in the pulpit.

Dr. Gloucester, the brother of Rev. Mr. Gloucester, of Brooklyn, New York, is here, and has been holding interviews with President Lincoln nearly every day for over a week. He has also been the frequent guest of Mrs. Lincoln on one or two occasions. Governor Williams had the pleasure of introducing him to General Fremont, at which time he offered the General ten thousand colored soldiers to be known as the Fremont Legion. The General was highly elated at the offer, and most cordially congratulated the move in the colored people, and is anxious for the government to allow him to take the command of them.

I was never more shocked in my life than I was the other day, on hearing that Liberia had employed a white man to represent her to this government. If that be a fact, Hayti has knocked every laurel from her crown, and disgraced herself before God and man. I hope the report is false, because I have ever loved the name of Liberia from the first time that I understood it meant freedom to the black man. But if she has employed a white minister to perform the duties of a colored man, at the very place above all other places where colored representation is required, my sympathy is greatly diminished.

Prof. S. G. Brown has recovered again, and lectured before the Island Literary Association on Wednesday evening. I presume you will have a full report of it from one of the members.

The first Baptist Church is having a great revival, under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Madden.

Last Sabbath was a very disagreeable day, caused by the rain and hail, which in the afternoon fell very heavily. I must relate a circumstance which also occurred on that day, which is too important to go unnoticed. A certain preacher was invited by another to come and assist him with a meeting, and in the afternoon a very severe hail-storm began, and the invited preacher asked for the loan of an umbrella, as he was compelled to go home; but after the entire congregation refused to let him have one, though there were a great number on hand, he turned to the preacher in charge and asked the use of his, as he was at home, and the invited preacher had a long ways to go through the rain and hail then falling. But the preacher, who had invited the other, told him *he could not loan him his, for he was going to the city to-morrow and must have his umbrella.* I don't wish to narrate the whole affair, but if I had invited a dog to my house to have barked for me, I would have treated him with more gratitude. The whole affair was one of the grandest exhibitions of little-heartedness I have ever witnessed. H. M. T.

Washington, March 21st, 1863

For the Christian Recorder.

MR. EDITOR:—While we black ones are lawfully engaged in honest labor for the good of our peculiar craft, we have been aroused by an unusual alarm at the doors. The preservation of our honor bids us see that none pass without the countersign. Challenging the disturbers of our peace, we discovered that messengers, properly clothed and duly authenticated, stood waiting admission, that they might inform the colored men of Brooklyn and New York, that Uncle Sam wants something like three hundred strong black hands and true hearts, to stand by the government. But Jeff. Davis has involved the Republic in a bloody war; and twelve hundred brave white men have engaged in suppressing the rebellion, but there is a need of more men. The Southern districts have great numbers of material of war, but there is a lack of guiding genius among the blacks to give direction to the dark forces already there. Hence the need of colored men from the North, who are qualified by education and the habits of freedom to be officers to their brothers in the South. Therefore, they appeal to the colored men of the free States to enlist and take part in putting down the rebellion. It is clear, then, that these calls are fraught with great interest to the African race on the continent. Two meetings have been held in Bridge Street Church, at which Captain Francis of Gen Ullman's Brigade, and Burpee of Connecticut, made stirring appeals to the colored men to throw themselves into the contest, and strike for the liberty of their fellow beings. The house was well filled, containing some three hundred persons. The speeches were received with deafening applause. Rev. Dr. Pennington, W. Wells Brown, Mr. J. V. Givens, Dr. Perry, of New Bedford, Mass., all made stirring appeals to the patriotism of the race. Many colored men have enlisted, and more are getting ready to do so. Mr. Wells Brown has his recruiting office in Prince Street, New York, and is sending off men daily to Massachusetts, to fill up the 5th Regiment, who are in camp at Readville. There is more inducement in that state than this, as their families will be cared for, and they will receive the bounty as other soldiers of that state.

Captain Francis is raising a company of eighty, (colored) to drill for officers in the South Carolina Regiment under General Hunter. He wants picked men, and those who are good accountants. Our young men of education have a chance to display their abilities as scholars and soldiers, if they desire to do so.

Wendell Phillips delivered his celebrated lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture, in the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, on the 12th inst. Desirous of hearing the silver-tongued orator on his favorite theme, I found my way there through a dense concourse of people. I looked eagerly to see if there were many colored persons present; I think fifteen would be a sufficient number, designating all that were there. But the dense mass of whites were like bees, filling every place. The lecture was grand, and was well worth listening to. I wished that colored men would attend these places of instruction, instead of dancing and frolicking their time and money away, as is the custom in this part of the country. If there was anything in the character of the subject of this lecture, it was brought out by the speaker: and history records but few such characters.

Rev. R. H. Cain was the recipient of a generous donation in the way of a surprise. On the night of the 10th, he was awakened about midnight by singing, by a number of his members and friends, numbering sixty-five, with baskets and packages of good things; and after they were well arranged in the house, it was found that his apartments were not sufficient to hold all. But Rev. Charles H. Thompson that truly Christian gentleman, and his estimable lady, opened their apartments for the comfort of the guests, and there was a time of real joy and happiness in the company. A purse containing fifty-two dollars and seventy-five cents, was presented to Rev. Chas. H. Thompson, to be presented by him to Rev. Cain, in behalf of the members and friends as a token of their appreciation of his Christian character, and uprightness in their midst; and his untiring labors for the elevation of his people. I am informed that Mrs. Julia Tilton, Mrs. A. M. Brown, Mrs. Waterpool, F. Champion, and many other estimable ladies and gents., were the originators of this affair. It was truly a pleasant affair, the more so to Mr. Cain, as he has been, and is still having much to discourage him in his labors in meeting the wants of his church; having much opposition from his trustees, as I noted in my last communication. Being somewhat removed from the rush of the great city, I have to watch and gather my information as best I can. But from all I hear, I fear that there is trouble brewing in the Bridge Street Church. I have often concluded to become a member thereof, but the continual "rebellion" of the trustees has kept me back, for it seems to be a chronic disease with those ignorant men, to fight every intelligent man the conference sends them. And it is remarkable that the same men are always the ringleaders in all their disturbances; and always when there is money to be appropriated. Ten years ago they purchased the present property at thirteen thousand dollars, paying six thousand and leaving seven thousand debt. They have had two secessions, and re-unions, and law-suits; and paid five thousand and eight hundred dollars interest; and are now eight thousand and three hundred dollars in debt. With the same trustees managing the affairs, the church will never prosper. It is surely time these men should give way to better minds, that the church might redeem her character, and pay her debts, and have rest from their rebellious spirits.

The death of Edward E. Thomas fell upon us like a thunder-bolt. He was, on the eve of his death, flying about among his friends, full of life, till eight and a half o'clock, expecting to leave next morning for Washington. But that night, near twelve o'clock, his wife was startled by his calling out to her, and before she could alarm the inmates of the house, he was dead. Such is the life, and such is the death of man. Rest, thou noble one, thou died not as the fool dieth.

JUNIUS.

For the Christian Recorder.

A LESSON OF THE TIMES.

BY JAMES LYNCH.

Some years ago, a fierce wind swept over a village in Illinois; the destruction of houses was frated by many. As old setler remarked, "Ah! you can tell now whose '*housens*' are well built." Those badly built where strength gave place to beauty and ornament, were levelled to the earth; while those that had the essential stood. In a calm we hardly know how to measure men. A North river steamboat would beat a Trans-Atlantic steamer on a passage to Europe, if the ocean was as placid as the waters of the Hudson, and its winds and currents never any stronger, but start them out together to take things as they are, the North river boat if she even made Cape Race, she would make it in distress, and after the steamer had long passed the banks.

The stirring events of the hour, point upon a swiftly passing panorama, the characters of men and the parts they play. What is the character of those who play the most important part in national affairs? Who are those to whom the different parties of this nation instinctively turn for leadership in thought and action? Who are those who have brought to a hopeful stage that which they undertook? They are certainly not the men who always sail on the current, and turn with the wind, that like the spaniel, *kiss the foot* and *lick the hand of power for favor.* They are not the men who are afraid to hazard their popularity by expressing the honest convictions of their heart. They are not that everlasting deceitful set of men, who smile on everything and everybody, saying, I may have occasion to use this person or that. But they are men, (I speak now of men on either side, North or South) who always had an opinion, and dared to express it; men who always had convictions and dared to act them out. Mere cunning fails in *this* hour; it never makes a man truly great.

The men who are controlled by principle, today are the *strong men;* the men who hold in their hands the destinies of this nation on either side, they are the advance guard, the leaders of the opposing forces. Those who believe slavery to be wrong, and those who believe it to be right; those who say they will fight against it, and those who say they will fight for it, are the men who will fall heir to the laurels of victory that the present war shall bequeath.

There are always a class of men afraid of their pockets losing; their popularity waning; afraid of a new order of things; men who think of nothing else but self. These men style themselves "conservatives;" they are half-way men, like some in the church, they serve God half-way, and they go half-way to heaven. They go in for "moderation" in giving, or working, or improving. This class would be so "conservative," that if they were on board of a ship, and if it was necessary to throw the *whole* of her rich cargo overboard, they would insist that only half go overboard.

This class of men existed in the Bethel Church of Baltimore, during the great rebellion some years ago. They declared their desire for the union of the church, but showed no danger with the elder (now Bishop Payne) to preserve it; yes, more, they would use that devotion as a cover for their attacks upon his administration. The known history of men will tell whether they were men who made their mark for usefulness as members of society, or servants of God.

An exactly similar class are struggling for power to-day in this nation; men of no principle, but ready to sail on any current that will bear them safely to power. They cry union, and under the assumed mantle of their devotion, conceal their weapons to destroy the very power that defends it.

Thank God, this class of men who have no guiding star of principle, who sit by time's ever rolling stream, catching at expedients, watching winds and currents, can have no permanent success; but for the want of a foundation will lie a mouldering mass of ruins, an awful wreck; a solemn warning.

Baltimore, Md.

For the Christian Recorder.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved, but he that believeth not, shall be damned." Mark xvi. 15, 16.

In this essay I propose to notice the sphere of action in which the minister of Christ is to preach. This is plainly exhibited in the command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world, &c."

First I remark that the signification of the term "world," has been a ground of much dispute, even among the learned. Many, by comparing Scripture facts and statements with the result of astronomical researches, have differed in opinion concerning it. The Scripture informs us that there are "worlds." As in the Epistle of Paul to the Hebrews, 1st chapter and 25th verse we read, that God hath appointed his Son, "heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds." And again in the 11th chapter and 3d verse, "Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God." And then by astronomical researches, ancient and modern, are brought to view worlds innumerable. This truth has given rise to several inquiries, such as the following: Which of the "worlds" did the Saviour mean in the command? Did he intend to embrace the entire system of created beings and things, or only the present world in which we dwell? Are the inhabitants of all those worlds which have been discovered, the offspring of the same parents, Adam and Eve? Do they partake of the misery and guilt that results from the fall in consequence of Adam's disobedience? And if so, are they redeemed by the same atoning acts and sacrifice of Christ that we claim as the means of our restoration to God? Now if these questions could be answered in the affirmative, there would arise another of equal importance. And that is; will not the inhabitants of those worlds be affected by the same means, in the same manner, and at the same time that our world will be in the general resurrection? These are weighty questions, worthy of the serious and solemn attention of the most profound and devout Christian reasoner; questions, which I should be glad to see answered beyond successful contradiction,—and thereby much of the controversy now existing in the Christian world would be brought to a close. With these remarks I am brought to notice more particularly what I conceive to have been the Saviour's meaning, when he commanded his Apostles or first preachers,—"Go ye into all the world." Now at the time of giving this command he was in the land of Judah. And among the Jews it was held unlawful for this gospel of the kingdom to be preached to the Gentiles. The Jewish nation according to their notion of things maintained the idea that the authority and reign of the Messiah was to be confined among them. Hence, he who is the Saviour of all who will come unto him, intended not only to throw down the middle wall of partition from between Jew and Gentile, but to destroy even the idea so prevalent among them, that happiness was only reserved or procured for a particular nation, sect or party. And for this purpose he commanded his ambassadors to "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." And in support of this great truth we have the following encouraging words in John 1st chapter, 17th verse, "For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

This command of Christ, universal in its application, destroys the Jewish notion of a circumscribed religious community, and establishes a universal Christian commonwealth in the prospective, which is to include all the inhabited parts of earth. Therefore my conclusion is that the sphere of action for the Christian ministry has no other bounds but the boundaries of earth. The great design of the Christian Institution is to bring all mankind, without any exception, to a saving knowledge of the truth. National or geographical boundaries and religious creeds have no further to do with the sphere of action in which the minister of Christ is to operate, than what is prescribed in this command. Christian organizations are to oversee and attend to his moral and religious character, but are to use every possible means to speed him on his mission. And while the Christian minister is to respect the organization with which he is connected, this organization should be in strict keeping with the command of Christ the head of the church.

Thirdly I remark that the term "world," as it is often used in Scripture, is ambiguous, or has various significations. Sometimes it means a multitude, as in John xii. 19, "Behold, the world is gone after him;" sometimes it is put for all mankind who are not Christians, as in John xvii 21, "That the world may believe that thou hast sent me;" in James iii. 6, "The tongue is called a world of iniquity;" and in Mark viii 36, "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul;" here a multitude of things is meant, such as riches, honors and pleasures of the world, &c. Thus various are the objects to which the term world is applied. But the Saviour's meaning in this command, "Go ye into all the world," is obvious from the general sense of the Christianized part of mankind relative to the teachings of the Bible. As in the parable of the sower, Matthew xiii 24. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a man who sowed good seed in his field," &c. Notice especially the thirty-eighth verse, when the Saviour in explaining the parable, says, "The field is the world," and so on to the forty-fourth verse, and by comparing this parable with the Saviour's command, we arrive at the conclusion that by the term world,' he meant to embrace all lands as far as sinful man is found; and so far extends the sphere of action for the Christian ministry. There is no gospel limit in the bounds of mercy. One is commensurate with the other. I conclude, therefore, that the great object of church organization should be to equip proper persons to engage in the great work of obeying the Saviour's command, and her legislation should be in strict keeping with the Divine injunction. For of all work that of the Christian minister is the greatest. And the church should ever keep a strict watch over the character and conduct of those who are admitted in to this great work. More anon.

N B MR EDITOR:—The above was intended to appear as the second essay of the course, but when first sent it did not reach your office, in consequence of which, that which should have been third appeared as the second. Those of your readers who are interested in the readings of the same, will profit by re-examining them in order, viz.

I. The command, by whom, and to whom given. (See No. 2 of CHRISTIAN RECORDER.)
II The sphere of action. (See the present number.)
III. The work of the Ministry (See No. 9.)

Yours, W NAZREY.

For the Christian Recorder.

FROM THE EAST.

MR EDITOR:—In a communication before this I promised to give you further particulars in relation to our protracted meeting. And this will inform you and the friends in gen that our effort is still going on, under Go it remains to be said when it will stop. This revival is not a fiction of the brai excitement of the moment; but the work ma truly be the Lord's; for sinners are convicted and mourners converted, and believers are receiving new strength, and members that have not spoken to each other for years are seen shouting the praises of God together, joined hand in hand, and over one hundred have been converted, and profess hope in Christ. Eighty have been added to the church, and the work of the Lord is still progressing onward. Brother Rue baptized eighteen on Sabbath, by immersion. Though the waves were heavy, yet He that was with Israel in the Red Sea was with the assembly during the services. In the evening the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered in the church, at which time four others were baptized by sprinkling. And truly we may say the Lord is good to his people; for such a time never was known in Boston before. We are happy to add that the work is not confined to our church and people, but the Lord is pouring out his Spirit amongst other churches in the vicinity. White and colored are coming to Christ, asking the way of salvation. Pray for us. The Lord head the army, and the work will be well done.

Yours truly in Christ,
J. P. TURNER.

Boston, March 11th, 1863.

For the Christian Recorder.

REV. E. WEAVER:—DEAR BROTHER:—I am a long time in fulfilling my promise to write, but really there are so many privations in this life, and so many "ups and downs," that a body almost forgets their own friends sometimes.

Our city is prosperous in many respects, although it has been and still is quite sickly. Many of our colored friends have died, and quite a number of little children have gone to their eternal home. With some people neither the mercies nor judgments of God move them to repentance, and hence, like Gallio of old, "they care for none of these things." The churches of the city are in rather a lukewarm condition, and no special interest manifest. The reason, probably, is in consequence of the severe trials they had to pass through. The cause of Christ has been made to bleed afresh in several instances this winter, and our hope at times has been very low. But while this is one view of the case, there is, as in other cases, a more desirable side to be looked at. There are, amid all these surroundings, a few names, "even in Sardis," that have "not defiled their garments," and they feel to claim the ancient promise, they shall "walk with me in white, for they are worthy." Oh that the church had many, very many more such willing and obedient souls. If such were the case, harps would not hang upon the willows, and dulness and formality would not abound. Then the Lord of Zion would dwell in power and great glory in the assembly of His people. Shall I say, in conclusion, that these few willing souls are still hopeful, and that they are waiting the good time when the Lord will revive his work, and give them a season of rejoicing? Let those who love the cause, 'Pray for the peace of Jerusalem," that the cause of our God may triumph, and the year of His redeemed come.

Yours in Gospel bonds,
A. MCINTOSH.

Chicago, March 13th, 1863.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, March 4th, 1863, Mr. James K Polk Hall, a young man of very excellent qualities and fine manners. He was a young man who was highly esteemed by tho who knew Judge Dunlap and family, in whose employ he was when taken sick, and remained there until death, or until he was removed to the tomb, which was to-day. This young man did not profess to be a Christian, but was strictly moral while sick. He was deeply concerned about his soul, and before death appeared perfectly resigned to the will of God, and had no fear of death. A few minutes before he died he asked for his mother, who was not present. He said he was going home. This he said several times just before he died.

Bro. Weaver, if ever we pleaded with God for the salvation of a soul, it was Saturday, when we saw that young man contending with death. We asked God to be with him in death, and we believe that our prayer was heard. His death was very peaceful. We believe that the presence of God calmed Jordan whilst he passed over, and to-day we believe he is numbered with the just men made perfect.

Sister Bird, a member of the Baptist church, and but a few months ago from or about Fredericksburg, Va., departed this life, March 21st, 1863. Her remains were interred on Sunday. We could not be present, (we were very sorry,) but we learn that the exercises were very solemn. Death is very prevalent in Georgetown, D. C.

H J RHODES.

A COUNTRY paper, speaking of a person who is lecturing in order to get means to obtai education, a contemporary says there are professional lecturers who should devote roceeds of their lectures to a similar purp

For the Christian Recorder.

LAWRENCE CORRESPONDENCE

MR. EDITOR:—I communicate a few lines to your paper, to inform your numerous readers of the state of things in Lawrence mission, and matters occurring in general. Our second quarterly meeting came off on the 7th and 8th of this month. The Lord was pleased to pour out his Spirit upon us, and there was one conversion and five accessions to the church. We have been protracting the meeting ever since, and there have been four conversions, and seven joined the church since the quarterly meeting, and the work still goes gloriously on. There were 78 souls at the altar of prayer last night, and they professed to obtain pardon of sins. God seems to be moving powerfully by his Spirit upon the hearts of the people.

Three young colored men were arrested last week, and lodged in jail, for entering into Missouri and jayhawking horses and cattle belonging to union men, contrary to law. One turned states evidence against the rest, and implicated one R. W. White, a colored man who has been teaching school here for some time, and retained a good reputation among the people. He has left for parts unknown, and we are destitute of a teacher at present.

The 8th session of Kansas Annual Conference met in this city on the 11th of this month, with Bishop E. R. Ames, presiding in the chair. The Bishop seems to be unusually endowed with executive ability, and undoubtedly is the right man in the right place. There were about 60 members present. The business was despatched with great haste, and closed in five days. I mentioned the organization of the Chapel Relief Society in my last communication. It was permanently organized, and a most excellent address was delivered to the society, by Mr. E. Hill, formerly of Ohio. The effort was an able one. Indeed Mr. H. possesses qualities of mind that will prove a blessing to our people, if rightly applied.

I enclose to you $1 50 on Lewis N. Johnson's subscription, and fifty cents donated to the paper, by Mr. E. Hill. I keep the Recorder before the people, and it is becoming to be a welcome visitor to them. More anon.

J. M. W.

Lawrence, Kansas, March 16th, 1863.

MOZART.

Weber, in some fine articles which appeared year before last in the *Revue Germanique*, gave a great deal of valuable information on Mozart's habits of study, thought and labor. He loved the open air. He said nature and living in the open air favored the development of his ideas. He wrote the greatest part of *Don Giovanni* at Prague, in the garden of a friend, playing at nine pins; leaving his writing when it was his turn to play, and then returning to the writing. But he returned to *writing*, not *composing*; for, like Casimir de la Vigne, he composed every thing in his head without touching an instrument, or writing down anything but a slight outline or sketch. He hated the mechanical labor of writing, and never put a composition on paper while it was complete in his mind. That is why he seemed to create his works with such ease.

"Any one is sadly mistaken," he often said, "who supposes that my art is easy to me."

Poor great Mozart! He died in great poverty, and his burial was a sorrowful one. He had brain fever; and after keen suffering he fell asleep peacefully, at one o'clock, on the morning of the 5th of December, 1791. On the 6th of December, at three o'clock in the afternoon, his body was carried to the Metropolitan Church at Vienna, where the customary prayers were said over it in a side chapel. When the little funeral left the church, it was raining and snowing fiercely, and the storm continued with such violence, that on arriving at the gates of the city, the few friends who had followed poor Mozart's remains thus far, resolved to return,—thus the body went to the grave unattended by a single relative or friend. No loved or loving one stood on the edge of the grave, as the coffin was lowered into the ground. The man who had charge of the sad business hustled him into a common grave with a dozen or more coffins in it, covered over the opening and hurried off without even doing so little as to mark where he had laid the poor great Mozart!

And Constance Weber, Mozart's patient, devoted wife, where was she? Ill.—So ill when her husband died, as to be blessedly unconscious of his burial. But after awhile she recovered, and when she went with weak, faint steps to her husband's grave, the unhappy woman found that the gravemaker had not the faintest recollection of where he had buried him.

And to this day nor Vienna, nor any one in the world knows where the great Mozart lies buried!—*Dwight's Journal.*

Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

FRENCH NOTIONS OF AMERICAN GEOGRAPHY

We translate from the *Almanach du Magasin Pittoresque* the following paragraph contained in an abstract of events of the war in the United States:

May 23d.—The Federal troops assembled at Harper's Ferry, cross the Potomac, and, after a first engagement occupy Alexandria.

May 27th.—The Federals, commanded by General Banks, experienced a first reverse. They recross the Potomac and fall back upon Williamsburg.

May 30th and 31st.—A great battle is fought near Richmond. On the first day the advantage remains with the Confederates; on the second day they experience considerable loss, and abandon Corinth.

After seven days of bloody fighting near Richmond (June 28th to 29th) 95,000 Federals, commanded by McClellan, retire before the Confederate army, which, with reinforcements brought by Generals Beauregard and Jackson, have been increased to 185,000 men. They take position on the James river, seventeen miles from Charleston.

We learn from the cover of the book which has furnished the foregoing gems, that "The Central Committee of Primary Instruction in the city of Paris, has placed the *Magasin Pittoresque* on the list of books proper to be given as prizes in the public schools."

The *Times* has lost the name and the power of "The Thunderer," and as one of English descent recently said the only thing the *Times* does "like thunder" is to lie.

BREVITY.

It is said of the three most influential members of the Convention that formed the Constitution of the United States, that in all the debates of that body, no one of them made a speech of more than twenty minutes. We have good authority for stating that Alexander Hamilton, though reckoned among the more diffuse orators of his day, did not occupy more than two hours and a half in his longest argument on the trial of a cause, and his rival, Aaron Burr, not more than an hour and a quarter. A judge, who was intimately acquainted with Burr and his practice, confirmed this statement, adding that within his knowledge this advocate repeatedly and successfully disposed of cases involving a large amount of property in half an hour. "Indeed," said he, "on one occasion he talked to the jury seven minutes in such a manner that it took me, on the bench, half an hour to straighten them out." He added, "I once asked him, 'Colonel Burr, why cannot lawyer always save the time and spare the patience of the court and jury by dwelling only on the most important points in their cases?'—to which Burr replied, 'Sir, you demand the greatest faculty of the human mind, selection.'" He is well known to have been one of the most effective advocates in his time.

HINTS ABOUT PIANOS.

If the pianoforte be the instrument of use bring it out from the wall, so that a free space is before you when you sing or play. Never sit up against a wall, if you can help it, or subject your friends to this sore trial. Moreover, never lumber a piano with music and books; it is on artistic. Above all, keep your piano in tune. If an instrument is worth having, it is worth being kept in good order. You cannot have a piano out of tune without getting your ear out of one; and if a singer, your voice.

A very awkward accompaniment of the pianoforte is the piano-stool. It is clumsy and heavy to move; has a special faculty for upsetting; the screw is often in a crippled state; and at best, is a hat an insecure, uncomfortable, and shaky contrivance. A seat of far greater convenience and elegance at the piano, particularly with the present flowing style of ladies' dresses, is an ottoman-shaped seat, somewhat long, like an organ-bench, but tastefully modelled. It should of course be made for the purpose, and of the right height. The most comfortable off-hand or improvised seat is a cane chair; and, by the way, let us suggest to gentlemen never to sit on a piano-stool. The dignity of but few men is equal to the situation of a perch on such a tripod, with the coat-tails hanging down behind; a chair, by all means!—*Once a Month.*

IMPROVEMENT IN SOUPS.

The Neapolitans always add grated cheese to Bouillon, maccaroni, and vermicelli soups, and thus very much enrich them in flavor and nutritive value. An insipid soup may thus be at once rendered quite palatable, and if crumbs of toasted bread are added, quite a substantial dish may be made of it. Those of your readers who wish to practise economy at the table—and I presume there are many such—will find they can save at least half the meat they would otherwise consume, by introducing a good soup at their dinners. The making of soup from the previous day's dinner is well known to all housekeepers, though all do not know how to make the most of these materials. We will here merely suggest the trial of the one additional article above named, as it may be put in by those who like it; the grated cheese being placed on the table, a comparison of the soup with and without the cheese may be readily instituted. From one to two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese to a plate of soup is the proportion. Try it once, and you will be sure to repeat the experiment. Pieces of cheese that have become dry may be used up to great advantage. The Neapolitans use parmesan, but any cheese will answer—we like the Dutch for this purpose, as it is dry, salt, and high flavored. The French highly value soups, and many of the poorer classes have hardly any other food than soup and bread.—*N. E. Farmer.*

A weak stomach, indicated by a poor appetite, may be able to convert a small amount of food into pure, invigorating blood; but if too much is eaten, the attempt to "get through it all" is made, blood is manufactured, but it is an imperfect blood, it is vitiated, and mixing with that already in the system, at every beat of the heart, the whole mass is corrupted, and "I am ailing all over," is the expressive description. In another set of cases there is a morbid appetite; the unhappy dyspeptic is always hungry; and finding that he feels best while eating, and for a brief space afterward, he is always eating and always dying. To hear him talk, you would imagine he could not possibly live long, and yet he does live and grows old in his miseries. Such may reasonably expect a cure. 1st. By eating very moderately at three specified times each day, and not an atom at any other; then in less than a fortnight sometimes these cravings will cease. 2d. Spend a large portion of daylight in agreeable out-door activities.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE, BALTIMORE.

Did you ever preach to 350 boys and girls, who are shut up for correction and reformation by law, and yet who are as tenderly cared for and instructed as most children are at home? Blessings on the head of the man who invented the House of Refuge! It is not a Penitentiary, nor exactly a Free School. It is an institution in which bad, forsaken, and neglected children are boarded and taught at the public expense; where little street beggars, wharf rats, petty thieves, young pickpockets and forgers as well as juvenile market house loafers, and incorrigible bad youngsters at home, are put, to learn better manners or to be saved from ruin and starvation. There are some there, however, who have committed no crime, but have been picked up in the street, or found sleeping under a porch, because they had no home, or had been abandoned by their wretched parents. We have 350 of all characters in our 'Refuge,' and a happy, well fed and well instructed generation they seem to be. They are taught trades, as well as the plain branches of education, and at 21 years of age, they are apprenticed to good masters at a distance from the city. Many of the first inmates have become respectable citizens, and owe all they are and have to the benign influences of this institution.

The building is over 300 feet in length, and 75 in depth, and is, in all respects, admirably adapted to the purpose. Its school-rooms, work-shops, dormitories, kitchens, dining-halls, offices, and every thing else necessary to such an immense establishment, are perfect. Its superintendent and subordinates have the highest qualifications for their positions, and if any one wants to see order, neatness, efficiency and the most complete system, let him visit this place.

Four different trades are taught, so that every boy and girl in going out, has the means of obtaining a livelihood, if necessary. But their mental training is not neglected. Four hours every day are spent in school; but more than this, special attention is paid to the cultivation of music, and this is a feature that is not universal in such establishments. *Every one* of the pupils is taught to sing *by note*; every one has the note book in his hand during worship, and they sing four parts capitally. In addition to this vocal music, there is an instrumental band of twenty, who have made such proficiency in the highest style of music, as to give public concerts which elicit the admiration of professional connoisseurs. They are taught by a regular professor, who I know is particularly exacting, and insists upon the most thorough training and complete understanding of the subject. He would not let a boy join the band who blew a false note, or was out of time a second. The result is, they become as perfect as boys can, and some of the former inmates are teachers of music in the country, and others are members of bands in the army. Thus many a youth has been rescued from a vicious life and disgrace, and elevated to a respectable position through the wholesome agency of this establishment.

The house was built and the whole concern is supported conjointly by the State, the city and private subscriptions. Everybody knows its 'saving benefits,' and hence no objection is made to large appropriations by the authorities. We pay the tax cheerfully, for we know its good results.

But the most important feature of all is, its religious character. I will say nothing of the week-day services, and only notice the Sunday exercises. At least four hours every Sunday are spent in church, not in a continuous session, nor in hearing long sermons, but the hours are judiciously divided, so that the youngsters never grow weary, and more than half of the time is spent in vocal music! They are taught to sing with an organ accompaniment and their time is admirable. It is interesting to see them all with note book in hand *reading* the music while singing. Religious truth is *sung* into them, when preaching often fails. They are compelled to be attentive to the preaching, but they seem, like some older people, to be glad when it is over, that they may take to their singing.

Their public exhibitions in the city, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, and dialogues, always attract immense audiences, and some of them display talents in all these departments, which, if cultivated, would fit them to shine in higher departments of the arts, musical and theatrical.

VERO ARTICUS.

Domestic Items.

Rebel Congressional Peace Proposition.—Confederate States Congress.—March 11, 1863.—Mr. Conrad offered the following peace preamble and resolution.

Whereas, The present Administration of the United States, by its reckless disregard of all constitutional restraints, by its persistent efforts to subvert the institutions of these States and the ferocious war which it is waging for that purpose, has more than realised the worst apprehensions of our people, and fully justified their wisdom and foresight, in averting, by a timely separation from the Union, the calamities which a longer continuance in it would have rendered inevitable; and whereas, a portion of the people of the United States have recently manifested their disapproval of the war, of the objects for which and the manner in which it is conducted, and their desire for its speedy termination, and several foreign Powers, notably the Government of France, have expressed a similar desire. Now, therefore, the Congress of the Confederate States, deeply impressed with the conviction that it is their duty to leave no means untried to put an end to a contest injurious to the civilized world and disastrous to the parties engaged, believing that its prolongation can only tend to embitter and perpetuate feelings of hostility between States which, however politically disunited, must ever be intimately connected by identity of language and of religion, and by the immutable laws of geographical amity and of mutual demand and supply, deem the present time, when there is a momentary pause in the conflict, a suitable one to utter the words of peace. The Senate and House of Representatives of the Confederate States do therefore resolve, that they will cordially co-operate with the Executive in any measures it may adopt, consistent with the honor, the dignity, and the independence of these States, tending to a speedy restoration of the peace with all or with any of the States of the Federal Union.

The resolution was referred without debate to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

From Texas.—The Rebels in a Deplorable Condition.—The Union Men Defiant.—Emigration to Mexico.—Plans of the Rebels.—Fayetteville, Ark., March 17.—An intelligent gentleman from Texas, arrived here this morning, represents the rebels of that State in a most deplorable condition. The Union men openly denounce the Confederacy. A large party is trying to raise the Lone Star, and companies of colonists are being formed to go into Mexico. A prominent rebel officer, who came to this place with a flag of truce this morning, also expressed the opinion that should the cause of the South fail, they will retire into Mexico, and establish a Republic under a French protectorate.

Navigation.—The water, says the Philadelphia *Press*, has been let into the Schuylkill canal, and the whole line is now ready for transportation. Several boats have already arrived from below. The tolls on the canal have been fixed at seventy-three cents per ton from Port Carbon to Philadelphia, and seventy cents from Schuylkill Haven. The Delaware and Raritan Canal will, we learn, be ready for navigation about the 11th inst.

Army of the Potomac.—Cavalry dash across the Rappahannock.—Headquarters Army of the Potomac, March 18.—A most brilliant cavalry fight occurred on the Rappahannock yesterday, beyond Kelly's Ford. A reconnoissance, under the command of Gen. Averill, forced a passage over the river in the face of a determined resistance of a considerable body of sharpshooters, who were covered by houses, rifle-pits, and a dry mill-race with an abattis in front. The ford admitted but a single horseman at a time, and the stream was swollen and rapid. Arriving on the south side of the river, our cavalry charged the enemy in their intrenchments, killing and capturing nearly the entire force, besides securing a large number of horses picketed near by. A short distance from the shore Gen. Averill's command encountered the rebel cavalry under Gens. Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee, who had hastened from Culpeper to prevent our passage. They made some dashing charges upon our troops, who repulsed, and in turn charged them with fatal effect, using sabres only in the conflict. Whenever the enemy made a stand they were immediately charged upon and routed from their position with severe loss.

The battle lasted about five hours, and was a series of charges and hand-to-hand conflicts, resulting in the enemy falling back. The force engaged was about two thousand on each side. The enemy at last took refuge behind an intrenched battery, about four miles from the ford, flanked by rifle pits and abattis. Gen. Averill having accomplished his object, and securing his prisoners, the wounded on both sides, and a large number of horses, re-crossed the river without attack or demonstration on the part of the rebels, who were so badly whipped that they could not follow to annoy him.

Among the prisoners is Major Breckinridge, cousin of the traitor John C. Breckinridge. The prisoners characterize the affair on our part as one of the ablest and most gallantly-fought cavalry raids of the whole war, and admit that their own troops were totally demoralized by the gallant sabre charges of our cavalry.

About eighty prisoners have been brought in. The wounded of the enemy bear sufficient marks that the sabre was the only weapon used on our side.

Important Southern Rumor.—Repulse of Com. Farragut at Port Hudson.—Fortress Monroe, March 18th.—The Richmond papers of yesterday, copies of which have been received here, say that, on the 14th inst., Com. Farragut attacked Port Hudson and was repulsed.

The United States steam sloop-of-war Mississippi was burnt, and Com. Farragut went down the river in his flag ship, which was disabled.

Capture of the City of Mexico by the French.—Fortress Monroe, March 19th.—The Richmond papers contain the news of the capture of the City of Mexico by the French Army.

Death of General Sumner.—This distinguished officer died after a very brief illness, in Syracuse, N. Y., on Saturday morning last.

A contemporary furnishes the following brief sketch of his career as a soldier:

He entered the army as Second Lieutenant of Infantry March 3d, 1819; was promoted to First Lieutenancy in 1823; appointed Assistant Commissary of Subsistence in 1827, promoted to a Captaincy of Dragoons in 1833, and appointed Major of the Second Dragoons 1846. He received a brevet as Lieutenant Colonel for his conduct at Cerro Gordo, where he commanded the Mounted Rifle Regiment, and was wounded. He recovered rapidly, and took part in the subsequent battles in Mexico, receiving a brevet as Colonel for his gallantry at Molino del Rey. In 1848 he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the First Dragoons, and in 1855 Colonel of the First Cavalry. In 1857 he commanded and was distinguished in an expedition against the Cheyenne Indians in Kansas. He was the first Brigadier General in the regular army appointed by President Lincoln having received his commission March 16th, 1861. Soon afterwards he was made a Major General of Volunteers. He commanded a division and afterwards a corps in the Army of the Potomac, and took a prominent part in all the great battles it was engaged in. After the battle of Fredericksburg, he was relieved at his own request, and a few days ago was assigned to a very important command west of the Mississippi. He was a thorough soldier, and had probably seen more hard service than any officer of his age living. By his death the nation loses one of its best Generals.

Calling on the President.—We find in an exchange, a story of the Executive, which must be true, and is very suggestive. The writer says that an officer under the government called one day at the Executive mansion, accompanied by a clerical friend. "Mr. President," said he, "Allow me to present to you my friend, the Rev. Mr. F., of ——. Mr. F. has expressed a desire to see you, and have some conversation with you, and I am happy to be the means of introducing him." The President shook hands with Mr. F., and desiring him to be seated, took a seat himself. Then—his countenance having assumed an expression of patient waiting—he said: 'I am now ready to hear what you have to say.' "O bless you, sir!" said Mr. F., "I have nothing special to say. I merely called to pay my respects to you, and, as one of the million, to assure you of my hearty sympathy and support." "My dear sir," said the President, rising promptly—his face showing instant relief, and with both hands grasping that of his visitor—"I am very glad to see you; I am *very* glad to see you indeed. I thought you had come to preach to me!"

The Treaty with Liberia.—Washington, March 23d.—The treaty between the United States and Liberia is officially promulgated. There is to be a perpetual peace and friendship, and reciprocal freedom of commerce between them.

The Latest.—The Attack on Port Hudson.—Southwest Pass, La., March 15th.—[By telegraph from Baton Rouge, March 15.] Commodore Farragut, leading in the Hartford, passed the Port Hudson batteries last night at eleven o'clock, with his fleet. The steamer Mississippi ran aground, and was abandoned and burned. The firing on both sides was rapid and severe. The army is within three miles of the enemy's works, in good spirits.

Cavalry skirmishes are the only fighting yet.

Married.

On the 15th inst., by Rev. John Turner, Mr. John C. Carter, to Miss Elizabeth Pulliam, both of Leavenworth city, Kansas.

On March 19th, 1863, by the Rev. H. J. Rhodes, Mr. Eli Brewer, to Miss Adela Lee.

Church Directory

OF

PHILADELPHIA.

FIRST (COLORED) PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH Seventh Street, below Shippen.

SERVICE.

Morning, - - - - - 10½ o'clock.
Afternoon, - - - - - 3 o'clock.

LECTURES every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, at the BENEZET HALL, Seventh Street, below Lombard Street.

JONATHAN C. GIBBS, Pastor,
107 North Fifth Street.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

The Sabbath School connected with this Church meets at nine o'clock in the morning, and at half-past one in the afternoon.

JACOB C. WHITE, Superintendent.

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Lombard Street, below Ninth.

SERVICE.

Morning, Prayer Meeting, - - - 10½ o'clock.
Preaching, afternoon, - - - 3 o'clock.
Preaching, evening, - - - 7½ o'clock.

LECTURE every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.

JOHN R. REEVES, Pastor,
Residence—907 Lombard St.

A. M. E. UNION CHURCH.—Coates Street, below Fifth St.

HOURS OF DIVINE SERVICE.

Preaching at - - - - - 10 A. M.
" - - - - - 3 P. M.
" - - - - - 7 P. M.

Preaching on every Thursday evening.
Class on Sabbath, at 12 o'clock, M.
" Monday evening, at 7 o'clock.
" Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, A. M., and at half-past 1 o'clock, P. M.

REV. HENRY DAVIS, Minister in Charge,
Residence—No. 8th Wood Street.

Advertisements.

ALGER'S

PRONOUNCING BIBLE.

IN WHICH

THE PROPER NAMES, AND NUMEROUS OTHER WORDS, BEING ACCURATELY ACCENTED IN THE TEXT, AND DIVIDED INTO SYLLABLES, AS THEY OUGHT TO BE PRONOUNCED,

According to the Orthoepy of John Walker.

BY ISRAEL ALGER, JUN., A. M.

922 PAGES, 12MO. PRICE $1.00. WITH METRICAL PSALMS, $1.06.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From the Christian Instructor, Phila., Nov. 22, 1860.

This edition of the Bible has been for years before the public, and yet it was not till the other day that our attention was drawn to it so as to lead to an examination. The text is the commonly received translation of King James, and the only peculiarity is its assistance in the manner of pronunciation. All proper names and many other words are divided into syllables and accented as they ought to be pronounced, according to the orthoepy of John Walker contained in his critical Pronouncing Dictionary. The Bible certainly deserves to be read well, and yet no one can do so without hear and careful study.

This work of reading the Scriptures correctly cannot be commenced too early and we would recommend parents to get pronouncing Bibles for their children, so that in reading verse about in the family, the process of training might begin. In Bibles once the pupils should be taught first to read the passage correctly—what is not too teachers can do themselves, without some such help as this. Indeed if many congregations would place a copy of the Pronouncing Bible in the pulpit for their pastors to read from they [illegible] Mr. W. [illegible] of this city, has Alger's Pronouncing Bible in different sizes and styles of binding, and at reasonable prices.

From Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Pastor of the Church in Hollis St., Boston, to the publishers.

Next in value to those things that help us to a correct understanding of the documents of our religion, are those which help us to a correct reading of them. Ignorance in the pronunciation of many words in the Sacred Volume, especially of proper names, is an evil that is not confined to families at their domestic devotions; it finds its way into our meetinghouses, and even intrudes itself into too many of our pulpits, producing in the church a *diversity of tongues* that is a proof of any thing but apostolic gifts. Every judicious effort to remedy this evil deserves, and will meet, the approbation and patronage of an enlightened Christian community,—and I am gratified to find that Mr. Alger's edition of the New Testament in which Walker's pronunciation has been indicated in the text, has so far succeeded as to encourage you to publish the whole Bible upon the same plan.

In the pronunciation of the *Hebrew* names that occur in the Holy Scriptures, I should not, indeed, consider myself bound by the authority of Walker so implicitly as when it is applied to the pronunciation of the English language generally, or of Greek and Latin proper names. In the pronunciation of the Hebrew names, however, I should very infrequently depart from his authority, and, so long as there is no higher standard than his, accessible to the great proportion even of well educated Christians, much will be done [illegible] and more, when the pronunciation of our vernacular tongue shall be obtruded upon their notice whenever they consult the oracles of life.

From Mr. Alger's industry, and his well known accuracy in providing works of this kind I am persuaded that the public will be furnished with as correct an edition of the work which you have in hand as can reasonably be expected from any man; and I heartily wish you success in your laudable enterprise.

Yours respectfully, JOHN PIERPONT.

From Mr. Bailey, Principal of the Franklin English Grammar School, to Nassau St.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

Having examined attentively and with much satisfaction, the *Pronouncing Introduction, Reader and Testament*, I am pleased to learn that you contemplate publishing an Edition of the whole Bible on the same plan. [illegible] the correct pronunciation of words; but in first books and especially in the Bible they must be highly useful. It is of great importance that children be early accustomed to conform to a correct standard of orthoepy; and we cannot conceal the fact, if we would, that almost a total disregard to accuracy and system, in this particular, prevails, not only in families and common schools, but also in too many of our own circles and citizens. Believing that the Pronouncing Bible may do much to remedy this evil, and especially to [illegible] correct and uniform pronunciation of the Hebrew names, I hope you may receive a liberal patronage to your undertaking.

Respectfully yours, &c., EBENEZER BAILEY.

From Rev. J. L. Blake, Rector of St. Matthew's Church and Proprietor of a Young Ladies Seminary, in Boston, to the publishers.

I am much pleased in learning that you contemplate an edition of the whole Bible on the plan of the "*Pronouncing Testament.*" If the artificial accentuation of school books generally would be objectionable, from its tendency to hinder the proper exercise of judgment and memory, with the young in acquiring a classical and proper pronunciation of the English language, it cannot be objectionable in regard to the Bible and Testament, which, in schools, are used chiefly, and as class-books in connexion with devotional exercises, and in families and Sunday-schools under circumstances that do not admit of regular instruction to the reader. And, moreover, it is believed that such of the younger members of a family [illegible] with a Bible on the plan of the Pronouncing Testament [illegible] in reading by turns the chapters preparatory to morning and evening prayer, they would soon acquire an accuracy and elegance of pronunciation not usually witnessed—and, judging from my own experience, I should have no hesitation in saying that the older members of most families might find a benefit in like manner from the habitual use of such a Bible. The Pronouncing Testament will be a sufficient guarantee to all who have seen it, of Mr. Alger's qualifications for the work in which he is engaged; and those who have seen the neat style of typography, and the good paper and binding of your late publications, will have full confidence. I am well persuaded that your contemplated edition of the Bible will be throughout what it should be.

Very respectfully yours, J. L. BLAKE.

From Mr. Gould, Principal of the Latin School, and Mr. Emerson, the late Principal, and Mr. Miles, the present Principal of the English High School in Boston.

Messrs. Lincoln & Edmands:—

We received a copy of your intended edition of the Bible, and are very glad that you have undertaken it. An edition for common use, with the pronunciation of proper names and of difficult English words correctly marked, has long been wanted. It cannot fail to be highly useful. [illegible] a knowledge of the right pronunciation of the Hebrew names can be acquired only by a reference to dictionaries which most readers have neither time nor opportunity to consult. We have no doubt, judging from the New Testament on the same plan, which you published, that it will be well executed.

Yours, &c., B. A. GOULD, G. B. EMERSON, C. P. MILES.

Recommendation to the Testament from the Associated Instructors of Youth in the City of Boston.

The committee appointed at the last monthly meeting of the Association, to examine and report their opinion of the merits of an edition of the New Testament, entitled "The Pronouncing Testament," have attended to the service assigned them, and have great pleasure in expressing to the Association, that they consider this attempt of Mr. Alger to apply the principles of Mr. Walker, and the signs and characters used by Mr. Perry, and other lexicographers for designating the various sounds of the vowels and consonants, to the proper names, and many other words in the sacred Scriptures, as highly laudable, and calculated greatly to aid children and others in acquiring a correct pronunciation of such words; and that his attempt has been much greater than could reasonably have been expected in a first edition.

Respectfully submitted by your Committee.

THOMAS PAYSON, *Chairman.*

At a regular meeting of "The Associated Instructors of Youth in the city of Boston and elsewhere," the preceding Report was read and accepted.

Attest, JAMES ROBINSON, *Secretary.*

For sale by

REV. ELISHA WEAVER,
No. 619 Pine St., Philada.

NOTICE.

WOODBURY, March 23d, 1863.

This is certify that on Tuesday, the 17th inst., my Wife, Elizabeth Andrews, left my bed and board, without any provocation whatever. I therefore warn and forbid all persons of harboring her on my account, for I will not pay or be responsible for no debts that she may contract from this date.

1m JOHN ANDREWS.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

The Subscriber would invite the attention of her friends and the public to her large assortment of

New, Fancy and Domestic Dry Goods.

SPRING SHAWLS, AND BALMORAL SKIRTS,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c., &c.,

TO SUIT THE SEASON.

Mrs. H., will spare no pains to sell Dress and Bagalie Trimming as cheap as possible.

At the OLD ESTABLISHMENT.

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815 Lombard Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

N. B. Merchandise selling ten per cent. cheaper than can be bought elsewhere. 8

PERRY & FITZGERALD'S

PROCESS FOR MAKING LIGHT, NUTRITIOUS, AND UNADULTERATED BREAD, WITHOUT FERMENTATION.

The new process of bread making, patented by Perry & Fitzgerald, removes all the obstacles which have hitherto rendered it impossible to manufacture perfectly pure, sweet, and nutritious bread. The entire process is performed by mechanical means, and is eminently cleanly.

The process consists in mixing the flour in a closed vessel, and the application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, by which the dough mass is made thoroughly light and ready to be discharged into pans for baking, in the brief space of fifteen or twenty minutes. The "charge" is usually 300 pounds, and each machine completes the operation, in all its details, from the putting in of the flour to the discharging of the dough, in from twenty five to forty minutes.

The invention of Perry & Fitzgerald effects a revolution in the preparation of bread, by establishing a system of wholesale manufacture not subject to the vicissitudes and evils of fermentation, but exact and certain in its results. 1. Because, by the substitution of mechanical for manual labor, and in the superior value of the article produced, it promises large profits upon the capital employed. 2. Because each employment of capital, as well as the protection afforded by the patent, gives adequate security against competition. But whilst preventing undue competition it presents none of the evils of a monopoly, because it leaves the consumers at all times in possession of the former means of supply, to be resorted to, should the monopoly become prejudicial.

The application of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, to a mechanically kneaded dough-mass, as in the invention of Perry & Fitzgerald, did not occur to Dr. Ure; though he seems to have had a clear foreknowledge of the importance of the artificial use of the gas, since he states hypothetically, that "if water, highly impregnated with carbonic acid gas, be used for kneading the dough, the resulting bread will be somewhat of the aerated article," he continues—"so prepared in this way then, as the agent would remain undecomposed, the bread would be so much the sweeter and more nourishing."

What to Dr. Ure, was evidently a clearly comprehended chemical truth, has been practically developed by the brilliant invention of Perry & Fitzgerald. Posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance, as among the most eminent benefactors of mankind.

ITS SUPERIORITY.—The superiority of unfermented bread was by no means new. Dr. Cullen, who wrote more than seventy years ago, says—

"In Scotland nine tenths of the lower class of people, and that is the greater part of the whole, live upon unfermented bread, and unfermented farinacea in other forms; and there are not a more healthy people anywhere to be found. In the course of fifty years, that I have practiced among them, I have had occasion to know this, and have hardly met with a disease, of any consequence, that I could impute to the use of unfermented farinacea."

At a later period, Professor Thompson, of Glasgow, in his work on the "Food of Animals," after alluding to the facts referred to above by Dr. Cullen, and other kindred facts, observes—

"Such, then, being sufficient evidence in favor of the wholesomeness of unfermented bread, it becomes important to discover in what respects it differs from fermented bread. The result gained by this process (fermentation) may be considered to be merely the expansion of the particles of which the loaf is composed, so as to render the mass more readily divisible by the preparatory organs of digestion. But, as this object is gained at a sacrifice of the ingredients of the flour, it becomes a matter of interest to ascertain the amount of the loss sustained in the process."

The result of Professor Thompson's experiments showed a difference in favor of unfermented bread of nearly seven per cent. over that made by the ordinary process. In other words, there was a loss of over one sixteenth of the nutritive properties of the flour, which, by the process of fermentation, was driven into the air and lost.

We come now to a more particular consideration of the superiority of the Bread made without fermentation, or the use of chemical agents, over the bread made by these processes. Although, from what has already been said, this superiority appears in most vivid contrast, yet the public will be better satisfied to have the points stated specifically; for it only needs that the advantages secured by this method be clearly understood to render its universal introduction in the manufacture of Bread.

I. ITS CLEANLINESS.—Instead of the dough being mixed by the naked hands or feet of the baker, the bread, from the wetting of the flour to the completion of the baking, is not, and scarcely can be, touched by any one. "One desideratum attained in its manufacture," says Dr. Willard Parker, "is its entire cleanliness." Says Dr. Waterbury: "The process is not only purely scientific, but preeminently cleanly."

II. ITS PRESERVATION OF ALL THE NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLES OF THE FLOUR.—As the raising of the dough is by the mechanical introduction of pure carbonic acid gas, under pressure, in a closed vessel or receiver, it takes a perfect vesicular or spongy texture. All the constituents of the flour remain wholly unchanged, while the process of raising bread by fermentation inevitably sacrifices some of them, as has been already shown.

III. ITS UNIFORM CHARACTER.—Bread made by the New Process is uniformly light, sweet, and nutritious. The conditions being simple, and not liable to variation, no failure can occur in always producing bread of the same quality. It retains its moisture much longer than fermented bread, and may be eaten warm with impunity. The process also insures a perfect freedom from all acidity, even in the hottest weather. Says the London *Times*:—

"The objectionable consequences of fermentation being avoided, the constituents of the flour are left both unchanged and uncontaminated, the resulting loaf being absolutely pure."

IV. ITS WHOLESOMENESS.—Being free from the deleterious substances which are the product of fermentation or chemical reactions, by the old modes, the bread made by the New Process is easy of digestion, and agrees with the most delicate stomach. "To dyspeptics," says [illegible] of the N. Y. Medical College, "it will be invaluable as they will be able to use it when the fermented or manufactured bread has been found to have signally failed as an article of diet." Says the London *Medical Times and Gazette*:—

"Since the introduction of the new unfermented bread, there have already been received from members of the medical profession, who have recommended it in their practice, as well as from non-professional sources, accounts of the really astonishing results that have followed its use in cases of deranged digestion and assimilation. Many persons have reported their recovery to health after years of suffering and misery, by the simple use of the bread as a diet. Many cases have also been reported by medical men of position, in which certain distressing forms of dyspepsia which had remained intractable under every kind of treatment have yielded as if by magic, almost immediately after adopting the use of the unfermented bread.

"The beneficial effects of the new bread are attributable to two causes. The one is the absence of the prejudicial matters imparted to ordinary bread by the process of fermentation; and the other is the presence in the bread, unchanged, of all those elements which are the essential agents of digestion and assimilation."

The most eminent members of the medical profession, both in Great Britain and in the United States, not only speak in the highest terms of the ease with which it is digested, and of its rich, nourishing qualities, but especially of its peculiar palatableness, and wonderful keeping properties. The absence of acidity and other strong flavors, which, in a greater or less degree, are characteristic of fermented bread, renders the new bread peculiarly delicate to the taste.

V. ITS RAPIDITY AND ECONOMY.—By the use of mechanical means, instead of manual labor, a barrel of flour is converted into baked loaves in forty-five minutes, whereas, by the ordinary process, four or five hours are occupied in the formation of the "sponge," and a further time in kneading, raising, and baking the dough.

"The cleanliness of the manufacture of bread," says a correspondent of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, "renders it an article peculiarly suitable to be prepared and supplied by a public company. And since the new process removes all the difficulties of manufacture, and the expense of the machinery places a comparative monopoly, the supply of bread to pass at once to the same category with gas, water, or other articles of prime necessity."

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OF

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A PENITENTIAL HYMN PSALM 130.

FROM THE GERMAN OF M RUTILIUS

Mel: Ach Gott und Herr

O Lord, my God!
How great how dread,
The sins which I've committed,
Nor can I see
Whence help may be,
Or how my sins remitted

Tho' I should go,
Weighed down with woe,
To earth's remotest corner—
From fear and pain
I flee in vain,
And still remain a mourner

To thee I fly,
My God, and cry,
O show me thy salvation!
Hath not thy Son,
My pardon won,
And full propitiation?

But if thou wilt,
Chastise my guilt,
And make me feel thine arrows—
Chastise me here,
But keep me clear
From everlasting sorrows.

Thy help afford,
Grant patience Lord,
And humble resignation
To thy blest will,
That worketh still
To crown me with salvation

Then deal with me
As seems to thee
Most meet. O, thou most Holy!
And still avert,
The just desert
Of all my sin and folly

As a poor worm
Before the storm,
Clouds low'ring, lightnings flashing,
In earth hides,
And there abides
Whilst floods from Heaven are dashing—

So I, when sin
And death begin
To threaten my destruction,
Fly to the side,
Of Christ, and hide
Safe from the dreaded ruin.

His opened side
My soul shall hide
From death and all his terrors,
His precious blood
Shall be a flood
To cleanse from sin and errors.

Thrice blessed be
The Eternal Three,
The Father, Son and Spirit!
Blest Three in One!
To whom the Son
Restores us by His merit.

(From the Lutheran and Missionary.)

OBJECTIONABLE FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

FURNISHED BY THE ALPHA DELTA CLUB.

I propose in the present article, to offer objections to certain customs in connection with funerals, and I propose to do so in such a plain and familiar manner, that every reader may easily understand all that I shall say.

I.

The *first* funeral custom to which I object is, the prevalent custom of appointing the hour for the funeral services, without first seeing and consulting with the minister. Every minister knows that this is frequently done. There are many who, when a death occurs in their families, instead of *first* going to their minister and ascertaining what hour would best suit him, arbitrarily select a certain hour, appoint the funeral at that hour, invite the friends to be present at that hour, and then, about the last thing, send word to the minister to please attend at that hour. Now all such conduct looks very much as though people thought that ministers were always at leisure, and could, of course, come at any time they are sent for. For the benefit of all such people, let me say, that ministers are the most busy men in the world; that they have innumerable engagements almost always on hand; and hence, that in order to secure their services on funeral occasions, *they* should *first* be consulted, and such an hour be appointed as will best suit their convenience. If, however, any one sees proper not thus first to consult his minister's convenience, good sense requires that he should not be offended if the minister be prevented from being present. Please remember this, dear reader.

II.

The *second* funeral custom to which I object, is the custom of expecting a minister to wait half an hour or longer, before commencing the services, when once the appointed hour has arrived. This is provokingly often done, but it is wrong. Why appoint a time, unless that time be punctually observed? Why wait for tardy comers who might easily have been there sooner? Why cause all those who are present to sit there in impatience? Why cause the minister to waste his precious time, to break, perhaps, some other engagement, and to forfeit his reputation for punctuality? I say it is all wrong; and for one, I will not yield to it; but will always, the moment the clock strikes the appointed hour, rise and proceed with the services, no matter who is present or who is absent. And thus let every minister do.

III.

The *third* funeral custom to which I object, is the custom (where the services are held in private houses) of making no arrangement for the religious exercises, [illegible] is to speak and conduct [illegible] preparation made. There should be a small table, or stand placed in some conspicuous position. Upon it there should be placed a Bible and a Hymn-book. And when the minister arrives at the house, he should be conducted to it. Thus, much embarrassment would be avoided; and thus would the minister be enabled to speak both with greater ease to himself, and with greater effect and profit to his hearers. Please remember this, also, dear reader.

IV.

The *fourth* custom to which I object, and which too much prevails, is the heartless custom of neither paying nor thanking a minister for his services on funeral occasions. I have been in the ministry for some years, and yet I have never received either a cent of money or a single expression of thanks for my services on such occasions. And yet to render these services, I have had to spend weary hours in study and preparation; I have had to consume at least half a day attending the funeral; I have had to expose myself frequently to inclement weather; I have had to incur the wear and tear of my good carriage and harness; all this has it cost me to render these services. And yet I received nothing for all this, save the consciousness of having tried to do some good. Should I have nothing more? I certainly should; and I feel that I want something more. Money I do not want; indeed, I would not accept it as a compensation for such services; nor do I think that any minister should, whose salary is adequate to his wants. But gratitude, thanks, a manifestation of the appreciation of my services, *that* I have often wanted and wished for; and I am sure every minister, in this respect, feels just as I do. Dear reader, won't you please remember this also.

V.

The *fifth* custom connected with funerals to which I object, is the heathenish custom of mourning friends wearing their hats and retaining their seats during the entire service. This custom, especially prevalent in our German Churches, seems to me alike destitute of sense and piety. It impresses me as a relic of medieval semi-barbarism; as a violation of good taste; as a desecration of the sanctuary; as an insult to God, and a disregard for his worship. Why, then, should our church, or any church, countenance or continue such an evidently senseless and silly, and even wicked custom? Let it be abolished at once.

VI.

A *sixth* funeral custom to which I object, is the shocking custom of feasting at funerals. This, at least, in many portions of our land, is a quite prevalent custom. In the very room, perhaps, out of which the corpse has just been carried, and where the odor of decay and death still fills the air, a table is spread, around which, as soon as the funeral is over, the neighbors, friends, and relatives gather, talk, and eat; and in order, we suppose, to lend an air of piety to the abhorrent scene, the minister is expected to occupy the head of the table, and ask God's blessing upon its contents. And why should he not do so, since he himself "enjoined the friends and relatives, and also the carriers to return to the house of mourning, there to partake of some refreshments!"

Such is a funeral custom; and here, in the most earnest manner, I desire to enter my decided protest against it. I protest against it as a practice most revolting to every refined mind; as one that is expensive; as one that frequently leads to gluttonous indulgence; as one that is calculated to dispel all previous serious impressions; as one that furnishes occasion for levity and sinful conversation; as one which often causes the holy Sabbath to be desecrated; as one, in a word, which is utterly carnal, heathenish, devilish loathsome to all good men, and hateful to a holy God. Let this detestable custom then, be speedily abolished; and let all ministers set their faces against it as a flint.

VII.

A *seventh* funeral custom to which I object, is the custom of friends wearing mourning for the deceased. I object to this custom on two grounds: First, on the ground that it is an unnecessary parade of our grief before the world. Why should we thus hang out the sign of our sorrow, and thus announce our loss to the unfeeling multitude around us? What is gained by it? What benefit is it, either to us or to others? Not any; besides, it is the nature of deep and true sorrow to conceal itself, as much as possible, and not to parade itself before the eyes of others. This custom, therefore, is utterly unnecessary, and is in violation of the promptings of every truly sorrowful heart. But I object to this custom, secondly, on the ground of its expensiveness. The rich can well afford it; but the poor, who are always the greatest slaves to custom, cannot. It involves them, especially where the family is large, in a heavy and needless expense. On this ground, then, I also object to this custom; and my advice to all bereaved persons is, whether rich or poor, do not array yourselves in outward habiliments of mourning; wear the same clothing after the death of your friends that you wore before; and, in your heart, mourn for the loved ones taken from you.

VIII.

An *eighth* funeral custom to which I yet finally object, is the custom of speaking, and especially the custom of preaching a regular sermon at funerals; I object to any speaking at all on such occasions. I object to it, first, on the ground that there is not the least Scriptural authority for it. I object to it, secondly, on the ground that it is very rarely, indeed, that any permanent good is thereby accomplished. I object to it, thirdly, on the ground that there is very often great evil thereby done, and sometimes great offence given. I object to it, fourthly, on the ground that it imposes considerable labor upon the minister, and often greatly interferes with his preparation for the regular sanctuary services on the Sabbath. On these grounds I object to this custom of ministers speaking and preaching at funerals. All that is necessary on such occasions, seems to me to be that a suitable hymn be sung, a suitable passage of Scripture be read, a suitable prayer be offered; or, better still, that a really good liturgical service be prepared, and that may be then used by all our ministers.

Thus have I now presented some plain thoughts, clothed in the plainest language, on the subject of objectionable funeral customs. That some good may thereby be effected, is my sincere wish.

GAMMA.

A BATTLE BETWEEN ANTS

"Walden," by the late Henry D. Thoreau, contains in the chapter entitled "Brute Neighbors," the following account of an ant fight:—

"I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day, when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather to my pile of stumps, I observed two ants—the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black—fiercely contending with each other. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two reds to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the first battle that I had ever witnessed—the first battle field I ever trod while the battle was raging—internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day, prepared to fight until the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumbling on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of the black one's feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already [illegible] members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle cry was conquer or die. In the meanwhile, there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle—probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs—whose mother had charged him to return *with* his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw the unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented, which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage, it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick—'Fire! for God's sake, fire!'—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns, as those of the battle of Bunker Hill at least.

"I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers, and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage of a human battle before my door."

NATURAL COLORED PHOTOGRAPHS.

The celebrated French chemist, Mr. Niepce de Saint Victor, has been for many years devoting himself to experimental heliochromy, for the purpose of discovering the art of taking fixed photographs in their natural colors. He has lately presented his fifth memoir on the subject in the Academy of Sciences, Paris. The following are some extracts from it:—

"I have always found yellow the color most difficult to obtain in the same space of time as the other tints; but I have recently discovered the means of developing it with certainty, and of obtaining it in the same time as other colors. I had previously obtained, with great facility, red, green, and blue

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NICKEL CENTS.

The *United States Gazette* (Philadelphia) says:—

"The mint is now running its entire force upon nickels. The cost of making this insignificant coin is nearly as much as the cost of making double-eagles. The only difference is that the latter coin is weighed and adjusted, piece by piece. The nickels are exempt from any such close manipulation. The labor daily done at the mint, if expended upon double-eagles, would produce $40,000 per day. Upon nickels, as it is now expended, the results are but about twenty-five hundred dollars per day in nickel. When the currency question is regulated and specie comes forth from its many hiding-places, nickel cents will be like the locusts of Egypt. They will be so abundant as to constitute a nuisance. Except for convenience in doing retail business, they are of small value. In small sums each nickel represents the hundredth part of a dollar, yet it is not intrinsically worth even that. Nickels cannot be used as legal tender, nor for exportation, yet a fictitious value is given to them by speculation that is really culpable. To produce them in sufficient quantities, the nickel-coining machinery of the United States mint is running even into over-hours.

A CAMANCHE TOY DOLL BABY.

We have seen in the possession of a gentleman recently from Texas, a toy doll baby such as are made by the Camanche Indian mothers to please the fancy of their little children. There appears to be some ingenuity in its construction, though, like Indian things generally, rather rough and uncouth in appearance. It is made of buck skin, embellished with white and red beads; has silver ornaments pendling from the ears to the shoulders; silver bands around its arms, above the elbows, and silver wristbands. This unique specimen of aboriginal ingenuity might frighten the tender offspring of civilized beings into spasms. The eyes are made of white beads. The toy is only about three inches in length, and may be put down under the general head of curious things. It will be deposited in the cabinet of curiosities of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C.—*Press.*

RAGS.

It is a curious fact that nearly two-thirds of the rags annually imported into the United States from all foreign countries comes from Italy. The circumstance is due to two causes: First, Italy is in fact the receptacle of all the old rags in the Levant. The Turks, the Greeks and Syrians use vast quantities of cheap cotton cloth; and the Archipelago and the whole Levant are swept by Greek and Italian coasting smacks, about the size of our American clam boats, trading for rags which country peddlers collect. These rags ultimately get to Genoa, Trieste, &c., and are shipped to America. Second, there being no free press and few books printed, there is no home demand to work the rags up into paper. The population can neither read nor write, and of course epistolary correspondence is rare. No country where the mass of the population read and write can afford to export rags. Hence, rags and custom-house returns yield a clue to the actual state of society

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A [illegible] gentleman M Moule, has just written a book on oysters, in which he informs the world that the oyster is "an acephalous molluscous bivalve." Who would have thought it?

THE EFFECT OF ANNOUNCEMENTS.

An old bachelor who resided in Brixton, in order to prevent itinerant traders annoying him by knocking at his door to dispose of their wares, affixed to his knocker a label to this effect: "The inhabitant of this house never buys anything at the door.—Hawkers beware!" He was dreadfully annoyed shortly after by a loud knock at the parlor window, from which he saw two fellows with clothes-lines, mats, and pegs to sell. Throwing up the sash in a pretty considerable rage, he accosted them thus: "Can you read?" "Yes, master," answered the hawker. "Then don't you see a notice affixed to my knocker that I never buy anything at the door?" "To be sure we do; so we thought we would make bold and try to do a little at the parlor-window!" The fellow's wit pacified the old bachelor, who straightway made a purchase. Immediately afterwards, however, he sent for a painter, and had the following addition made to his announcement: "Nor at the window either."

A LARGE GROWTH

They mean to raise tall students out West. An exchange paper, speaking of a certain college says: "Its Board of Education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high!"

"There's two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I save me two thousand dollars, I must lay up two hundred dollars a year for twenty years, or I can put away twenty dollars a year for two hundred years; now which shall I do?"

"John," said Dean Ramsay, "I'm sure you know that a rolling stone gathers no moss?" "Ay," rejoined John, "that's true; but can you tell me what good the moss does to the stone?"

Bridget—"Well, Mary are you going to the new place?"

Mary—"Shure, an' the lady couldn't give a satisfactory reference from her last cook."

Family Circle.

THE BRIGHT COAL.

AND HOW THE BABY TOUCHED IT

There was once a darling little baby, who lived with his father and mother in a rough log cabin in Tennessee. He was a beautiful boy, with dark blue eyes and rosy cheeks. His skin was very fair, so that the neighbors, who were dark complexioned Southerners, called him the "white child," and all around his head, down on his fat shoulders, clustered rings of shining, pale gold hair. He was a very merry and affectionate baby, and had the most charming way in the world of screwing his sweet little rosy mouth all into a pucker whenever he wished to kiss his mamma, which was many times in a day.

Oh how dearly his mother loved him! How hard she worked to keep the room clean and neat, that it might be fit for her baby to live in! How much comfort she took in the midst of her toil and care, in watching her darling, in stopping for a moment to give him a "good hug" and a kiss, at least twenty times a day. Above all, what a delight it was to undress him at night, and rock him to sleep while she sang a tender lullaby!

I could write you a whole great bookful about how this mother loved her baby, and what comfort she took with him—and yet, when the book was written through, I would not have told you half!

Yet this darling caused his mother great anxiety: I will tell you in what way

The fire was made of large logs, in a great, open fire place, and whenever it was necessary to put more wood on, the coals would fall down on the stone hearth, making the room very bright for a short time. Baby seemed to think the red, glowing coals very pretty, and as soon as he could creep, he would start for the fire whenever it was stirred. His mother would take him back to the other side of the room many times a day; she would shake her head at him, and say, "No, no! baby must not touch—fire will burn! Hurt the baby!" But the little fellow persisted, and grew so troublesome about going to the fire-place that at last his mother did not dare leave him one moment alone, lest, when she returned, she would find that his clothes had taken fire. She could not go outside the door to feed the dog or cat, nor go a few steps to the well for water, without carrying her baby on one arm, and this added so much to her other work that she was almost worn out.

At last, one day when the mother was placing some bright hickory coals under the bake-pan to bake some biscuit, one coal fell to the far corner of the earth, some distance from the fire; the baby saw it, and started; his mother resolved to let him do as he would, so did not appear to notice, while closely watching him all the time. How sorry she felt for her dear baby; she knew his little tender fingers would be badly burned, and she felt almost wicked to allow it; but she knew it was the only way to teach him how the fire would burn, and she let him go. The baby crept very fast until he had nearly reached the fire place, then stopped and looked at his mother, but she did not appear to see him, so he crept on, but very slowly, (as if he knew that he was doing wrong) and at last reached out his little hand and took up the red-hot coal!

Oh, how he cried with pain and terror as he instantly dropped it! His mother caught him up from the floor, and pressed him to her heart; then she dipped his hand in cream, and sprinkled flour thickly over it, and wrapped it up in soft raw cotton, so that it would soon get well. But she did not say anything, only, "Did the fire burn the baby?" Yet she could not help crying; her heart was very sad to think that her dear little precious child must be so badly hurt before he would mind. At last she sang him to sleep, and in a few days the hand was quite well, but baby did not forget his lesson; for always, after that, when any coals fell down, he would scamper away as fast as he could, creep to the other side of the room, one of the first words he learned to say was "Burn." E. D.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S EXPERIENCE.

Whilst engaged in taking the views alluded to, a farmer's boy of about eighteen years of age he rendered us every assistance in drawing our boat on shore and in fixing our tent. Seeing, probably for the first time, the arcana of the photographic art, he hung around us in perfect raptures; and finally, when we had finished, he very gently, almost humbly, inquired if we would take a copy of a daguerreotype. We replied in the affirmative, and promised to take such a copy if he would fetch it. His eyes sparkled with delight, and he sprang off in an instant and said he would return in ten minutes. The nearest house was certainly half a mile off, to this he hastened and as quickly returned. He handed us the daguerreotype with a blush. "My dear fellow," we said when we opened the case, "there is no picture here." "No," said he, "that's just it; I thought you could copy it or bring it out again; some of the girls of the house, I suppose, have rubbed out the picture because she was so handsome, a great deal handsomer than they are." We looked the boy directly in the eye; he was quite serious. "We are sorry," we said, "we cannot do what you wish; we cannot possibly restore that picture." The boy's looks became quite despondent: we thought we understood the interpretation of his feelings, and continued "But we will go with you a couple of miles and take a picture of the young lady, if that will please you." A tear trickled from his eye and he sobbed a few words—"*She is dead!*" We comprehended at once the full extent of the young heart's desire and his unspeakable disappointment.—*Humphreys' Photographic Journal*

LITTLE LIGHTS

Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle,
Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
First of all, for Him:
Well he sees and knows it
If our light is dim!
He looks down from heaven,
To see us shine;
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Then for all around;
For many kinds of darkness
In the world are found.
There's sin, there's want and sorrow—
So we must shine!
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

—*Little American*

ADVICE TO INVALIDS

"I entered the navy with a constitution impaired by sedentary habits, and have perhaps derived some advantage from the recreations and adventures involved in a sea life. I have been in every variety of climate, but I doubt much if these changes have been promotive of health

"My advice to invalids is, never to go to sea with the expectation that ship-board is to restore you. A change of climate may be of benefit, but the passage in nine cases out of ten will begin in sea-sickness and end in debility. If you have a comfortable home, stay by it; if your digestion is bad, stop eating, if your nerves are deranged, bathe in cold water, if you have children, romp and frolic with them."

This is much better than sucking sugar canes in Cuba, or going to Rome to kiss the Pope's toe.

Rev Walter

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"I have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, but never yet one bottle which failed of the desired effect and full satisfaction to those who took it. As fast as our people try it, they agree there has been no medicine like it before in our community."

Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Pustules, Ulcers, Sores, and all diseases of the Skin.

From Rev. Robt. Stratton, Bristol, England.

"I only do my duty to you and the public, when I add my testimony to that you publish of the medicinal virtues of your Sarsaparilla. My daughter, aged ten, had an afflicting humor in her ears, eyes, and hair for years, which we were unable to cure until we tried your Sarsaparilla. She has been well for some months."

From Mrs. Jane E. Rice, a well-known and much-esteemed lady of Dennisville, Cape May Co., N. J.

"My daughter has suffered for a year past with scrofulous eruption, which was very troublesome. Nothing afforded any relief until we tried your Sarsaparilla, which soon completely cured her."

From Charles P Gage, Esq., of the widely-known Gage, Murray & Co., manufacturers of enamelled papers in Nashua, N. H.

"I had for several years a very troublesome humor in my face, which grew constantly worse until it disfigured my features and became an intolerable affliction. I tried almost everything a man could [illegible]"

Erysipelas,—General Debility,—Purify the Blood.

From Dr Robert Sawin, Houston St, New York.

"Dr. AYER: I seldom fail to remove Eruptions and Scrofulous Sores by the persevering use of your Sarsaparilla, and I have just now cured an attack of Malignant Erysipelas with it. [illegible]"

From J. E. Johnson, Esq., Wakeman, Ohio.

"For twelve years, I had the yellow Erysipelas on my right arm, during which time I tried all the celebrated physicians I could reach, and took hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines. The ulcers were so bad that the cords became visible, and the doctors decided that my arm must be amputated. I began taking your Sarsaparilla. Took two bottles and some of your Pills. Together they have cured me. I am now as well and sound as any body. Being in a public place, my case is known to every body in this community, and excites the wonder of all."

From Hon. Henry Monro, M. P. P., of Newcastle, C. W., a leading member of the Canadian Parliament.

"I have used your Sarsaparilla in my family for general debility and for purifying the blood, with very beneficial results, and feel confidence in commending it to the afflicted."

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sore Eyes.

From Harvey Sickler, Esq., the able editor of the Tunkhannock Democrat, Pennsylvania.

"Our only child, about three years of age, was attacked by pimples on his forehead. They rapidly spread until they formed a loathsome and virulent sore, which covered his face, and actually blinded his eyes for some days. [illegible]"

Female Weaknesses

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